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*The Duke of  
Windsor rose*

SEE PAGE 3

**CASH PRIZES FOR CAT PICTURES—PAGE 21**  
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## OUR COVER

● Famous English rose-grower Harry Wheatcroft says his new rose — the Duke of Windsor — "has a glorious healthy foliage and a strong, distinct fragrance." See story and more pictures on page 3.

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# A ZOO IN THE GARDEN

● It was eight years ago that a friend of Max Wroe's shot a wallaby and found a joey in its pouch. He brought it home and Max volunteered to look after it. He bottle-fed it, and it survived to become a real pet. That was the beginning of a hobby.



MAX WROE shakes hands with his three-year-old kangaroo. A handshake like this usually precedes a friendly boxing bout.

THE little wallaby described above was killed by a cattle dog, but another friend brought Max a replacement. Determined the same thing wouldn't happen again, Max made a wire pen for it.

Before long wallaby number three was added—then two emu chicks.

Word soon got round the forestry office in Maryborough, Queensland, where Max is a pay clerk, that he and his wife, Gloria, would take care of wild animals.

Forestry workers who found injured animals, many on the roads knocked down by cars, began bringing them to the Wroes.

## Boxing 'roo

Now, almost the whole of the large garden around the Wroes' home has been turned into a private zoo.

There's a three-year-old red kangaroo, who stands six feet tall on his hind legs and happily boxes Max, a dozen wallabies, seven of them bred right in the garden, a bandicoot, hares, possums, and flying squirrels.

Next to their pens is an aviary—with silkies, a magnificent golden pheasant, an aggressive silver pheasant (which killed two hens rather than mate), rosellas, water hens, guinea fowls, and many other birds, including a curlew, which Mrs. Wroe describes as the best weather prophet in town.

"When the curlew calls during the day, we know it's going to rain."

The emus started the aviary but grew too big and

if they may be allowed to milk them for their venom.

A pair of frilled lizards came next, then more snakes, of different kinds. Max and Gloria, who originally knew very little about wildlife, though they loved animals, had to start learning quickly.

The first aim was to keep their pets alive, for many were badly injured or very young when first adopted; secondly, they wanted to keep them in good condition.

They read all the available

couldn't rely on popular beliefs about animals," Gloria said.

"For instance, we were told that bandicoots ate only grass—but we found they are meat-eaters. Ours has mince every day.

## Up all night

"Perhaps in a wild state they eat grass, but only on the way burrowing through the earth in search of worms."

It is Gloria's task to feed and clean the animals. The weekly food bill is \$16, and the feeding takes her a good two hours every day.

Often she has been kept up all night feeding new arrivals every hour with an eyedropper or a bottle.

It says much for her care that very few of her charges have died. Two wallabies bounding around happily now were so young that they were just pink skin, with no sign of fur, when brought in.

"I get very upset if one

does die," she said. "A little joey died after a night, when I thought he over the worst of his injury and I couldn't stop for three days."

The Wroes go to a great deal of trouble to feed their pets the right diet. They breed white mice for snakes, and catch moths around a strong light for frilled lizards.

Max has built all the pens and spent \$1500 in money to make them both pleasant and secure.

His problem now is to

There is no more room in the garden to house all the animals adequately. But the Wroes don't want to away any sick or young animals, so they are looking for a good, big piece of land with plenty of water, where they can make into a natural reserve.

Visitors could then walk round and share a little of the pleasure the Wroes get in their pets.

By ANGELA WHITTINGHAM

had to be returned to the wild.

A year ago, a boy wanting to make some pocket-money asked Max to buy a carpet snake he had caught.

Max agreed—and that was the beginning of his collection of reptiles.

Another forestry worker, burning off on Fraser Island, off the Queensland coast, found several death adders and brought them along.

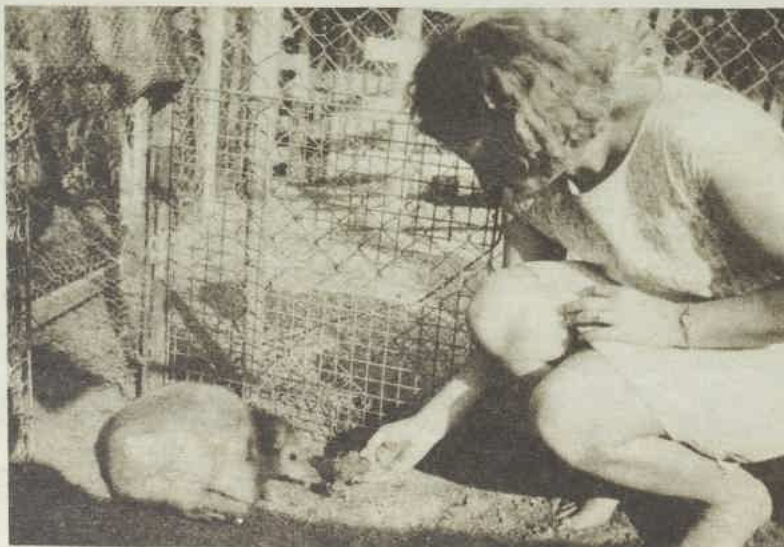
Max took them for novelty's sake—and now research workers at Queensland University have asked

books, and to judge from the beautiful condition of their animals soon became reasonably expert.

Max said: "I've always liked animals, but wasn't particularly interested in domestic ones. When I was given that first little wallaby I was delighted, but I never dreamed my hobby would grow to such proportions."

All the animals have been treated as pets, and behave like them—even the little bandicoot, a notoriously shy animal, will eat out of Gloria's hand.

"We soon learned we



BANDICOOTS are usually timid creatures, but at left Gloria Wroe has one eating out of her hand. Above, she feeds two young wallabies. Food for all the pets costs \$16 a week, and it takes two hours a day to feed them all.





● Mr. Harry Wheatcroft, photographed with the Duke of Windsor in Paris the day he presented to the Duke 24 of the roses named for him. The Duke wears his rose in his buttonhole.



## AND SO A ROSE WAS NAMED . . .

● The famous Harry Wheatcroft brand of charm, plus a lucky coincidence, won the day for the "Duke of Windsor" rose.

IT is not surprising that Harry Wheatcroft is the only rose-grower who could persuade the Duke of Windsor to let him name a rose after him.

The Duke had often refused French rose-growers who had wanted to use his name, according to Mrs. Harry Wheatcroft.

She thinks it is because he always regarded the rose as England's national flower.

In any case, it is unlikely that even Gallic charm could match up to the famous Wheatcroft brand, and this, combined with a lucky coincidence, won the day for a new English rose.

The coincidence was that Harry Wheatcroft had named one of his new purple roses after Godfrey Winn.

"When the Duke and Duchess came to England this year on their first official visit since his abdication, to be present at the unveiling of Queen Mary's memorial, Godfrey Winn gave them a dinner party," said Mrs. Wheatcroft.

"Godfrey had some of his roses on the table and the Duke and Duchess admired them so much that Godfrey told them they were Harry's roses."

"Then he let Harry know how much they had liked them and Harry promised that when he went to Paris for the International Rose

Show he would take them some 'Godfrey Winns.'

"When Harry took them to the Duchess, the Duke said to him, 'I didn't know you ever named roses after a man. I thought they were always named for women.'"

"We name them after men if they're worth it," said Harry with characteristic lack of formality. "How would you like one named after you?"

### Real beauty

"Very much, if it is a good rose," said the Duke. "I should feel very flattered."

Now Harry takes up the story. "We had a rose in the trial grounds which was a cross-pollination between Prima Ballerina and an unnamed seedling — a 'bastard' if you like — but a real beauty."

"The man who had done the cross-pollinating, our raiser, had wanted to call this one after me, because we all have great hopes for it."

"It has some quite outstanding qualities. Rather reminiscent of Super Star, but smaller, this rose is slightly lighter, but even more luminous than Super Star."

"It has glorious healthy foliage and a very strong, distinct fragrance."

When I asked him to describe the fragrance, he paused, then said, "Can you describe fragrance in words?"

I said, "Yes," and pointed out that if the "Duke of Windsor" rose won a prize at next year's International Rose Society's annual show, he would need some verbal description in his catalogue.

"All right then, but give me a few minutes."

Away he went to have a good sniff. When he came back, he said with authority, "Rich, very rich. Rich fruity, I would say, and very heady."

"As a matter of fact, it was in part the fragrance which made me so sure the

Duke's private secretary, he fixed a date, booked himself on the night train to Paris, and set off with a bucket of 24 of the finest stems.

"He had a bout of flu and a high temperature the day before," said Mrs. Wheatcroft. "I kept him in bed all day to make sure he was fit."

But nothing keeps Harry Wheatcroft down and the following evening he settled into his sleeper on the train, bucket in hand.

"You could say I spent the night with the Duke of Windsor," he said later, with

photographer got his equipment set.

"He has lots of good rhododendrons and some lovely shrubs and it is all beautifully cared for. Not as extensive as his garden at the Mill, outside Paris, of course, but very nice for a town house."

"He's always been keen on rhododendrons, ever since he put so many in at Fort Belvedere when he was Prince of Wales. He's always been a keen gardener."

"But, to be frank with you, I should like to have seen more roses in that garden and I shall make sure of it by sending him an advance consignment of 'Duke of Windsor' before the rose is officially brought out next year."

"After our stroll we went back and posed with the roses for the photographer. Then I took a few pictures for my own collection."

### Rose "talking"

"The Duke then invited us into his study for a chat."

"Suddenly he looked up and noticed that the rose bowl had been left in the garden and said, 'Oh, bring them inside here. Don't let them waste their sweetness on the desert air.'"

"And I can tell you the minute they came in through the door everyone in the room knew there was a rose in there talking. The scent filled the room."

Harry Wheatcroft has been

a great admirer of the Duke of Windsor ever since the days when, as Prince of Wales, he used to go to the Nottingham district for the hunt season.

"He was the first member of the royal family to really mix with commoners. My wife and I appreciated that. In Nottingham he used to chat with the farmers and anyone he came in contact with."

"My wife used to call him later, 'the King who was happy to be with his subjects.'"

"And you know me. I have never been one for the authorities, the establishment. Anyone who is meek and humble is OK by me. The Duke fitted into that category and I've never forgotten it."

When asked if the "Duke of Windsor" rose would grow well in Australia, Harry Wheatcroft had no doubts.

"The keen enthusiasm and outstanding ability of Australian rose-growers will achieve good results with any rose," he said.

"I'm sure this one will be a favorite with them. You see, it has the distinct advantage of growing to about three feet in height, which, with its free-flowering nature, will make it ideal for planting in front of taller varieties."

"And it's already proved itself to be a very good bedding rose. I have great hopes for it here next year and later all over the world."

By BETTY BEST, in London

Duke of Windsor would be happy with it.

"So when he first expressed his interest that day, I told him, 'If you're serious, I know just the rose.'"

"I should be honored, Mr. Wheatcroft," the Duke had replied, and so Harry renounced all claims to having the rose named for himself.

As he said later, "After all, I don't propose to retire until I'm 90, so I've got lots of years left yet to find one for myself."

So began the arrangement which led to the picture of the Duke's first glimpse of his own rose.

The end of September was the last available moment for Harry Wheatcroft to pick some really good blooms. With the help of the

that irrepressible sense of fun which has made him England's best-known horticultural personality for 45 years. "In fact, with 24 dukes."

When he arrived at the Duke's Paris house, in the Bois de Boulogne, he was met by the private secretary and given his choice of several beautiful vases.

"I chose a lovely cut-glass crystal vase which was ideal," he said. "The stems were about 18 inches long and looked really fine."

"The Duchess was on her way to her couturier's, but she made time to look at them and said she thought they looked 'lovely.'"

"Then the Duke came out and took me for a stroll around his garden while the



# Ever been mistaken for a mirage?

● Well, these girls were—  
during their long hitchhike



VIKI HILL, the blonde, of Brighton Beach, Melbourne, and Jan Franklin, the brunette, of Merredin, W.A., retrace on a map the route they took on their 12,000-mile hitchhike.

VIKI HILL and Jan Franklin, during their recent hitchhike across Australia, were standing at the side of a road when a car sped past them. It screeched to a stop some distance on and quickly backed. "Thought you were a mirage," apologised the driver.

He couldn't be blamed for thinking his eyes were deceiving him.

Two attractive young women — a honey blonde in a mini-shift (Viki) and a brunette in bermuda shorts and blouse (Jan) — are not the scenery normally found in one of the most isolated of areas: in the middle of nowhere in Western Australia.

The girls, both nurses, made the trip from Perth to Melbourne the long way round, via Exmouth Gulf, Broome, Wyndham, Darwin, Alice Springs, Mt. Isa, Cairns, Sydney, Canberra.

They travelled 12,000 miles in 18 weeks.

People kept on telling them they were going the wrong way — but the detour was Viki's idea.

After working in Perth for 12 months, she didn't want to return home to Brighton Beach, Melbourne, the way she had come, by train across the Nullarbor.

Jan, who comes from Merredin, W.A., was the only friend who approved of her idea — she called it "fantastic."

"Others thought I was mad," Viki said. "They said we would never do it, that we would never be heard of again."

These predictions didn't deter the girls, although they did make their wills!

Viki and Jan had travelled before, but never roughed it.

Viki, 26, was born in India; her father was a major in the Indian Army. She came to Australia when she was 12.

Jan, 24, had toured New Zealand, but never camped. "I'm not really the outdoor type," she said.

The girls set out on the expedition each carrying a small suitcase, a sleeping-bag, a "carpet bag" for immediate needs, and three gallons of water in plastic containers for drinking or washing.

They took the minimum of clothes — jeans, shorts, bikinis, a "good" cotton dress for town wear, parkas, cardigans.

"We couldn't fit any more in the cases, so just hoped we didn't have any cold weather," said Viki.

It was a mistake. Although the tempera-

ture could rise to the 90s during the day, it fell as low as 27 degrees at night.

"We nearly froze. We crawled into our sleeping-bags with every article of clothing we had to try to keep warm."

Jan took thongs and sandals; Viki took thongs only and usually went without shoes at all ("I like being barefoot").

Their drivers included an undertaker, shearers, salesmen ("all varieties"), firemen, fishermen, truck drivers.

The majority went out of their way to be helpful to the girls, although there were a few occasions when drivers weren't so pleasant, and Viki and Jan preferred to get out of the car or found themselves stranded.

Their most terrifying time was when they were left late at night near a Western Australian station.

"We saw lights flickering and thought the homestead only a short distance away," said Viki. "But we had to walk four miles

## One night they were given a "room with a kangaroo"

in pitch darkness through paddocks of cattle.

"We couldn't see whether they were bulls or cows, but they were stamping and snorting at us. We were petrified."

When they reached the house they discovered that the owners, who had invited them, were away, and they were told they couldn't stay the night.

"We were just as adamant that we couldn't walk all that distance again; it had taken us two hours," said Jan.

"Finally, someone agreed to drive us to the roadway and left us. We had no shelter and had to gather bits of paper and twigs to make a fire to keep warm."

This lack of hospitality was no surprise to the girls. They had been warned that many station people don't like tourists and have put up notices stating that visitors are not welcome.

"So many people travelling in that area sponge off them," the girls said. "They arrive uninvited, expect to be fed and housed, and simply won't leave. You can't blame the owners."

The girls found the greatest welcome among workers' camps scattered throughout the north. "Some of the men hadn't seen a white woman for months. They combed their hair, dressed in clean shirts — all for our benefit."

Some Americans outside Onslow spring-cleaned a caravan for them to use. "They took down all the pin-up pictures, and put rugs across the windows for curtains."

Once Viki and Jan camped beside a waterhole, alone until 20 Aboriginal stockmen and their cattle arrived on the scene.

"The Aborigines were very friendly, built a fire, gave us an impromptu concert with Slim Dusty songs, told ghost stories, and gave an exhibition of horse-riding and lassoing."

"They invited us to share their meal, but we declined — they were having goanna and snake!"

News travels fast in these areas, and when the girls arrived at the small towns and settlements they were usually greeted with, "We heard you were coming."

Most nights the girls slept in the open in sleeping-bags, not bothering to blow up their rubber mattresses. "It was too much effort."

When they reached the east coast they slept on beaches, often waking to find themselves among a bikini-clad crowd.

One morning as they lay in their sleeping-bags, they heard a little boy ask, "Are those people dead?"

Sometimes the girls slept under cover — in churches, halls, schools (setting the alarm clock to wake them before the children began arriving), private homes, in a hoopla tent at a rodeo. Once a shower cubicle in a caravan was the only shelter.

They remember Dampier, W.A., as a real man's town. "We didn't sight one female in the actual township."

On the outskirts was a first-aid post, and the matron said they could sleep there if they didn't mind sharing a room with a kangaroo.

"We thought she was joking," said Jan, "but sure enough there was a kangaroo, sick with a cold. He kept us awake all night with his thumping and sneezing."

While the girls waited for lifts they read, wrote letters, sewed tapestries, or sun-baked in bikinis.

"The country was usually so flat and treeless we could see for miles if anyone was coming."

The longest wait they had was near Port Hedland: 36 hours before a vehicle came in sight.

The most comfortable drive was when they were asked to deliver a station wagon from Roebourne to Port Hedland, approximately 130 miles. "Having our own car was sheer luxury."

They were often invited to share meals

in homes or around a camp-fire; or they used the food they always carried with them—tinned food and packets of soup.

In Alice Springs the girls decided to retrace their steps to Kununurra, in the Ord River Valley, to attend a ball, a distance of 1600 miles.

Jan decided to make her own ball gown. The only fabric she could buy was a brightly colored cotton. She cut it up without a pattern and then, to add a couture touch to the hand-sewn sheath, she cut an opening in the back with a saucer.

"It looked terrible," she said. "But I had a fabulous time at the ball. There is such a shortage of girls that I don't think it would have mattered how I looked."

The girls led a life of contrasts.

They fished for salmon at Karumba, on the Gulf of Carpentaria, and water-skied on the Ord River while crocodiles eyed them from the banks.

Viki and Jan eyed the reptiles just as much. "We were told they wouldn't attack us, but we had our doubts."

They drank pink champagne in paper cups on the steps of a cafe at Mt. Price with a salesman, and celebrated Viki's birthday with a glass of milk at Mt. Isa, the first fresh milk for ten weeks.

They were asked to work at a rodeo, Cloncurry Merry Muster, for a "spin" (10 dollars) and a bit extra.

"We didn't even know what a spin was but we did it just for fun. We sold hot doggie-dogs (hot dogs covered in butter)."

Coming back to civilisation after being in such isolated parts for so long was a bit frightening, according to the girls. "So many cars and people — but showers and soft beds were wonderful."

Jan will return home to Western Australia for Christmas, but will travel by train or plane.

"I've never regretted doing the trip. I don't think I would like to do it again," she said — and Viki agreed. So did Viki's parents. "We didn't like the idea in the first place and worried all the time they were away," said Mrs. Hill in the quiet security of their home.

— MAUREEN BANG

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967





● Relaxation for Princess Soraya (above) on a cliff-top on the French Riviera. Her puppy is Pippo. Ready to swim (right). Access to the water is by a ladder fixed to the rock-face. There is no beach in front of the villa.

## SORAYA GOES SWIMMING

**B**EFORE her Australian visit, Princess Soraya, ex-Queen of Iran, holidayed on the French Riviera.

These pictures show her with a friend and her puppy, Pippo, on the cliff below the villa she rented at St. Jean Cap Ferrat.

Princess Soraya will arrive in Sydney on October 28 and leave for Melbourne on November 6 to attend the Cup. Later she may visit Queensland.

● Time to chat (below) during a leisurely swim. Soraya has expressed a wish to see as much of Australia as she possibly can.

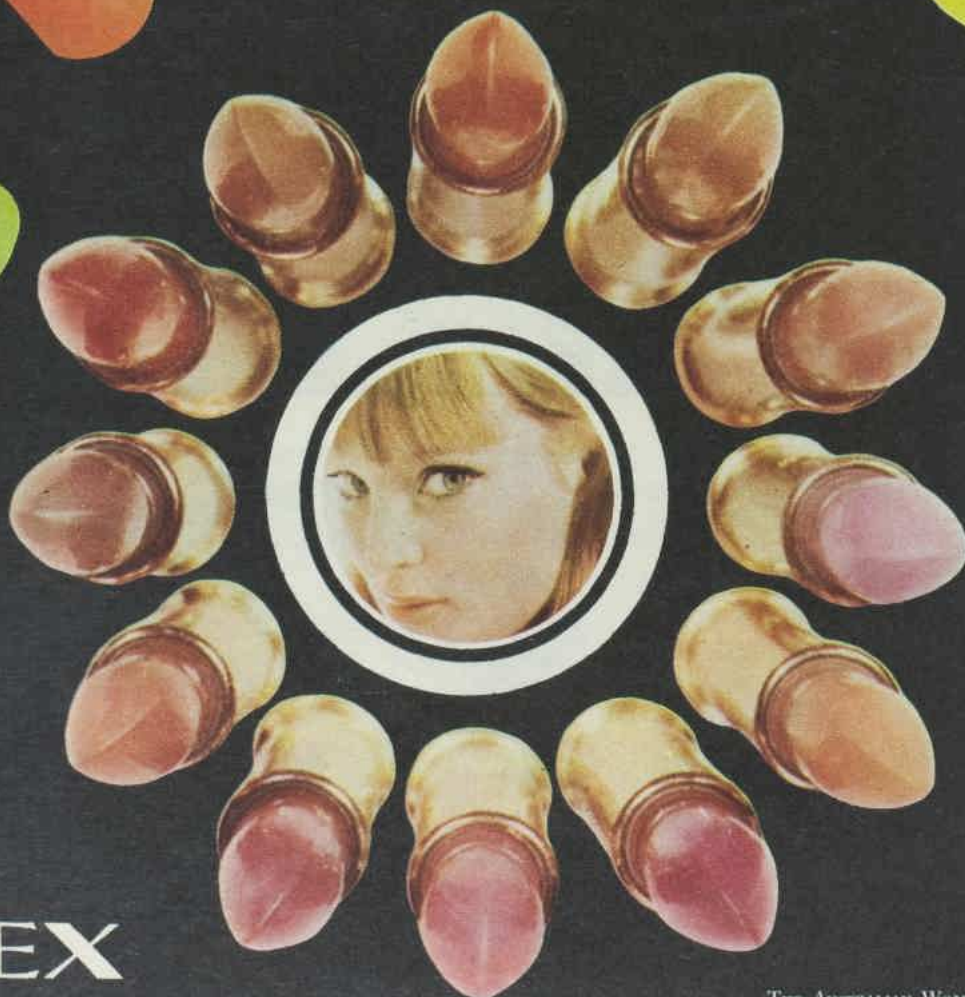




# BLINK BLINK

**CUTEX  
GOES!  
POP!**

Cutex pops lipstick in pop-colour cases! Inside the cases, twelve blinks of colour—to shimmer your smile, pearl your pout, sparkle your sweet-talk. Twelve lit-up, sit-up-and-take-notice lip-shades. Cutex lipstick will drive the boys wild. All you've got to do is wear it. (85c a pop—take two!)



**CUTEX**



# JINX FALKENBURG WILL BE COMPERE

● America's "Household Word" — Jinx Falkenburg — arrived last week in Australia to comper our "U.S.A. Today" fashion parades in Sydney, Canberra, Wollongong, and Melbourne.

**B**EFORE she left for Sydney, Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, reported:

Every American over 30 knows Jinx Falkenburg, the fabulous "outdoor girl" of the 1940s, the first "Miss Rheingold" in 1941, and the delightful scatterbrain of American radio and television in the 1950s.

Now 48—and looking 15 years younger—Jinx is half of the well-known broadcasting team of "Tex and Jinx." Tex McCrary (real name, John Reagan McCrary) has been her husband and the mentor of her career since 1945.

They are the parents of two sons, Paddy, 21, and Kevin, 19. Tex's son, Michael, by an earlier marriage, lives in Hong Kong and may join his stepmother in Australia during the tour. Born Eugenia Lincoln Falkenburg, in Barcelona, Spain, Jinx was the daughter of an American mining engineer. With her family she lived successively in Chile and Brazil, learning to speak Spanish before English.

She was 15 when the Falkenburgs settled down in Southern California.

She was nicknamed Jinx by her father, who wanted to improve his luck by naming the worst.

The gambit succeeded. The Falkenburgs prospered wherever they lived.

Paul Hesse, the Hollywood glamour photographer, spotted Jinx on a tennis court when she was still at Hollywood High School. The first picture he took of her landed

on the cover of a national magazine.

About 20 other covers were to follow, and she became America's No. 1 cover girl.

For this, she credits Hesse's advice: "Never wear black, and always be photographed in color—outdoors."

Jinx's stage debut was as "first cowgirl" in a Broadway musical starring Al Jolson, "Hold On To Your Hat." Then Columbia Pictures signed her to a long-term contract and she went back to Hollywood.

## Won contest

She played the lead in a succession of B-grade musicals—despite the fact she could neither sing, dance, nor act very well.

"For some reason," she said, "I could never get Harry Cohn to cast me in a Western or in a film where I could swim or play tennis."

In 1941 she swept to victory in the nationally celebrated "Miss 'Rheingold'" contest, to pick the most attractive model for beer ads.

By 1942 she was so popular as the drinking man's friend that her tennis matches at the national titles at Forest Hills outdrew even the men's finals.

During the war Jinx toured world battlefronts for the U.S.O.

Her path crossed and recrossed that of Tex, a colonel in charge of Air Force public relations. They married in New York in 1945.

Tex and Jinx blazed their spectacular joint career after the war—even while Jinx

was having her two children.

For 12 years they were so busy with radio and television commitments—from a "Mr. and Mrs." breakfast show to a two-hour midnight celebrity interview program broadcast from "Peacock Alley" at the Waldorf-Astoria—that they had to live at the Waldorf and saw their sons only at weekends.

Second son Kevin was nearly three before he was christened. This was partly Jinx's fault, but mostly the blame was Mary Martin's, Kevin's godmother.

Mary was then playing in "South Pacific" on Broadway, and the christening had to be delayed until she could get a replacement in the part—a mere matter of two years and six months.

Since their radio-TV series

ended in 1958, Tex has concentrated on his New York public-relations business. Jinx has spent the past six years opening oven doors for the American Gas Association on TV commercials.

She also has taken up golf, has a handicap of 12.

She recently received a belated message from another devotee of the sport, former President Eisenhower. "Congratulations," he wrote, "on switching from a great game to the greatest."

Through Mary Martin and Sir Robert Menzies, who is Miss Martin's good friend, Jinx has met many Australians in New York, but has never visited the country before.

She hopes someone will ask her to play golf in Australia.



● Jinx Falkenburg, in raincoat by Oleg Cassini, boots by Roger Vivier, photographed outside her home on Long Island.

## Cosmetics expert learned from her mother-in-law

**A**LTHOUGH Mr. Leonard A. Lauder was born into the cosmetics business, he has never given his wife advice on her make-up.

"She gives me advice on the products," he said, when he and Viennese-born Mrs. Lauder arrived in Melbourne on their first visit to Australia to attend the "U.S.A.

Today" parades in Melbourne and Sydney.

Although Mrs. Lauder, a vivacious brunette, didn't know anything about cosmetics-manufacturing before her marriage in 1959, she soon became interested.

Now she is her husband's assistant, responsible for creating new looks for the family's world-wide cosmetics business, founded by her husband's mother, Estee Lauder, in 1946.

"My husband doesn't always approve of my choice," she said, "but whatever I have created has always sold. A man can't possibly know exactly what a woman requires."

"Everything I learned about cosmetics was from my mother-in-law."

Mrs. Lauder has always advocated the natural look, and that, she said, was the look of today.

"Ten years ago it was the Italian look, pale, wan, with lots of dark emphasis on the eyes. A sick face. Now color has been put back into the face for a healthier look."

"It might take an hour for a woman to achieve this natural look, but the final result must look as though she hasn't on any make-up at all."

For the parade manne-



● Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Lauder.

quins, she has created colors specially to suit Australian complexions. "They are individualised shades, all with a touch of rose in them. Australian skins are light in color and very fine."

Now the mother of two sons, William, 7, and Gary, 5, she works "school hours."

"I work only when the children are away at school," she said.

As well as an apartment in New York, the Lauders have a summer home in Westchester.

It's a family home, built by Mr. Lauder's grandfather in 1918. In the grounds are Japanese red maples. "It's a family tradition to plant one

at the birth of each child," he said.

And although he mightn't have any say in his wife's cosmetics, he has definite ideas on her dress.

"I like to see her wearing casual, easy dresses, comfortable and with movement. I don't like dresses to look as though women have been poured into them."

"I also like my wife in the short length."

They met on a blind date—he was in the Navy, she at college.

"It took her five years to catch me," Mr. Lauder said, laughing.

—MAUREEN BANG  
Page 7

## PARADE TIMES AND DATES

**CLOTHES** from top American designers and fashion houses will be seen in parades at David Jones' stores in Canberra, Wollongong, and Sydney soon.

**CANBERRA.** The Canberra parades will open with a Gala Charity Show (invitation only) at the Canberra Rex Hotel on October 29. Tickets will be \$10 a double and proceeds will aid the A.C.T. Division of Red Cross.

Daily parades will be held at David Jones' Canberra store on October 30 and 31 at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Tickets may be obtained from the David Jones' Canberra store Theatre Booking Office.

Tickets for all parades will cost \$1.20 each and proceeds will aid local charities.

**WOLLONGONG.** Gala charity preview on November 1 at the Strata Hotel in aid of the Red Cross. Tickets (by invitation) will cost \$4 each.

Parades in David Jones' Wollongong store will be free. They will be held

on November 2 and 3 at 12 noon and 1.30 p.m.

**SYDNEY.** On November 4, cocktails and refreshments at 7 p.m. before a buffet supper to be held in the new 6th-floor annex at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

The hour-long parade will start at 8.30 p.m., and coffee and biscuits will be served afterwards. Tickets (invitation only) will cost \$10 each.

Proceeds will aid the Golden Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

Parades will be held in David Jones' new 6th-floor annex (Elizabeth Street store) on November 6 and 8 at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. each day. Morning and afternoon tea will be served at 11 o'clock and 3 o'clock.

Tickets for all four sessions cost \$1.50 each and are available for booking at the Theatre Ticket Booking Office, David Jones' Market Street store.





● World champion boomerang thrower Frank Donnellan, left, explains the art to Cpl. Roger Erdman, of Milwaukee. Below: Sgt. James Gilliard, of Detroit, with souvenir boomerangs for his family.



## Americans on leave



● At the barbecue luncheon arranged for American servicemen on R and R leave, tour hostess Valerie Shaw, above, showed the boys two baby kangaroos. Right: Sgt. Arthur Larson liked the look of chef Gerry Kearney's spiced lamb.





## ● Sydney's pretty girls

### and mini-skirts

### delight U.S.

### servicemen from Vietnam

**D**ID they pass a law here that all homely girls had to stay off the streets?" Air Force Technical-Sergeant Phil Reeves asked. "I haven't seen one homely girl since landed."

Phil Reeves is one of the U.S. troops in Vietnam who recently were given the option of spending their five-day R and R (rest and recreation) leave in Australia.

Contingents of 162 servicemen arrive in Sydney on leave every two days, change into civvies and the anonymity of tourists.

I talked to more than 30 at a barbecue lunch arranged for them at Sydney's Lane Cove National Park.

#### Morale up

Asked what they liked about Australia, the conversation turned naturally to Australian girls and brought Phil's comment.

The boys also expressed their delight at mini-skirts, which hadn't come into fashion when they left the States.

"My morale went up 500 percent when I got off the plane and saw those mini-skirts," Captain Bob George said. "And the bikinis, oh-oh . . . that's another thing I like about Australia."

Most are in their twenties — quietly spoken, courteous, with an easy friendliness and a hint of teasing humor.

"We want to see all we can, meet a lot of Australians, have a couple of good fights out, relax on the beaches, and catch up on some sleep," is the wish expressed by most.

"We heard people were a little disappointed we weren't tearing it up here, but we just want to relax," said Gene Camp, of the Helicopter Squadron in Da Nang. You can certainly relax here. Sydney is much quieter than the big cities in the States and the people are much more friendly.

Captain Bob George, a pilot, waited two months longer for leave so that he could come to Australia.

"I'd heard so much about Australia I jumped at the

chance to see it when I heard it was being put on our list of R and R places," he said. "This is my last day. I've managed to take most of the tours and I've walked practically the whole of Sydney. I love it."

"I may get another leave before I go home—and I'll be back."

Airman First Class Bob Ryan, stationed in Da Nang, supported this. "All the boys who knew I was coming here asked me to tell them all about it. Then my squadron-leader came over and said: 'I've heard you have been asked to give a lot of reports on Australia; well my order is — you tell me FIRST.'"

Why is it so popular?

"It's the nearest thing to the States," many said. "The people are great" . . . "You don't have to bargain every time you want to buy something" . . . "It's good to be with English-speaking people" . . . "It's wonderful to see European women again. The girls — they're terrific."

They also appreciate the hospitality offered by Australian families — in the first few days more than 1000 people offered family dinners, sightseeing, weekend accommodation and entertainment, and country visits and tours.

#### Enjoyable

"I've spent so much time accepting hospitality, I haven't gone on many tours," said Negro Sgt. James Gilliard.

"But I have certainly enjoyed myself. People have been wonderful."

Sgt. Gilliard is a professional soldier soon to retire.

Any complaints? "Food, clothing, and car prices are much higher here than in the States . . ." "Why does orange juice cost so much? . . ." "Shirts are a terrible price . . ." "The only things cheaper are beer and taxis . . ."

"Why do you do everything opposite to us — you drive on the other side of the road, walk on the left, and even your light switches are the reverse of ours — but I love it here just the same."

— Barbara Martyn

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967



— Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.



● Steve Folkes, above, who is stationed at Qui Nhon, in the beauty of Sydney's Lane Cove National Park with Carol Elford, of Sydney.

● It was relaxation for Cpl. Eric Walker, of Southern California, left, after the open-air barbecue lunch washed down with Australian beer.



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## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
Mollie Ly

HEAR from Melbourne that the list of festivities during Melbourne Cup time this year is longer, and promises to be brighter, than ever before. Distinguished visitors from Canberra will be the Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey, who will stay at their Berwick home, "Edrington."

OTHER "glamor" visitors will be Princess Soraya, who with her friend Miss Gloria Massoudi will travel down from Sydney with Dr. and Mrs. Ignacy Listwan and Dr. and Mrs. Robert Melville to stay at the Hotel Australia. And Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos, making his first visit to Australia, will be accompanied by his daughter, Princess Moune.

THERE are all the usual balls, luncheons, dinner parties, and the Government House late-afternoon party on Cup Eve. Among the regular enthusiasts who'll go down from Sydney are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams and their two daughters, Caroline and Susan, and Caroline's fiancé, Archie Kennedy, of Collie. They will all stay at the Windsor Hotel.

ALSO at the Windsor will be the Nevilles Morgans and the David Chrystals.

MR. and MRS. PHILIP PARBURY will be flying down and will spend three days at a motel.

DATES for your diary . . . October 26, when the ladies' committee of the Australian-American Association has arranged a gala premiere of "The Happiest Millionaire" at the Metro Theatre, Kings Cross; and November 11 for the RPAH King George V Appeal Committee's exhibition of paintings and dinner at Taronga Park.

SO many envious glances at Mrs. Jack Lee at the ballet in a glamorous gold wool caftan embroidered at the neck and armholes with beads and sequins—very exotic.

HOW surprised and excited Carole Penn was when her father, Captain Lawrence Penn, returned from Perth recently with a beautiful sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring from her fiancé, airline pilot Brian Esplin, who is at present over there instructing Brian, who is the son of Air Vice-Marshal Ian Esplin and Mrs. Esplin, of Castle Cove, and Carole plan to marry on December 5 at Shore Chapel. After the wedding Brian and Carole will go straight to Perth to live and take a belated honeymoon in March, when Brian is on leave.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Le Marchant leaving Christ Church Cathedral, Newcastle, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Linda Wheeler, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Wheeler, of New Lambton Heights. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Le Marchant, of Bar Beach.

THE chapel at The King's School, James Jardine went to school, will be the setting for his marriage on November 10 to Susan Mortlock. Susan will be attended by Georgia Goodall, Anne Mortlock, Hardcastle, and Sandra McDonald.

MRS. RICHARD STRANGER, "Compton Park," Berrima, came during a visit to Sydney to tell me the finale of the competitions arranged by Berrima Village Trust for garden floral arrangements. Mrs. Gregory Blair, who will go up from Sydney to judge arrangements on October 29, will also sent the prizes and later be entertained after tea. The arrangements will be displayed in historic Berrima Courthouse.

BELIEVE that Turramurra boy Grahame Walsh leaves on October 29 for Hong Kong on the first leg of a nine-month combined holiday and business trip. Hong Kong he goes to Athens, Zurich, and then to London, where he will stay three or four months before going to the Continent. His final stay will be in America for one month. Tony Barham's farewell Graham at his home at Rose Chase on October 27, when guests include Catherine Love, Warwick and David Abrahams, David Dillon, and Dick Noeleen Nuttall.

THE revue the Sydney Hospital is staging this year sounds as if it might be even funnier than their successful last year. It's called "Tincture of Rhubarb" and will star doctors, nurses, physiotherapists, social workers, and secretarial staff at the hospital. Producer Dr. Ireland has also written many of the scripts. I'm particularly looking forward to the finale, which is a skit on Little Riding Hood, done by a male ballet. The revue, to be held on October 26, 27, and 28 at the Union Theatre, will help raise money for the Dr. Norman Rose Scholarship Fund, which is a travelling scholarship for doctors at Sydney Hospital.

A LETTER from Canada from Sydney girl Joy-Diane Dixon (who now lives there) tells me that she and her mother, Mrs. C. H. Dixon (who is visiting in England and the Continent. Mrs. Dixon has spent the past few months with Joy-Diane and went to the opening of Expo 67. They'll return to Canada via the South Pacific for Christmas, and Mrs. Dixon will leave for Sydney in January.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Paul O'Malley outside St. Joseph's Chapel, Hurstville, following their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Helen Ellicott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Ellicott, of Bourke. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. L. O'Malley, of "Nashville," Bourke, and of the late Mr. O'Malley.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 1, 1967





ABOVE: Among guests at a luncheon held at Mr. and Mrs. Lance Scandrett's Bellevue Hill home were Mrs. Gordon Robson, Mrs. George Banki, and Miss Janis Bubb (left to right). It was arranged by the members of the Kamahala Ladies' Auxiliary.

AT RIGHT: Prospective buyers at a display of interesting kitchenware and knick-knacks held at the Bellevue Hill home of Dr. and Mrs. Ross Hayes were Mrs. Raymond Pearce (left) and Mrs. Robert Melville. The party, called an "Old World Luncheon," was arranged by the Facluse Auxiliary of the Asthma Foundation of New South Wales.

BELOW: Miss Margaret Whealy (left), Mr. Bill Gale, and Miss Gaenor Williams at a concert at the Art Gallery of New South Wales called "Music on a Spring Night." The evening was arranged by the Art Gallery Society.



AT RIGHT: Mr. Graham Kerr discussed plans with Mrs. Fred Wrobel, vice-president of the Rum Runners Committee, for the Grand Champion Presentation Dinner for our Butter/White Wings Bake-Off. The dinner will be held on October 31 at the Wentworth Hotel. Proceeds will go toward the purchase of resuscitation equipment for the Worrell Theatre at Sydney Hospital.



ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Jim Findlater (at left) with Noumean visitors Dr. and Mrs. Beretti at a reception at the Wentworth Hotel to mark the 27th Annual General and Scientific Meeting of the Ophthalmological Society of Australia. The meeting was attended by overseas and interstate delegates and their wives.

BELOW: Mrs. John Peisley (left) and Mrs. Grahame Goldberg at a luncheon and parade held at Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brunen's home at Facluse. Mrs. Goldberg is a member of the Eastern Suburbs social committee of the Autistic Children's Association of New South Wales, which organised the luncheon and parade.





## NEXT WEEK

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NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK



FAMILY REUNION in Adelaide in February, 1962, was the first time in 11 years that Mrs. Helpman and her children had all been in the same place at the same time. From left, Sheila, Mrs. Helpman, Robert, Max. (Illustration in "The Helpman Family Story.")

A NEW BOOK

## "THE HELPMAN

● It's written by the famous dancer's mother, aged 85

AT 85, Mrs. Mary Helpman, the mother of Robert, Max, and Sheila, has produced her first book, "The Helpman Family Story." She has no ambition to write another.

"That one book was enough," she said. "It took five years to write — including two years just for research."

"And then I wrote it twice, once in longhand and again on a typewriter."

While Mrs. Helpman was tapping away at her typewriter, friends visiting her daughter, Sheila, would tap on her window and call, "Hello, Ethel M. Dell."

Everyone would have a good laugh, including the author herself.

"I don't think anybody took the book seriously," she said when telling how she came to write the family story.

The idea first occurred to her during 1959 when her elder son, Robert Helpman, the world-famous ballet dancer, actor, and producer, was visiting Adelaide.

(The correct spelling of the name is Helpman. Robert added a second "n" when he became leading dancer to the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1933. He was advised to adopt a more foreign-sounding name than Helpman, but he would not change the name. He added the final "n" as a concession, although, as sister Sheila said, it has probably not affected his career in the slightest.)

He was having a quiet night at home with his mother and sister, actress Sheila Helpman, talking and browsing through old photographs. He came across a miniature of his great-grandmother and asked what her name was. Mrs. Helpman could remember only that it was Susan.

"That's awful," said Robert, meaning that she should know more about her own people. His mother agreed it was pretty awful. At the same time it occurred to her that she knew very little about the Helpmans although — through marriage — she was one herself.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Helpman embarked on research into her own and her husband's family tree.

She found that her predecessors had come to Australia from Scotland or England in the earliest days (in the 1790s to N.S.W., and the 1830s to Tasmania and South Australia); and that the Helpmans came from a long line of seafaring folk.

When Robert's great-grandfather retired from the sea, he married and settled down in Warrnambool, Vic., in the 1840s.

One of his sons, Major Walter Helpman, was Robert's grandfather. Robert's

father was Walter's son, Sam Helpman, who met his wife-to-be, Mary Gardiner, when his job as stock buyer for an estate firm took him to Mt. Gambier, South Australia.

Mary, then 23, was living with her family at Mt. Schank Station, 12 miles from Mt. Gambier.

This is where she had been born and had spent her childhood — "a childhood spent in a calm, contented world."

### "Kindest eyes"

Her parents had one son who died in infancy, and four daughters. She describes her father, Robert Gardiner, as tall, broad-shouldered, with curly brown hair and "the kindest eyes I have ever seen."

Her mother was Scottish, a handsome woman, very neat in her dress. She was "usually kind and gay, with a great sense of humor ... a good pianist, a good singer, and a devastating mimic, entertaining us with not always kind impersonations of the visitors who came to the house."

The family frequently visited their Aunt Bella and Uncle Abe, who managed the other family property, "Nangwarry Station," 20 miles north of Mt. Gambier.

The author recalls happy times with shooting parties, dinner parties, and dancing at night "with Aunt Bella at the piano."

THE AUTHOR and Mrs. Sheila Helpman enjoy a passage from the book.







ROBERT HELPMANN takes film actress Katharine Hepburn to visit his old school — Prince Alfred College, Adelaide — during the Old Vic's Australian tour, 1955. (Illustration in book.)

GOVERNOR of South Australia, Sir Edric Bastyan, chats with Robert Helpmann during the Adelaide Festival of Arts, 1964. Former Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies is at right.



SAM HELPMAN with Robert, aged one year, above. Sam was very proud of his son but rather disconcerted when young Bob showed signs of becoming a dancer. At left is the author, Mary Helpman, at the age of 19. Her mother had refused to let her go on the stage. Both pictures are illustrations in "The Helpman Family Story."

## FAMILY STORY"

It was a comfortable, free life with no financial worries, plenty of domestic help, lavish entertainment, and, above all, great devotion within the family circle.

Mary left South Australia for a few years during her teenage years to attend a private secondary school in Victoria. She thought she would hate it, but to her surprise she loved it.

She learned elocution, like so many other well-taught girls of the day, and began to learn about Shakespeare and other great poets and dramatists.

Very soon Mary was making a name for herself in a small way. She was the elocution teacher's star pupil.

After a successful audition, Mary was offered a part with a professional theatre company, but her mother hastened to Melbourne to bring her home, saying "ladies" did not do such things.

Mary, by this time deeply in love with the theatre, was frustrated, but she made the most of the situation by producing and acting in amateur plays in Mt. Gambier.

### Married

She was throwing herself wholeheartedly into this exciting pastime when she first met Sam Helpman. Sam could not take to the theatre, although Mary did her best to interest him in it.

She had known him for about two years when they became engaged, and in 1907 they married.

After a time Mary gave up her theatrical activities to please Sam, and, while her marriage was probably more secure because of this, her frustration deepened.

She freely admits that it was her own frustration which has resulted in all her children being "mad about the ballet and theatre" — as she was, and still is.

Her baby, Robert, was born on Good Friday, April 9, 1909, at 8 a.m. . . . "a fine morning and the smell of hot cross buns (the baker passed my window) always reminds me of that day."

"With three nines in his birth date, I felt sure my son would be lucky."

By  
RITA DUNSTAN

It's a safe bet that Mary Helpman would have been reciting to her new-born sooner or later, but in her book she claims that she began doing so "in sheer desperation" to stop him from crying.

The poetry became a "cure" for screaming attacks — though the fact was hidden from Sam.

Needless to say, Robert had acquired a fairly advanced education in the drama classics by the time he was five. The loss of his two front baby teeth did not prevent him from quoting from "Romeo and Juliet" — "Thou knowest the marthk of night ith on my fathe."

In addition to this, his dancing teacher avowed Robert was a born dancer.

"The Helpman Family Story" tells the whole tale from then on up to the present. Neither Max Helpman, who is with the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival Theatre, nor Robert has read the manuscript. Sheila was not allowed to see it until it was completed.

"Mother did it entirely on her own," said Miss Helpman. "She had my cutting book to help, but that was about all. She had to write countless letters in the course of her research into the family history. Her memory has been a great asset, and her vigor."

"She's so keen to get up and go that I often have to try to pull her back."

"Everything she does, she does well," joined in Sister Meredith Felberg, who had been caring for Mrs. Helpman during an illness in recent weeks. Sister Felberg produced some beautifully worked crochet rugs to prove her point.

Mrs. Helpman recalled that she was over 70 when she decided to learn to make handmade French flowers and millinery.

She enrolled at the East Sydney Technical College, was the oldest pupil in the class, and the keenest. Daughter Sheila used to drive her to school.

"I used to arrive, like a schoolgirl, carrying my lunch," Mrs. Helpman said.

Sheila has given up many stage offers to be with her mother during illnesses and threatened illnesses, and they have travelled extensively in Australia and overseas. They now live in a flat in Walkerville, an Adelaide suburb.

### "Just Bob"

They are planning another trip abroad.

In the meantime, they have two very important and joyful reunions to look forward to. Max is coming home to see his mother in mid-November, and Robert will be home for a time in January, when he is to take the Australian Ballet Company on its Asian tour.

In her book, Mrs. Helpman says she was always confident Robert would make good in the world of ballet and theatre, but she never dreamed, when he was young, that he would go right to the top.

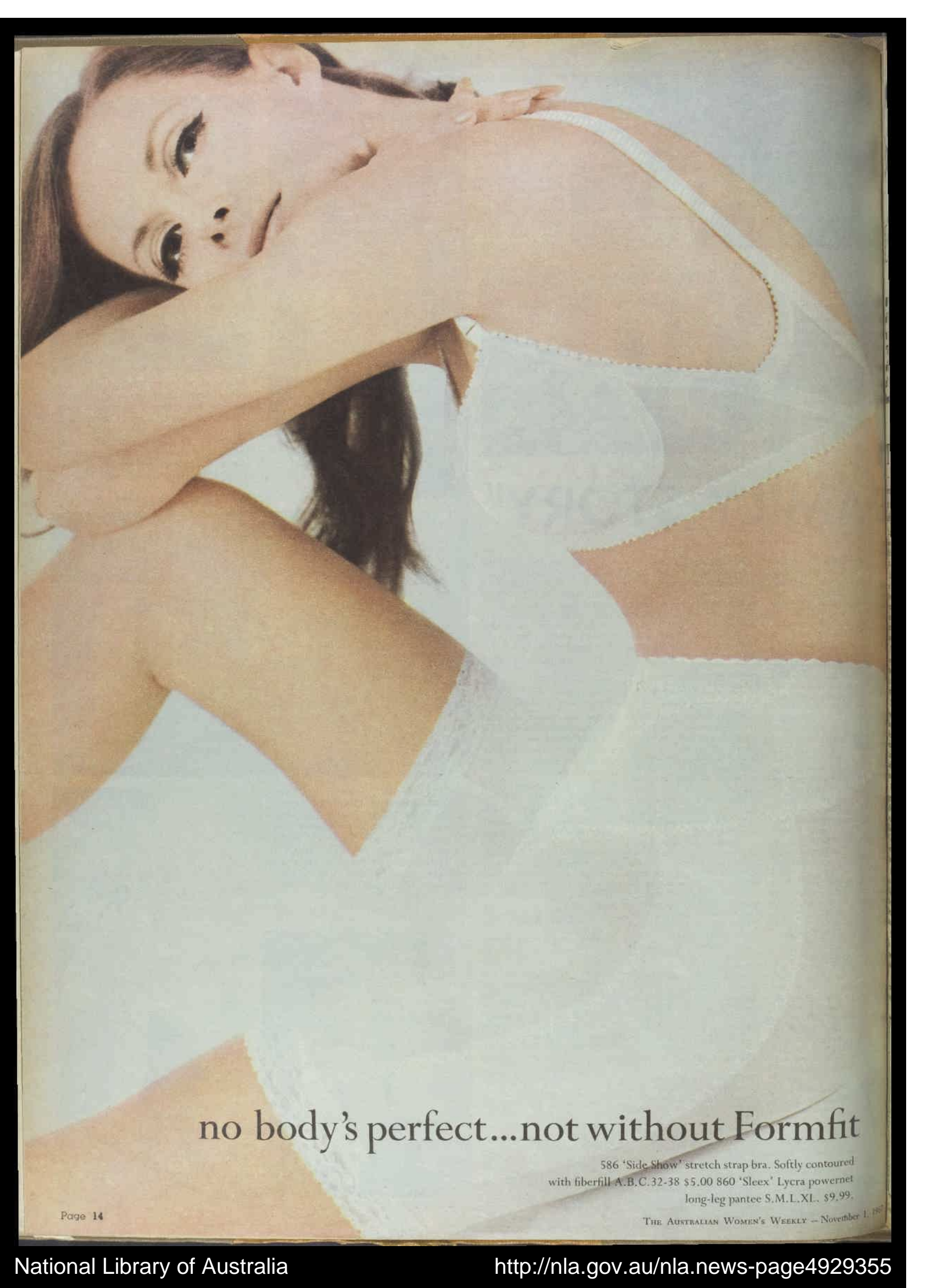
And, of course, his mother sees him as he always was — her adored son. "He's always just Bob to me," she said.



ABOVE, Sheila Helpman as she appeared in Noel Coward's "Family Album." AT RIGHT, Robert Helpmann dances with Margot Fonteyn in "Apparitions," at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, in 1937. BELOW, an early picture of the three Helpman children, Robert, Max, and Sheila. (All are illustrations in the book.)





A full-page photograph of a woman with long brown hair, wearing white Formfit underwear. She is lying down, propped up on her left arm, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light color.

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# Nightlife in Melbourne and Sydney—with a "new" Lane

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

Don Lane, compere of TCN9's "Tonight," is to present a king-size "Tonight" show that will bring the nightlife of Sydney and Melbourne to viewers.

THE program should be a real night out — a no-expense-spared evening — with visits to at least three and probably four nightclubs.

Lane will compere the show from GTV9's giant Melbourne studios at 9.30 a.m. on October 26.

Called "Tonight in Sydney and Melbourne," the show will be a variety extravaganza with the GTV9 talent, and singing and production numbers starring Lane.

The extravaganza note comes from the live TV shows, presenting the stars in their acts direct from the nightclubs.

The nightclub acts are expected to start from Melbourne's New Twenties, where famous American comedian and singer Frank Fontaine, the man with the red rubber face, opens his season.

Fontaine as "Crazy Guggenheim" was the mumbbling, frictionate bar-fly in the original "Jackie Gleason show" who used to drive Gleason, the barman, mad with his rambling dissertations.

Fontaine's "Crazy" is sure to be on-stage at the New Twenties, but so is Fontaine the singer, and there are few other when he stops fooling and gets down to singing.

Next nightclub on the list is Melbourne's Lido, with specialties from the Lido's dancers.

Sydney's main contribution comes from Sydney's plush-est Leagues' Club, the St.



FRANK FONTAINE, left, as "Crazy" Guggenheim, pictured here with Jackie Gleason, will be one of the highlights in the show "Tonight in Sydney and Melbourne" on Channel 9 Network, October 26.

## Television

George, from where viewers will see the "Dickie Valentine Show."

The program will, of course, arrive on TV via the coaxial cable, which will hurdle programs up and down to each studio.

What interests me about the program, apart from its stars in action, is that it presents a new Don Lane to viewers — the successful club entertainer, the able hooper and singer, the on-stage Lane.

Lane has many images among viewers. People have described him to me as "the football fanatic," "the interview man," and one keen clubman surprised me by calling him "the man who tells a good story."

### Change of pace

There are people who think he can sing, people who just sit and sigh over his handsome head.

"Tonight in Sydney and Melbourne" should show him in a new light, and I imagine it will be just as interesting for Lane as for viewers. There is nothing like a change of pace and presentation for stimulating interest.

### Rolf: "Refreshing as billy tea"

I HAD that "this is where I came in" feeling when I watched the first edition of the new "Rolf Harris Show."

I had seen everything he performed during his last Sydney season and on his TCN9 special 18 months ago, and again in the Expo 67 telecast.

Rolf is a favorite of mine, but the Sunday he made his special I watched him rehearse at TCN9 from 10 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. when he taped the hour, finishing in that classic condition "tired but happy" at 6 p.m.

I suppose I heard him sing "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport" umpteen times, so it wasn't exactly a fresh experience when he opened the show with it. During that same marathon day, too, I saw him paint Instant Murals over and over.

That meant that two of his big acts on his first adult ABC-TV show (Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) were very old hat to me, like the joke about the Welsh and English battle. I'd heard that rehearsed umpteen times, too.

Despite all this, I found him as refreshing as billy tea after Dean Martin's super sophistication in the same Sunday night time-slot. His guest stars are excellent, too.

Rolf kept reminding me strongly of my favorite TV showman, Professor Julius Sumner Miller. He has the same feverish enthusiasm and kept getting involved with his teenage audience, who obviously dote on him.

Harris is an excellent TV entertainer, but he needs new material — and fast.

NO one was more delighted than I to see the last of "Australian Playhouse," as depressing and disillusioning

a season as I have ever sat through.

I watched week after week waiting for the big breakthrough when I could sit back bedazzled with the story, acting, and production. It never happened. Indeed it finished with a tasteless piece, "The Five-Sided Triangle," that topped off the whole season.

### Satirical Frost; swinging Sue

TOP TV favorites with me at present are ABC stars David Frost of "The Frost Report" (Fridays, 8.55 p.m.) and Sue Becker, with whom one exercises, or tries to, twice a week, Mondays and Fridays, at 9.50 p.m.

Frost is one of the funniest men I've encountered via TV. He's got a vapid face, with buck teeth that make him look rather like an aristocratic rabbit, and a sly, penetrating wit.

He is a parson's son and I have hysterics as I imagine him at rectory gatherings passing the pink-iced cakes to the ladies of the Women's Guild and saying outrageous things, innocently.

Sue Becker in her leotard is the sexiest and most supple female to have hit ABC-TV in years, and congratulations are in order for inspired timing of her ten-minute show.

To see Sue swing into apparently effortless action, just as most people are thinking of bed, is really something, even if you can't lay your forehead along your instep to music.

My ambition is for David to sit in on one of Sue's sessions and do the commentary. It would be quite a show.



## Never let Your Beauty Fade

THE beauty of your skin really begins deep down under the surface, where the tiny oil and moisture reservoirs maintain a fine balance by releasing just the right amounts of perfect natural nourishment to keep the complexion soft, supple, and always gloriously in bloom.

kles can never make the slightest advance.

The tropical beauty fluid rapidly restores the perfect conditions that encourage the controlled responses of the skin cells and the maintenance of the supple, unlined splendour of your complexion. Smoothed over the face and neck each day and used as a superb base for make-up, the hygroscopic elements with which the moist oil is endowed will constantly attract and draw in moisture from the atmosphere, effecting the stimulation and replenishment of the plasma colloids (dermal water-carriers) and wonderfully overcoming surface dehydration of the complexion.

Scientists engaged in dermatological research have constantly borne in mind this basic understanding of the human skin in their efforts to find ways and means to improve and preserve its most beautiful qualities. Today the discovery of a tropical moist oil with the remarkable ability to perform a function similar to the natural oils and moisture of the skin has made it possible to bring long-term youth and beauty to every woman.

In Australia in particular, weather and temperature extremes are responsible for disturbing the balance of your skin, and any interruption or insufficiency of the vital moist oils will soon become evident on the complexion as it dries out, acquires flaky patches and develops aging lines. When the scientific moist oil is smoothed over the skin, however, even a very de-vitalized complexion will benefit immediately from its 'isotonic' action, an ideal osmotic pressure calculated to take conserving fluids directly down to where the skin is continually being re-born. Since it is homologous to the fluids of the skin itself, this moist oil readily merges with existing reserves and boosts the dwindling levels, so that dryness and wrin-

Probably one of the easiest and quickest known methods for nourishing and protecting the skin, this unique beauty fluid is recognized in Britain as oil of Ulay, and in other parts of the world it is known as oil of Olay. In Australia it is available from chemists as oil of Ulan, the precious fulfilment of every woman's desire for a younger, more radiant complexion that will bloom beautifully all through the years.

### Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Recommend

To give your complexion line-free clearness and youthful loveliness, always smooth on a film of oil of Ulan before applying make-up. This Ulan oil will cherish and protect your complexion and ensure that your make-up has a perfect matt finish.

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

MOMMA once said: "I wonder if the rash of juvenile delinquency the world is having is caused by children not playing games? Stop and think. How long has it been since you've seen a bunch of boys playing marbles, or girls playing hop-scotch or skipping rope? Now you see little girls screaming and fainting over rock-n-roll groups. When I was 11 or 12, I was dressing dolls and playing house with other little girls. I wonder why children have stopped playing games? It's just a thought..."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Kids today don't skip rope, they skip bail."

## READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

rats and mice go!  
**raticide**

A NEW KIND OF POISON, SIMPLER, CLEANER, TOTALLY EFFECTIVE

You'll buy it in a roll. Strip off 3 to 6 single conulations as you need it. Rats and mice cannot resist it, and the way it works there's no smell ever.  
CHEMISTS • HARDWARE STORES • DEPARTMENTAL STORES  
Trade Enquiries: RATICIDE COMPANY, 126 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Phone: 28-3123



**Master Foods** curiously crunchy cucumbers

# How come they're so crisp?

*To begin with, we use only crisp, field-fresh cucumbers. Then we pickle them very carefully and vacuum pack them so they keep crisp. Result? Cucumber slices so crunchy we couldn't keep them quiet. Crunch them in sandwiches, salads and so on, soon.*

Page 16

MP257

**Master Foods**  
Bread & Butter  
**CUCUMBERS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1984



# A SCHOOL FOR SANTAS



## They'll learn how to ho-ho-ho

By Bill Wilson, of our New York staff

MR. AND MRS. SANTA CLAUS, in real life Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Doan, of the U.S. One of Santa's big problems is avoiding kisses from mothers — the lipstick tends to stick to his beard.

IT'S not easy to be a Santa Claus. What do you do with the sceptical children — the ones who don't believe in Santa? Or the ones who pull your yak-hair beard? Even worse, the ladies who want to kiss Santa? (Try getting non-smear lipstick off yak hair.)

All the best Santas are graduates of the Santa Claus School in Albion, New York, where they learn answers to every possible question a four-year-old can ask.

The school has been conducting week-long courses in ho-hoing and basic Clausology for more than 30 years, and big stores like Macy's and Gimbels wouldn't be without a graduate Santa for their toy department every Christmas.

### Mrs. Santa

This year, Myers of Melbourne is opening a branch of the Santa Claus School, bringing to Australia Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Doan. He is Dean of the Santa School, and his wife, Mary Ida, portrays Mrs. Santa Claus when the need arises (usually at charity affairs).

Nathan and Mrs. Doan, who is also a graduate of the Santa School, will train

Myers' Santas. They will also appear in shops — in Sydney (Farmer's), Brisbane (McWhirters), and Melbourne (Myers) — and hospitals, schools, etc.

The Doans, due in Australia at the end of October, will conduct three-day classes for Santas early in November.

"We'll be covering the same curriculum in Australia as we do at the Santa School in upstate New York," Mr. Doan told me in his de luxe Santa suit — which costs more than 300 American dollars from the Santa Claus Equipment Company, also of Albion.

Nathan Doan is everybody's idea of what Santa should look like. But he's been playing the part for about 15 years.

"The course runs a week in New York, and we cover everything from the historical background of the St. Nicholas tradition in the fourth century in Asia Minor to teaching how to gift-wrap packages."

All the major American departmental stores send one of their top-department per-

sonnel to the Santa Claus School each November.

Nathan Doan said, "Anybody with a mind to do it can play Santa Claus."

"The big thing is that he must really like children."

But just as important, he insists, is the uniform. Nobody will believe in a scruffy-looking Santa.

The Santa Claus Equipment Company stands ready to provide a splendid Santa outfit, de luxe, super, or

quality, depending on the store's budget.

The de luxe suit, with "genuine 6in. fur trim" and a lined patent-leather belt, and yak-hair beard and whisker set, costs \$325.

For \$215 you get imitation fur and a nylon beard, and if you want to run the toy department on the cheap you can spend \$165 for the lowest-cost suit.

As genuine yak hair is hard to get, the firm is now

providing "yaktyn" beards, half yak and half synthetic fibre.

According to Mr. Doan, children expect Santa to know everything, including their names and what they didn't get last Christmas.

He teaches student Santas to say things like, "You haven't been picking up your toys, have you?" This is sure to hit home, and gives Santa the required air of omniscience — this is a must.

He sets out a list of do's and don'ts for would-be Santas.

- Be jolly, even if some unruly child is kicking your shins or pulling your beard.
- Be up on the latest toys.
- Never promise anything. A "We'll see what we can do" is non-committal and far safer.

- Keep away from affectionate mothers who want to give Santa a friendly kiss — you'll never get the lipstick off the beard.

### Holidays

When he isn't teaching the intricacies of the role of Santa Claus, Nathan Doan is director of warehouse and supplies for the Board of Education in Bay City, Michigan.

He takes his holidays every December to portray Santa.

Now 48, Nathan Doan has attended the Santa Claus School annually since 1953, teaching the last two years. He took over the school as dean last year on the death of founder Charles Howard.

The Doans have been married ten years and have three children.

Mr. Doan knows Brisbane well. He was there during World War II, when he was an American serviceman.



THE NATHAN DOANS wearing everyday clothes and without their Santa headgear.



# GRAHAM KENNEDY'S MIDNIGHT FROLICS

(That's when his comedy sketches are videotaped)



ABOVE: Graham clowns for the benefit of the film crew while waiting for the cameras to roll for a prison sketch for "In Melbourne Tonight."

BELOW: As a doctor, with stethoscope — and Beatle wig. Johnny Ladd, who helps produce the sketches, joins in with a fruity character role.



**G**RAHAM KENNEDY had said his last good nights. The studio audience for "In Melbourne Tonight" filed out. Doors were closed. Silence reigned.

A couple of hours later, well past midnight, sounds of laughter echoed through the studio.

Ghosts accumulated over the past ten years of IMT? No, just the show going on—on camera.

For around about this time every week "Three Corners," the only filmed segment of IMT, is taped.

There's no secrecy attached to Graham's working at these rather odd hours. It's simply a case of necessity. There's no other transmission time available for videotaping that would suit him.

It doesn't worry him too much. "I've always been a night owl."

So while Melbourne sleeps Graham is busy churning out three, four, or more "blackouts," to be flashed round Australia on his national show.

These brief comedy pieces, not long enough to be called sketches, contain only one punch line and are often as short as half a minute.

They are taped in a completely informal atmosphere. Graham, the immaculately attired host of IMT, disappears, and in his place there appears a new character, a jailbird in denims, an unrecognisable New Guinea native, the toothless, balding George Wilson . . .

They are taped with more joking and laughter off camera than on. "I like to make the crew laugh to get them interested," said Graham.

And he succeeds. So much so that it is easy to miss the actual take. This occupies only a brief moment, and Graham jokes right up to the last number of the countdown.

But like the professional showman he is, he switches immediately to the role once the cameras are moving.

"We'll never capture that moment again," he quips. And that signals the end of the take.

He is usually right, too, for rarely does there have to be a repeat.

Graham doesn't see the scripts until late in the afternoon of taping, sometimes even later. Between sketches he learns the lines.

There is never much rehearsal; a brief run-through of lines and positions, and that's all.

Then everyone on the floor gathers round the monitor for an immediate play-back. "It's a print," says Graham amid appreciative laughter, and that's a signal for the preparations for the next blackout to begin.

Without another word, Graham dashes off to his caravan, the props are removed and the next ones set up. He returns (sometimes only five minutes later) and the next take is ready.

It's rather like an assembly-line job.

The time is used up with Graham changing from role to role, facially, as well as in dress.

It takes half an hour to transform his face into the familiar pensioner, George Wilson, a

"regular" in the series. Even longer when he was a New Guinea native.

Graham wouldn't use black tights or sweater. He wanted to be authentic, so he painted himself black.

"I put it on my face, arms, legs, chest—all over. I was taking it off for days after. It was terrible."

And he added reflectively. "I don't think it was worth all the trouble; it didn't get so many laughs. Don't think I'll go colored again."

Graham says the greatest chore for him in these character roles is the make-up, or, to be more correct, the removing of it.

"It's so much garbage on your face."

"Sometimes if I've been heavily made up I look into the mirror and think, I simply can't take it off. It's so exhausting. Then I have a beer to put off the inevitable moment; that helps a bit."

But make-up makes his acting easier. "Once I've got it on it's easy to fall into character," he said.

The type of sketch Graham enjoys most is when he gets blown up. "It always looks so effective. You really do come up singing."

Often he has his eyebrows singed, literally; the gunpowder also has the habit of turning his black trousers to a sepia shade. "I've ruined about 18 pairs that way," he said.

The prop hands are always willing to help in any emergency—although sometimes they don't know when to stop.

In one sketch Graham's faked perspiration dried under the warmth of the studio lights. Here he was trudging across a desert—bone dry.

Not for long. Squirts of water from the Pluto dog he has on his desk solved the problem. But the squirting continued well past the taping time; he finished up drenched.

Graham got his own back. "Pluto's also good for extinguishing cigarettes," he said.

After the taping, Graham likes to relax in his caravan chatting to friends, often over a glass of beer.

He then drives himself to the Southern Cross Hotel, where he has been staying, and has a meal—mainly a grill or oysters.

He stays awake until about 4 a.m. reading. "Biographies, war novels, anything," he says. "I love the books they're writing now—lovely big thick ones."

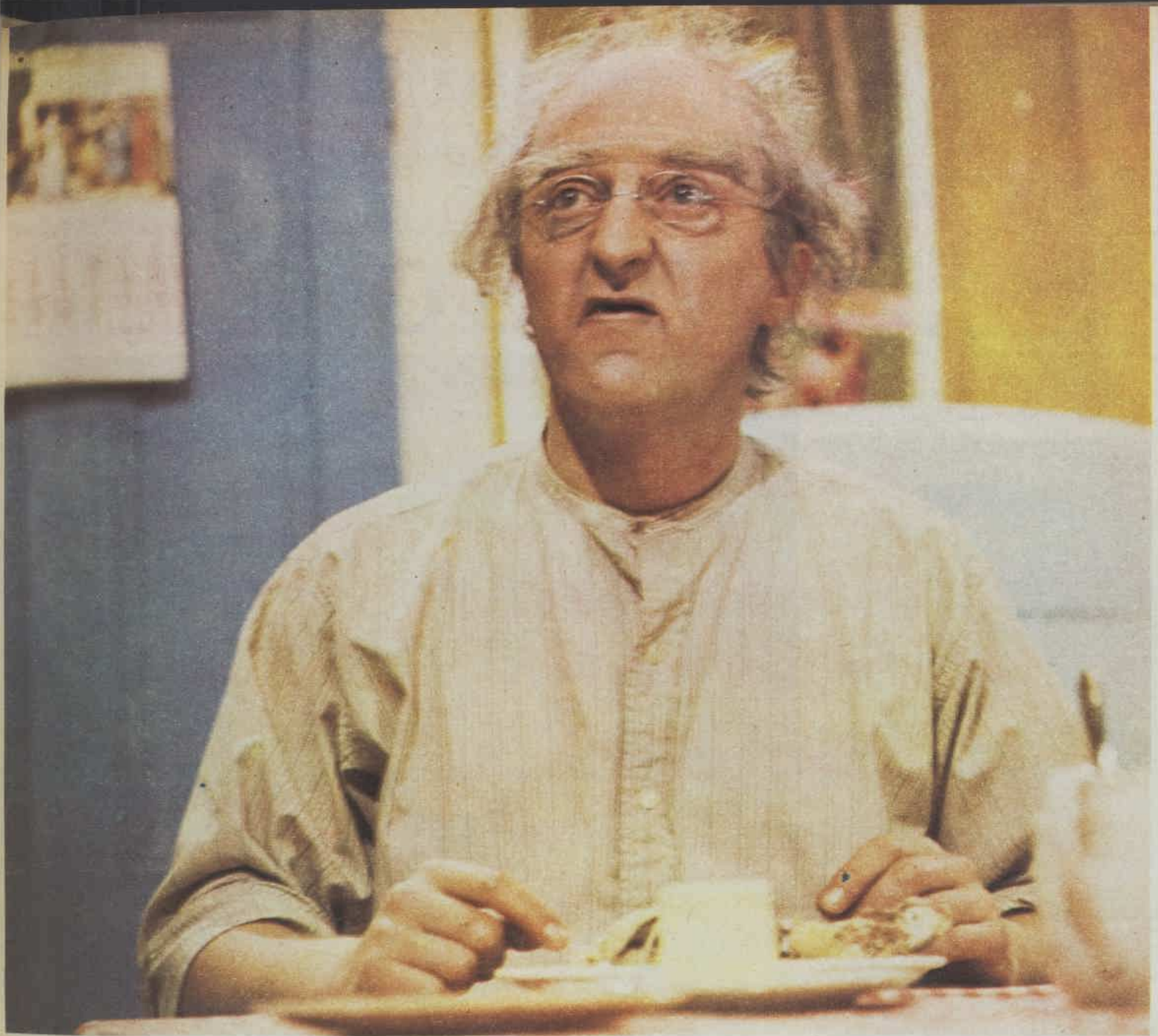
Graham then makes sure he has eight hours' sleep. "I always have at least that amount; I believe I need it to stay healthy."

Every month or so, he says, he has a sleepless night. "I don't always have worries, but I still can't sleep. I've tried all kinds of advice, but it doesn't work."

"I tell myself I mustn't worry about not sleeping. But I do and then I can't sleep!"

— Maureen Bang





PICTURES BY BARRIE BELL

ABOVE: Graham Kennedy as pensioner George Wilson, a regular in the "Three Corners" segment of "In Melbourne Tonight." It takes half an hour's make-up to age Graham's face to the toothless, bald George.

LEFT: When he has taken off his make-up, Graham pours boiling water over a towel and, when his hands can bear the heat, holds it against his face. "It's exhilarating," he says.

RIGHT: After the taping, he likes to relax in his caravan, chatting to friends. He shows Rod Kinnear, producer of "In Melbourne Tonight," a sample of wallpaper for the kitchen in his new Frankston home.





# THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS

(a subtle shady secret...once her very own!)

can be your success...and the secret is

## INECTO Hair Colour

Once hair colouring was hush-hush, a secret to be kept—but now it's out in the open with Inecto Hair Colour. Inecto Hair Magic gives your hair a subtle, shaded glory and it lasts up to 6 shampoos. Inecto Colour Creme gives you permanent colour. Suddenly your hair will be beautiful and every man will be your captive! Inecto Hair Colour, so natural, so easy to use, so beautiful. Colour your hair with Inecto confidence.



### THE HOUSE OF INECTO HAIR ADVISORY BUREAU

Just confidentially send a snip of your hair to us—you pick a colour, we pick a colour and the secret is between us. Then use Inecto and watch your new personality blossom. No one, but no one, will be able to spy (or resist) the colour in your hair... it will just glow with soft, subtle beauty by Inecto.



## INECTO

COLOUR CREME

Hair Magic

INECTO

### HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Decide how long you want your hair to stay coloured. If 4 to 6 weeks is what you want, we'll recommend Hair Magic colours for you. If permanent colour is what you want, we'll recommend Colour Creme colours for you. Having decided the length of time you want, fill in the coupon below, showing also the colour you have in mind, attach a 2-inch snip of hair, and post it to The Inecto Hair Advisory Bureau, P.O. Box 48, Rosebery, N.S.W., with your name and address. We will colour half the snip of hair the colour you have chosen and half an alternative colour that we will recommend. We'll post your hair back to you within two weeks. IF YOU PREFER, see your chemist, have a look at his Inecto colour chart, and get an Inecto Hair Advisory Bureau mailing card from him. Fill it in and post it to us.

#### POST THIS COUPON

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Name of your usual chemist \_\_\_\_\_

The Inecto Hair Advisory Bureau,  
P.O. Box 48, Rosebery, N.S.W.

I enclose a lock of my hair and I would like it coloured:—

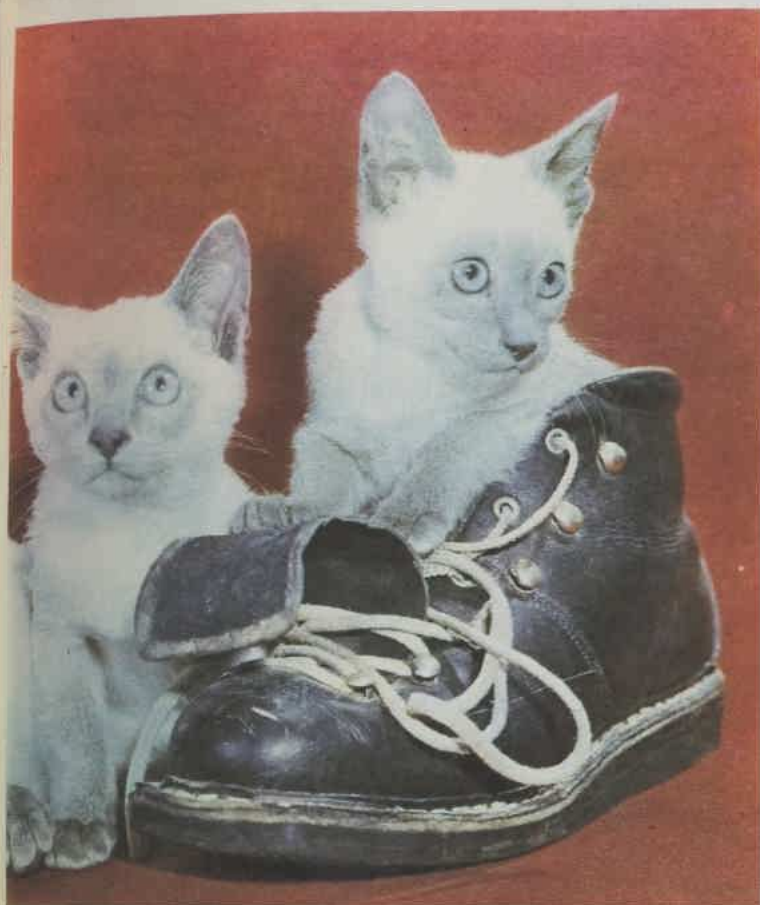
BROWN	LIGHT	MID	DARK
BLONDE	LIGHT	MID	DARK
AUBURN	LIGHT	MID	DARK
GREY	HAZE	ROSE	SMOKEY
BLACK	4-6 WEEKS		

Mark in box the colour you want. Something else in mind? Then write in below.

PERMANENT COLOUR



## CASH PRIZES TO BE WON



SIAMESE KITTENS belonging to Mrs. G. Rasmussen, of Cronulla, N.S.W., were 10 weeks old when staff photographer Keith Barlow took their picture — just as they paused in playing with a boot.

# Cats' Whiskas PICTURE contest

● Blue-ribboned aristocrats have no special advantages over alley-style ruffians in this new contest. The picture you take of your lovable middle-aged tabby could beat that of some "Her Highness Princess Pearl." Prizes are for the best cat pictures, not necessarily the best cat.

**P**HOTOGRAPHS may be black-and-white, color prints or color transparencies. All stand an equal chance.

The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of \$100. The national winner, chosen from the State finalists, will be awarded an additional \$750, making a total of \$850.

State finalists can also choose \$30 worth of film, and the national winner an additional \$70 worth of film.

There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellymeat Whiskas — a case containing 36 tins.

Despite differences of age, color, and breed, most cats have one thing in common — they are highly photogenic.

Pose your cat, or creep up on it unawares, according to what sort of picture you are after: A cat candid, or a more serious study.

There are certain to be amusing cat pictures as well as beautiful ones. Yours may turn out to be your cat at its most snooty, appealing, disobedient, or adorable.

Send the picture to "Cats' Whiskas Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Judges will be noted Australian photographer Laurence Le Guay, and the Art Directors of The Australian Women's Weekly and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd.

The judges' decisions will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

The contest closes on November 24, and results will be announced in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly dated December 27.

Entries will be returned after the contest only if accompanied by a fully stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This contest is not open to employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies, or to the families of employees.

For further details, see page 24

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967

# You're looking at the only wringer washer with true push-button simplicity—Pope.

(every home in Australia can afford one)



You just push a button. Pope heats the water. Push another and Pope starts to wash. Pretty good for a washer that's not an automatic!

Pope has lots of other things. 2-speed washing action—one for 'heavies'—one for the 'flimsiest lights.' 2-speed wringer also has 8 different positions—and a safety, 'touch-bar.' The tub takes 12 lbs. and has a powerful 2-way pump to save precious water. There's no installation problem with a Pope—because it simply rolls into the exact position best suited to your laundry layout.

But the big thing about Pope is, though it performs like an automatic in lots of ways, it's priced down there with other ordinary wringer washers. Go see one soon at a Pope dealer. You'll be surprised how little they cost—after trading in the old 'grinder' you've put up with for years.

**POPE TOUCH  
N'WASH**

Product of Simpson Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER—LONGER

PWW 56 143



# Prettiness blooms when the sun



● Dior's superbly tailored late-day dress (above) is made in turquoise-blue crepe and worn with turquoise jewellery. The silhouette is slim and cut to expose the wearer's shoulder-line. It plunges at back.

● When the summer sun goes down, feminine prettiness is in fashion. This is the season when flimsy sheers, crepes, and fragile silks take over. Colors, too, are pretty—bright and light. In prints, flowers are in fashion. The silhouette is fluid and flowing. There is a soft, unconstricted look about all after-five fashions. The short dress with matching bloomers is gay and young; so is an entirely pleated design made in contrasting layers of color. This is the season when even the sportiest girl can turn romantic at night.

— BETTY KEEP



● Castillo's enchanting party dress made in flowery chiffon with the matching bloomers frankly in view. The dress has a mini-length skirt and self-material sash tied softly at centre front.



# goes down



● Bloomer party dress (above) made in printed chiffon and belted and trimmed in jewels. The skirt is short and full.



● Lanvin's strapless evening dress (above) made in flame-red chiffon. The design flows to the floor in graceful fullness. Flame-red is popular in Paris.



● Delicious dance dress (above) pleated in layers of orange and yellow chiffon. The dress, with its bare top, was a show-stopper in the Ricci spring collection.

● Sunray pleats are the Patou spring look. The dresses below follow this line. Left, a white dress bordered in red; far left, scarlet bordered in white.





Photograph your winking cat . . . photograph your blinking cat . . . photograph a dancing kitten . . . or tangled up inside your knittin' . . . Persians, Siamese and Manxes . . . little Tabbies up to pranks . . . caterwauling, mewing, spitting . . . chasing butterflies or sitting . . . doing this, or that, or what . . . but grab your camera, GET THAT SHOT!

and enter your  
CAT'S PHOTO in the

# Cats' WHISKAS contest

(Simple to enter, easy to win!)

Jellymeat WHISKAS for cats offer hundreds of valuable prizes including \$850 cash for the National Winner.

Jellymeat WHISKAS gives every cat 10 lives, because it's fortified with the health-giving vitamin, Thiamin. Everybody's cat needs Thiamin, and WHISKAS, chewy chunks of select meats and rich liver pieces.

## Here are the prizes:

You have more than one chance to win more than one prize.

### CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 24

**State Finalists and All-Out Winner.** The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of \$100, and the All-Out Winner, chosen from the State Finalists, will be awarded an additional \$750 (total \$850).

**Agfa Gevaert Film:** Also State Finalists can choose \$30 worth of the world-renowned Agfa Film. And the National Winner an additional \$70 . . . \$100 in all.

There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellymeat WHISKAS (1 case containing 36 tins).

**Judges:** Famous Australian photographer, Laurence Le Guay; and the Art Directors of "The Australian Women's Weekly" and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd., Advertising Agents for the makers of WHISKAS. Judges' decisions are final; no correspondence can be entered into.

This Contest is not open to employees of The Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc. and their advertising agencies.

### STATE FINALISTS AND THE NATIONAL WINNER

will be announced in  
"THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY"

December 27, 1967

Entries will be returned after the Contest only if accompanied by correct return postage and a clearly written address.

## How to enter:

Easiest competition you ever went in for, and the most fun! Just send your cat's photo to "The Australian Women's Weekly." Photographs may be black-and-white, colour prints or colour transparencies. Address your Entry, clearly marked "Cats' Whiskas Competition," to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.



V642





# DRESS SENSE

This slightly A-line jumper dress is my design choice for a reader who requested a cool, one-piece to be made from 2½yds. of striped cotton. Here is part of her letter, with my reply:

*"Could you suggest some style of summer frock I could make from 2½yds. of striped cotton? We have terribly hot summers here, so I want something cool and rather loose-fitting."*

I think a jumper dress would be just the thing to solve your problem. The design is illustrated below. Note that the jumper is slightly A-line, has square armholes, and pockets in the side front seams. A paper pattern is available for it. The pattern also includes a design for a one-piece dress finished with

short raglan sleeves. If you wish to order the pattern, details are given beside the illustration.

*"About a year ago I bought a white crepe scoop-necked dress and matching jacket. I have not had much use for the outfit, as I feel it looks rather dressed-up and bridal. Have you any suggestions?"*

Yes; dress it up with colored accessories — bright pastel pink or apricot in shiny patent. Add white wrist-length gloves.

*"I have a rather thick waistline and want to buy a summer suit. I wondered what style of jacket would be best."*

As you have not got a neat waistline, don't draw attention to it. I suggest a straight unfitted jacket with a side fastening.

*"Please tell me what color sandals would be correct to wear with a bright pink summer shift."*

My choice would be white patent with a low, shaped heel.

by  
**BETTY KEEP**

*"My two bridesmaids are to wear empire-line dresses accentuated with ribbon under the bustline. The girls have different complexions — one is a honey blonde, the other is dark. The problem is the color to suit both girls and also the color for their accessories."*

I suggest pale pink dresses sashed with moss-green ribbon, green satin shoes, and white gloves. This color choice will suit both girls.

*"Could you suggest something new and snappy to wear playing lawn tennis? I am 17 and have a 33in. bust."*

Why not a pants dress in above-knee length? This would be young and new, and at the same time practical.

*"I need a design for a floor-length evening gown to be made in ice-blue crepe. I just want something very simple to fit a 38in. bust. This frock is to wear to a formal dinner given by my husband's firm."*

Our pattern department has a very attractive design that I can thoroughly recommend for the occasion mentioned in your letter. The dress is a one-piece and has a softly draped bodice with a high scooped neckline. The design can be made with an extended shoulderline or with three-quarter sleeves. The skirt is straight and slim.

If you decide to order, please quote Vogue pattern 6806; price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*"I am a redhead and my hair is more auburn than carrot. Would you please tell me what shades I should wear?"*

With your coloring you should look wonderful in pinks, lilacs, ice-blue, turquoise—and devastating in black, emerald, and white.



Slide clips are for papers.

Cotton Buds are for ears.



These flexible Johnson's Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely—because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.)

Johnson & Johnson

21101B

## Yesterday she didn't feel well



### Then Mother remembered Laxettes

Susan just wasn't herself yesterday. Pale and tired. Headachy. Couldn't eat one bite of dinner! Childhood constipation was the villain. Mother gave Susan one square of chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. No fuss, no tears, because this gentle laxative tastes like milk chocolate and not like medicine. Today, Susan is . . . well, see for yourself.

*Laxettes tonight—tomorrow they're right*

LAX3WW





**Pretty undergoings on. By Bond's!**



The sleek chemise, very 'now', sweetly mod . . . or the slinky shapes, lush with lace, coloured wild? It doesn't matter. They're all by Bond's because Bond's have the '67 knack for little slips! For fit. For freedom. They're very smoothing . . . very you!





Left to right:  
Pretty sweet!  
Chic little chemise in  
white. 32-38 \$3.99  
Style 91422

Pretty free!  
Freedom blue,  
swinging pink and  
white. 32-40 \$3.99  
Style 91412

Pretty sleek!  
In pink tiger, swinging  
pink, white, skintone,  
wild cherry. 32-40  
\$4.99. Style 91402

Pretty wild!  
In wild cherry, swinging  
pink, pink tiger,  
skintone, white 32-40  
\$3.99. Style 91407

Pretty cool!  
Whisper white,  
swinging pink,  
skintone. 32-40  
\$4.99. Style No. 91405

Pretty swingy!  
Swinging pink,  
freedom blue and  
white. 32-40. \$3.99  
Style 91418

**BOND'S**

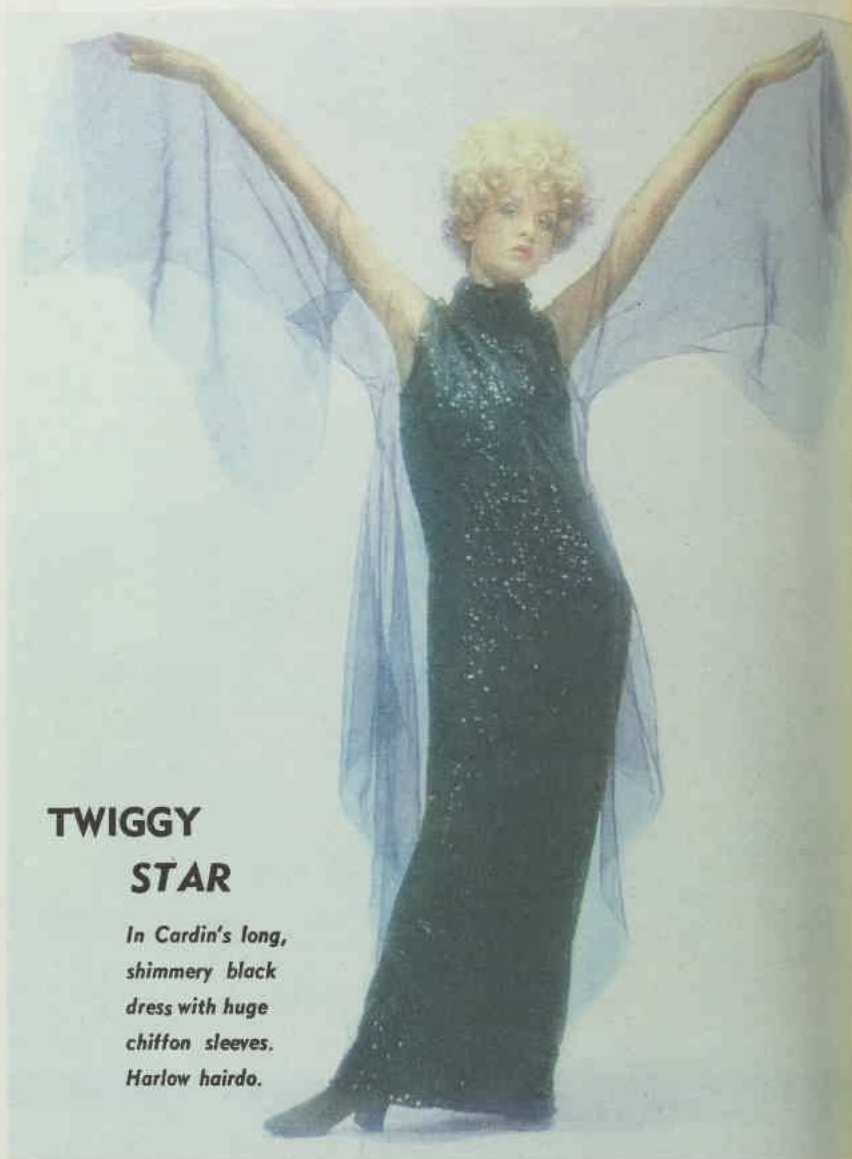
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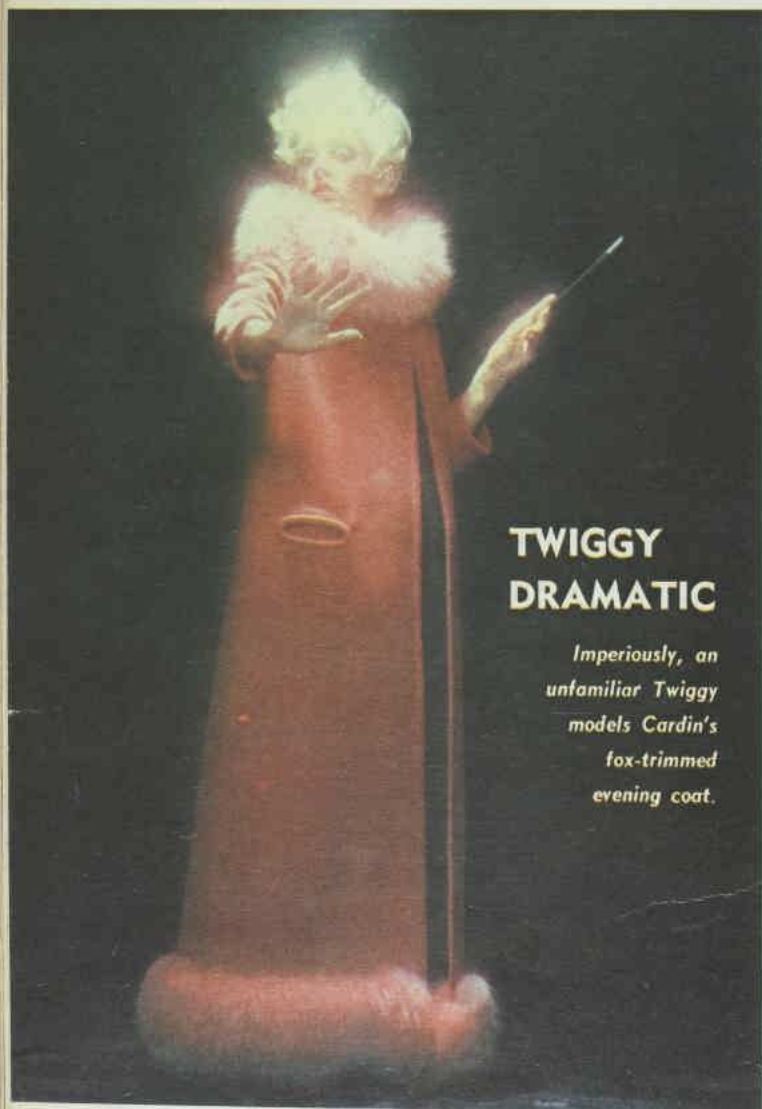
# TWIGGY

... and Paris sees her as a different girl altogether from the close-cropped, trim, appealingly adolescent Mod that London and New York rave about. Parisian designers love to dress Twiggy up, adding wigs, fur, and glitter, and hiding the famous legs under skirts or thick stockings. All these pictures are from Paris except the one above and the one below right.



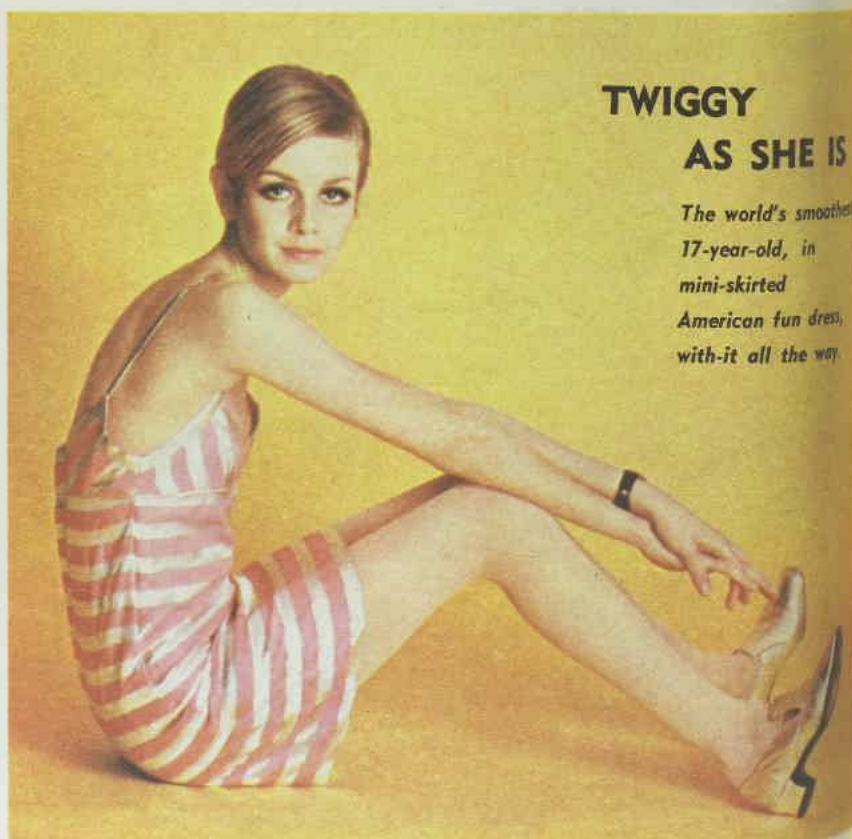
## TWIGGY STAR

*In Cardin's long, shimmering black dress with huge chiffon sleeves. Harlow hairdo.*



## TWIGGY DRAMATIC

*Imperiously, an unfamiliar Twiggy models Cardin's fox-trimmed evening coat.*



## TWIGGY AS SHE IS

*The world's smoothest 17-year-old, in mini-skirted American fun dress, with-it all the way.*



## TWIGGY TEACHER'S PET

*Tartan dress  
with metal collar  
is by Lapidus.  
Shoes are flat,  
hair mid-Victorian.*



## TWIGGY GALAHAD

*Black leather  
teams with metal  
(for the jacket)  
in this outfit by  
Paco Rabanne.*



Amazing new enzyme-action discovery !!

# New Bio-AD soaks stains away-safely!

WITHOUT BLEACHING...WITHOUT RUBBING!



FOOD STAINS

BLOOD STAINS

PERSPIRATION GRIME

## Stubborn stains like these disappear!

It's amazing! New BIO-AD soak and pre-wash powder soaks stains away completely—without bleaching, without rubbing. Because BIO-AD has unique enzyme action that dissolves the toughest stains. Dried-on food stains like egg, milk or sauce, perspiration grime, grass, blood, even nappy stains. They simply soak away so well . . . YOU HARDLY NEED TO WASH! Unlike bleach, which affects some fabrics, BIO-AD'S amazing enzyme action gets to work on the stain itself not on the fabric! So next time . . . before you wash . . . get help from BIO-AD. It soaks stains away safely!

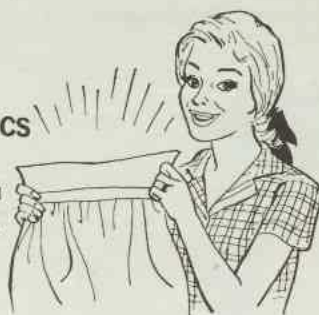
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**NEW BIO-AD WORKS ON THE STAIN  
NOT ON THE FABRIC!**







PAM AND ROGER DUNSCOMBE crossing the river to the Nikko youth hostel, in Japan. The family found hostels in Japan cheap and good.

# An Asian walkabout —taking the children

● "It's as easy as falling off a sampan — and twice as much fun," writes the author of this article, Peggy Dunscombe.

**H**AVE you ever thought of taking the children overseas with you when your long-service leave falls due?

Perhaps you have, but just as quickly dismissed the idea because you haven't any more than three months, couldn't afford a longer period anyway, or don't want the children to miss too much schooling.

My husband, Graham, and I were faced with all these difficulties, but decided we had to have a last fling before critical secondary schooling began for our children, Roger, 10, and Pam, 8.

The answer is to forget about Europe and consider a tour of Asia.

Many depressing stories are told of the difficulties of organising one's own tour of Eastern countries, not the least being that unless one is prepared to live in coolie fashion there is no intermediate accommodation between the very low standard provided for local requirements and the very high priced Western tourist hotels.

**ELEPHANT** near the Floating Market, Bangkok, Thailand. The Dunscombes were able to go quite close to it.

Happily, the facts do not bear out this argument.

With a little judicious planning, it is not only possible to plan a comprehensive tour of this fascinating area but to do it with no more trouble than it takes to travel around Europe.

On the credit side, because of its relatively close proximity to Australia, it is possible to cover the East in a far shorter time, and fares are considerably cheaper.

We sailed from Australia on November 30 — after the final examinations —

and returned on February 22; so the children missed only the first three weeks of the new year, which they quickly made up.

Our itinerary included Japan, Hong Kong, Macao, Thailand, Malaya, and Singapore, and we returned by ship to Fremantle.

There were some other problems to consider. The first was health.

In addition to the usual smallpox vaccinations, we had typhoid and cholera injections, and because, unlike the organised tourist, we

would be in close contact with the people of South-East Asia, where TB is still a problem, we had precautionary TB tests and, where necessary, BCG injections.

These were supplied free by the Department of Health in our State.

## TRAVELLER'S TALE

Although malaria is not considered to be a problem around the major cities of Thailand and Malaya, we decided to leave nothing to chance and began a prophylactic course of tablets two weeks before entering Thailand. This merely means taking two tablets a week.

The final health hazard, and by far the most preva-

lent, was to guard against stomach disorders.

Japan presented no problem whatever and must be one of the cleanest countries in the world. You can drink water there with confidence.

In all other countries we drank only boiled water — supplied by hotels or prepared by ourselves — or tea and soft drinks when around the towns.

We ate only foods which had been thoroughly cooked or fresh fruit from which the skin could be removed.

As an added precaution, we carried tablets which could be taken if trouble arose. Happily, these were not used.

There are no worries about obtaining the services of English-speaking doctors if required in any of the countries we visited.

"What will it cost and what are the transport facilities?" are always the next vital questions.

The cost of shipping fares is readily available and, as they vary with the type of accommodation required, these amount to a personal choice. The important considerations are what type of local transport is available and what it costs.

We were led to believe that booking on trains in Japan would be difficult due to the population density, but again, from experience, we found this incorrect.

After landing in Nagoya, with no prior notice, we went to the Japan Travel

Bureau office on the Nagoya station and obtained tickets on the Hikari — Japan's crack 130 m.p.h. train—half an hour before departure.

This whisked us to Tokyo in two hours at a cost, including surcharge, of \$A5 for each adult. Children under 12 are half fare on all transport.

(All costs that follow are in Australian money.)

Lest I may be accused of oversimplifying this train booking, let me say that in the holiday period, December 28-January 6, we did see long queues at stations waiting to book on long-distance trains.

## Local trains

We overcame this by planning our itinerary so that during this time we travelled comparatively short distances where only local train travel was necessary.

Japan Railways operate five classes of trains. They are Super Express, Limited Express, Ordinary Express, Semi Express, and local trains.

On the first two, individual seats must be booked.

On the other three types, you take your chance on a seat, and if all else fails you may end up sitting on your luggage for some of the journey.

In one month in Japan we travelled only once on a Super Express and once on a Limited Express. The remainder of the time, Semi

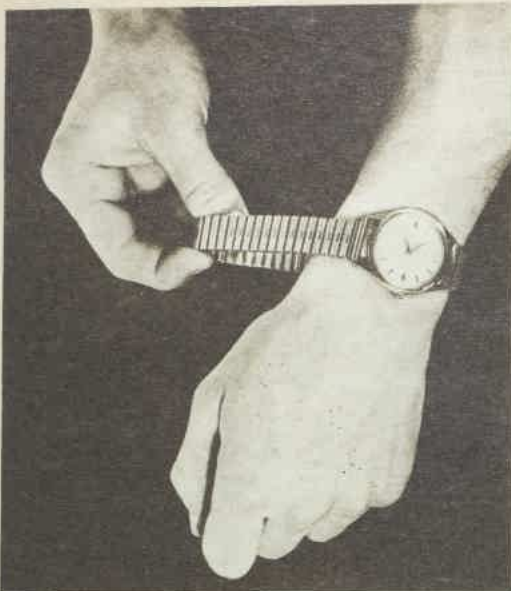
Continued on page 32



RUINS of the royal palace at Ayutthaya, the old capital of Siam, was one of the sights enjoyed by the Dunscombes.







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Expresses and local trains were quite adequate.

Train fares for the family amounted to \$100 for the month and covered travel in the three islands of Honshu, Kyushu, and Shikoku—much cheaper than equivalent distances in Australia.

The next item of importance is accommodation in Japan.

The cheapest Western-style hotels run at about \$5 a day each for bed only, while Japanese-style ryokans (inns) in the low bracket are about the same.

This problem is easily overcome, however, by using Japanese Youth Hostels. They are available for use by all members of the family provided they are members of the Youth Hostels Association in their own country.

They provide first-class accommodation at 60c each per night. A sheet-type sleeping-bag is all that is required—this can be made and carried with you or hired at the hostels for 25c per night.

It would be safe to say there is virtually nowhere in Japan that a tourist would wish to go where no hostel is available.

In common with all things Japanese, they are scrupulously clean. Most have baths—communal, but with the sexes segregated. Meals are available—breakfast 30c, supper 45c.

A word of warning here. If you are not partial to rice, a raw egg, seaweed, and green tea, better get your breakfast elsewhere, for this is the standard Japanese breakfast.

Supper at night is generally much more palatable to Western tastes.

### Eating out

If you do not wish to eat the Japanese food at all, you can either buy whatever you want from shops and cook it in the kitchen provided or eat out.

This is easy and inexpensive. In almost every block, cafe windows display wax replicas of the dishes available with the price clearly marked on each.

You won't be able to ask for what you fancy, but by taking the waitress outside and pointing, she'll get the message. Average price of a satisfying dish is about 45c.

Department stores—numerous in the cities—give over the whole of their basement to foodstuffs, both Western and Japanese. Prices are generally comparable to those in Australia.

If you travel in the off-season, November-February, you should experience no difficulty in getting hostel accommodation, with the possible exception of the holiday period, December 28-January 6.

We did not book at any hostels before we arrived in Japan, but as a precaution we asked a hostel warden to ring through advance bookings on the New Year's Eve and New Year's Day.

Even this proved unnecessary.

Generally, we were given a family room, but you must be prepared to be segregated into dormitories if the need arises.

Hostels are categorised as Government-sponsored and

## AN ASIAN WALKABOUT

Continued from page 31

Private. Generally, all this means is that the former have Western-style facilities, bunks, and toilets, whereas, in the others, you sleep Japanese style on futons (a type of eiderdown) on the tatami matting floor, with a bag of rice husks for a pillow, and the toilets are Eastern type.

In many cases we specifically chose the Japanese style, as some of these were located in the most delightful surroundings, sometimes in temples, and really provided the "feel" of the country and its people.

Clothing required for a trip, involving the cold of the Japanese winter and the heat of Thailand and Malaya, presented a minor problem which, however, was soon overcome.

### Rucksacks

Clothes which we required for the boat trip to Japan we sent home on the same vessel.

We went ashore in our winter clothes. The children and my husband carried rucksacks, and I had a small case, containing changes of clothing, our sheet sleeping-bags, and some summer wear for the latter part of the trip.

This was all the luggage we possessed.

There are baggage-rooms at all railway stations, where your luggage can be left at a cost of about 15c per article.

After a month in Japan we sailed for Hong Kong and sent our winter clothing home on that vessel. Any additional light clothing required we bought at Hong Kong.

There are no hostels at Hong Kong, but we obtained an excellent room with private facilities at a guest house in the main street of Kowloon for \$4.80 per day for the family. Meals were available at around 75c for a good three-course meal.

The YMCA is another source of good cheap meals and is open to everybody.

It is not necessary to take any organised tours of Hong Kong, as the Tourist Association provides easy-to-follow details of all the sights, even nominating bus numbers and fares.

Using this information, it is possible to cover every possible sight in Hong Kong by public transport, at your own pace, mingling with the population, and at a fraction of the cost of organised tours.

We stayed eight days there, and this was barely enough if one wishes to visit the outlying islands—real remnants of old China—and Macao.

The easiest way of seeing Macao is to take the one-hour run by hydrofoil (\$1.50 each) in the morning, returning on the steamer (\$1.20 each) leaving at 6.30 p.m.

The next leg of the journey was the flight from Hong Kong to Bangkok—and it is there that the unwary can get into financial trouble.

In general, costs in Bangkok are very high, so here are some hints:

The fare from the airport to the city, about 14 miles,

is \$4 by limousine, but a short walk from the airport to the railway station will give you the same trip for 20c.

Accommodation can range from \$14 a day each, room only, down to 90c, but the low-priced accommodation is "coolie" class and not to be recommended.

There is a hostel, but with the intense heat and no means of cooling it can be pretty uncomfortable.

We found excellent accommodation in a new hotel opposite the station for \$4 a day for the whole family. This gave us a large airy room with balcony, private shower, and toilet, and a ceiling fan.

An added amenity was an unlimited supply of iced distilled water—very important, as the Bangkok water is very suspect.

Food in Bangkok for the do-it-yourselfer is very dear, and although we carried small methylated-spirit stoves on which we sometimes cooked in our hotel room, we found it more convenient and almost as cheap to take, occasionally, the cheapest item at the hotel's air-conditioned dining-room for our evening meal.

This was Thai fried rice and pork, hygienically served and quite filling, and cost 30c each. But it was the only cheap item.

Bread is about 30c for a small loaf and butter is a ridiculous price.

A dozen large bananas were 15c, large juicy pineapples the same, so fruit was the order of the day with the evening meal of fried rice.

But travel in Bangkok is fantastically cheap. It cost 1 baht (5c) for all of us anywhere in the city.

Souvenirs of Thai silver, figurines and other examples of Thai art can be purchased at the weekend market, held near the temple of the Emerald Buddha, at half the price demanded by the multitude of vendors always found outside the various wats (temples).

A visit to the ancient capital of Ayutthaya, some 60 miles north of Bangkok, should not be missed, and the train trip gives an insight into local life not available to the "organised" tourist.

### Live ducks

Your travelling companions provide a study in humanity—the woman with her basket of live ducks, the saffron-robed Buddhist monks, hawkers on the platforms selling dried prawn cakes and exotic fruits—all this for \$1.90 return for four, in quite a good train.

Let me sound a note of warning on the health aspect: The Thais have an understandable habit, due to the extreme heat, of loading up glasses of soft drink with ice. This can be a dangerous luxury, as goodness knows where the water to make the ice comes from; so play it safe, no ice.

We flew from Bangkok to Penang—through fare from Hong Kong to Penang with the stopover at Bangkok \$112 per adult.

Malaya is a tourist's paradise. Hotel accommodation is easy to get and cheap. The average charge per night in Chinese hotels was \$2.80 for a family room.

These rooms are clean—sheets and pillowslips changed daily—each had private facilities and ceiling fans, and some were air-conditioned.

Eating out here is easy. For the less adventurous, there is a nationwide chain of snack bars, very clean and air-conditioned, where such familiar cuisine as bacon and eggs, meat pies, etc., are available at very reasonable rates.

We had no hesitation in sampling the Malay satay (pieces of beef or chicken on skewers, grilled over a charcoal fire, and dipped in chilli sauce), various Indian dishes, unknown Chinese concoctions, and the local fruit.

All these are cheap and satisfying. Malayan health laws are fairly strict and our confidence in them was not misplaced.

Transport costs are very low. The family fare from Penang to Singapore, about 450 miles, was \$32.

This included train fare from Penang to Kuala Lumpur, a side trip of 40 miles by taxi to the hill station of Cameron Highlands, where the temperature is a pleasant 65 degrees, and express road coaches from K.L. to Malacca and Singapore.

The changing scene of its mines, rubber plantations, and palm-fringed beaches kept us enthralled.

### Polyglot

A great attraction is in polyglot racial mixtures. Turbaned, bearded Sikh jostle side by side with Chinese women in cheongsams and pyjama suits and Malays in their colorful batik sarongs.

Singapore, despite rumour to the contrary, was at least the equal of Hong Kong for cheap goods, so you can confidently leave your gift buying until this last port rather than carry things with you.

A final question: What of the insurmountable language barriers of these countries? This is highly overrated!

In Japan we had a phrase book which was of some use, but enough English is spoken at railway information offices and Japan Travel Bureau (at all major stations) to get us around.

All station names are in English as well as in Japanese. Subways have English route maps at the stations and on the trains themselves.

Hong Kong and Malaya present no problems, as English is widely spoken.

In Thailand, apart from hotels, airports, and some tourist spots, very little English is spoken, but lack of understanding of a language is no major problem.

All that is necessary in any language is a pair of hands to wave, a ready smile, a map to point to, and you need never utter a word.

So pay no heed to the pessimists who emphasise the difficulties of taking children on a do-it-yourself tour of the "mysterious East"—it's as easy as falling off a sampan—and lots more fun.



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ABOVE: A view of Grand Canyon in Arizona. In parts it's nearly a mile deep. BELOW: The ocotillo, savagely prickly, with a weird beauty of its own. Looks like a cactus but isn't.

● Strange, tough, prickly but vividly beautiful life seizes its brief opportunities in Arizona, where a traveller found time to look round him

## THE URGENT DESERT



**A**LTHOUGH the arid south-western regions of the United States are generally referred to as desert, they deserve no such name. The average car traveller is repelled by the harshness and sterility, and anyway, is in too great a hurry to look round.

Looking more closely, one finds everywhere in the Arizona "desert" the tracks of small mammals, and may often glimpse the animals themselves streaking to the sanctuary of a clump of cactus. Birds, too, are there — mocking-birds, cactus wrens, Inca doves, cardinals of intensely red plumage, even the tiny humming-bird.

Plants may have to wait years for their brief flowering, but when it happens the sight is unforgettable. Large areas are carpeted with larkspurs, daisies, marigolds, bluebells, lupins, and eschscholtzias — the Californian poppy — all soon to be withered by the fierce summer sun but leaving seeds which will wait perhaps for years again to germinate.

The forbidding cactus produces its brilliant, delicate blooms. The ocotillo (pronounced oh-koh-tee-yoh), which resembles a cactus but is not, has gorgeous fire-red flowers at the end of straggly, intensely prickly branches. The jumping cholla (choya) is credited in folklore with the ability to leap on a passer-by; certainly the slightest touch results in an array of barbed spines penetrating clothing and skin.

The barrel-like saguaro (suh-war-roh) stores life-saving water in its stem. The Joshua tree, it is said, got its name from the Mormons, who saw in its extended arms a sign pointing to their promised land.

— Pictures and text by NORMAN CHAFFER



THE CHOLLA, which "leaps on passers-by."





THE SAGUARO, like many other cacti, stores water in its stem.



CACTUS BLOOM is a brief shout of joy.



THE "DESERT" comes quickly into life.



JOSHUA TREE pointed the Mormons' way.



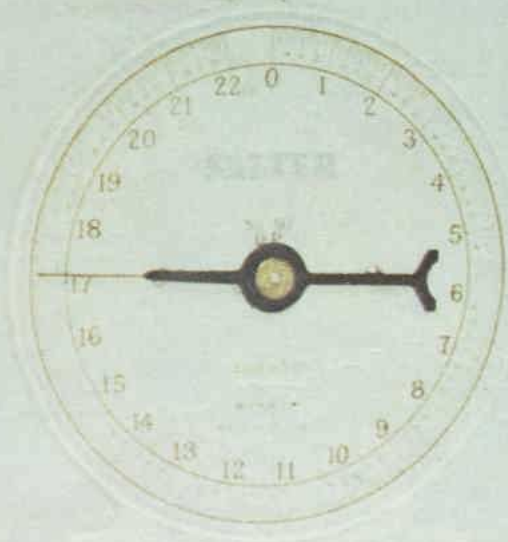


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# Hyacinths

By EILEEN ALDERTON

ILLUSTRATED  
BY NASEBY

EVERY morning she got up first to make the tea and wait, while the kettle boiled, for the mail to fall—slapshhh—through the letterbox to the haircord mat. She took the mail upstairs with the tea tray, but first she looked it over carefully.

Mostly his mail consisted of bills, circulars, receipts, mortgage demand, the demand for rates; a weekly letter from his mother in Bognor Regis, a rare airmail from a married cousin in Australia. There was the occasional business letter.

This she suspected; plain envelope, typed address, giving no indication of the firm from where it came. She'd hold the letter to the light and if she couldn't see the signature she would steam open the envelope above the boiling kettle.

He never caught her. Until she woke him up with a cup of tea, he was always sound asleep.

Once, three years ago, she had found him out. He had had an affair with a temporary secretary, sent by an agency to his office as a holiday relief in the summer season. She

had forgiven him and stayed with him—after weeks of hysterical recriminations which wore him out. Now she kept trying to trap him.

She liked to know everything he did, every soul who spoke to him. She tried to read his mind as she read his letters, exploring it, holding it to the light. If she had been able, she would have turned his mind inside out and shaken it as, regularly, she did the pockets of his coat.

All the same, they lived in a peculiar harmony, she suspicious, he blameless, refusing to be caught again.

She was an expert housewife. The house shone with polish, glowed with flowers. She was extraordinarily green-fingered. In the winter she grew bulbs and shrubs in a glass extension of the sitting-room.

It was there, surrounded by thriving plants, that she gave him breakfast and saw he ate it all, from orange juice through eggs and bacon to the toast and dark, bitter marmalade. She hovered, pouring cups of coffee.

Quite obviously she was devoted to her husband. So why was he uneasy?

To page 38



On cold, bright mornings when the garden was white with snow the sun poured hot through the thick glass roof and on his head as he ate his breakfast. Bowls of cyclamen and tulips and fat, sweet hyacinths framed her prettiness. Lots of winter-flowering honeysuckle smelled of lemon.

He'd look hard at her, thinking her prettiness was exceptional. She had the slender, brittle beauty of an oriental doll; high cheekbones, pointed chin, thick, silk brows, an apricot-colored skin, and cold, grey eyes: huge treacherous and unfathomable. Her legs perhaps weren't good, though, like the rest of her, they were slim. She was slightly bandy and the new short skirts didn't suit her.

Still, nobody was perfect. He was very lucky to be married to such a pretty girl.

Her love was obsessive; it astonished him. He was an ordinary man, prone to human frailties. Lately he had put on a bit of weight and his hair was thinner. He

couldn't understand what made her love him so, in spite of that one mistake. There had certainly been nothing like that since.

"Tell me what you're thinking," she would say.

Usually he was thinking about business or whether the car needed an overhaul or about the small, unnecessary alterations to the train timetable which he believed the railway authorities enforced to bewilder the commuters. He couldn't imagine why she should want to know about such trivial things, and once he asked her why.

"Because we are married, you and I. We are one person and we must think with a single mind."

Every evening, when he came in, she poured him a dry sherry and watched him while he drank it. Then, while he washed his hands before she served the dinner,

she would go quickly through his briefcase.

One night she found a book, a modern novel by an author she didn't like; so outspoken, the critics said.

It was a new book with a shiny dustjacket and a signature inside: Barbara Butters, Christmas 1966.

A big, fat signature. Sexy, she thought. Only a big and sexy woman would write like that! There was a note inside the book written in the same blatant, flowing hand on an office memo:

Sorry, love, can't make tonight. Lunch Tues? Love B.

She put the note back inside the book and put the book inside his briefcase.

She gave him creamed chicken beside a glowing fire, the lamplight rosy. She was wearing a golden jersey dress. It matched her skin. Her hair was piled on top of her small, neat head, and her neck looked long and elegant.

## HYACINTHS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"Do you know anyone called Butters?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Butters."

He munched. "No. Why?"

"I just wondered."

She put the fruit and cheese and biscuits in front of him. Her eyes, one moment grey, then green, changed color like pebbles under a moving stream of water.

"Tell me what you're thinking."

He had been thinking of the cheese, but he answered automatically. "How beautiful you are, darling!"

She rang his office and asked for Miss Butters.

"Who?"

"Miss Barbara Butters."

"I'm sorry, there's no one of that name on our extensions. This is Sales Promotion—"

"Is there a Miss Butters on the export side?"

The telephone girl sounded bored to death. You could almost hear her yawning.

"I'm sorry, I can't tell you — but if you like to ring the

Export Department at the Sloane Street number, perhaps—"

"Thanks. I'll do that."

There was a Miss Butters in the Export Department — and hadn't he attended an export conference about three months ago, a conference that went on late, he said, each night?

She was put through right away and a husky voice breathed down the phone: "Barbara Butters . . ."

She hung up.

THAT night she laid the dinner in the glass extension. White hyacinths on the table were waxy, sickly sweet. Outside the snow was powdery, dry, fluttering against the glass.

"I thought we'd eat here tonight — it's so nice and warm — and without TV we can really be together!"

He stared at her. He felt hot, crowded, choking, as though her climbing plants were winding round his neck.

She was wearing her silver cocktail dress. Odd, he thought, for an evening in. On the other hand, other people's wives let themselves go, didn't bother to dress up unless they were going out. She dressed up every night for him. He was awfully lucky.

She asked, avid, lips parted, "What are you thinking?"

She had put candles on the table. In candlelight her eyes looked black and the tips of the leaves of the hyacinths were very faintly brown.

He had been thinking of his steak, which was rare and held the tang of garlic; and wondering why he wasn't hungry. He answered, "Just how wonderful you look!"

The morning was mild and overcast. Melting snow filled the gutters, water overflowed on the roads.

She wore her scarlet coat, black fur hat, black boots. Thin, elegant, tense as wire, she went to the Sloane Street office and asked the man at the reception desk for Miss Butters.

"Room nine, third floor," said the man sitting inside a glass box, smoking, utterly indifferent.

The lift purred up. She stood in an empty, shining corridor smelling of central heating.

Room nine was labelled Exports. Miss Butters. Secretary. She knocked and a husky voice said, "Come in." Miss Butters was young; wore white boots, a mini skirt, a belt around her hips, and a football jersey of black and dusty pink. Long legs, like a colt's, were tangled round her office chair. Her hair hung down her back and partly across her face which was small and pale with whitish lips and dark-ringed eyes.

"Yes?" she said.

"Are you Barbara Butters?"

"Yes. That's me."

Miss Butters' hands rested lightly on the keyboard of her typewriter.

"I understand that you know my husband."

Miss Butters squinted through her hair. "I may do. What's his name?"

"I am Mrs. Lethbridge."

Miss Butters was calm, unmoved. "Oh, yes?" she said.

"I have come here to tell you not to be such a silly little girl!"

"You have?" Miss Butters stared and then she smiled. She said, "That's jolly nice of you, I think."

"My husband finds you an embarrassment, only he doesn't like to tell you so . . . He hates hurting people. I believe one must hurt people — to be kind."

"I bet," said Miss Butters. She was staring at Mrs. Lethbridge's legs. Leaning

back in her swivel chair which she moved slightly from side to side, she stared and smiled to herself.

"He can't even read the books you lend him—novels, the nastiest kind. Only he could never tell you that."

"And what nasty novel did I lend him?" said Mrs. Butters, her eyes still fastened on Mrs. Lethbridge's slightly bandy legs.

"He and I," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "don't care for novels like 'The Grapevine'."

"Oh? I haven't read that one yet myself."

"I've come here to tell you to stop throwing yourself at a man who isn't interested in you . . . You're just wasting your time. Oh, he's attractive and girls always run after him—but you're only making yourself cheap and petty. He comes home each night and he tells me all about it, how you run after him and how bored he gets, how sick and tired he is of cheap, half-educated typists, and what a relief it is to get back home to me, because, you see, he loves me—"

"Bully for him," said Mrs. Butters cheerfully.

"We're so close we can read each other's mind. We have a lovely home, you know. We have our meals in our conservatory—"

FROM THE BIBLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

— Psalm 23: 4

The girl blinked. She looked fascinated.

"Candlelight," said Mrs. Lethbridge. "Flowers . . . We grow the most magnificent white hyacinths . . . We read all the bulb catalogues and the seed catalogues together—"

"Oh, my," said Miss Butters. She giggled.

Mrs. Lethbridge's voice rose, high, screeching, raged with bitter venom.

"So you leave him alone, you understand? He's mine."

Miss Butters rang a bell on her desk and her junior appeared. The junior was a smaller, younger edition of Miss Butters. Her skirt was just below her thighs and her football jersey was striped white and black.

"Hilary," said Miss Butters, still staring at Mrs. Lethbridge's bandy legs. "Would you see this person out?"

She began to type. Her fingers flew across the keys. Her hair fell across her face.

Presently she shook back her hair and lit a cigarette and picked up the interdepartmental telephone directory and looked up Mr. Lethbridge. Mrs. Lethbridge deserved everything she got . . .

"Mr. Lethbridge?" said Miss Butters, breathing husky, down the phone.

"Yes . . . That's right."

"This is Barbara Butters here — Exports."

"Oh, yes?"

He sounded pleasant, mild.

"You have a book of mine 'The Grapevine' I think my boss lost it at the export conference."

"Oh, I'm so sorry — yes. I meant to send it back to you —"

"Not to worry," said Miss Butters. "Your office is a stone's throw from my flat."

"It is?"

He sounded cautious.

"Pop it round," said Miss Butters. "Drop in for a drink."

(C) Eileen Alderton, 1967.

## Ernest Hillier

You may know quite well, of Charles Parsons name, But not be aware of their work just the same.

The linings for suits is their preoccupation

BRADMILL-BURLINGTON fabrics their specialization Ernest Hilliers' success is partly allied

to the beautiful linings his suits have inside

But whether your wardrobe is really quite small

and your suit stock is tiny, much to your gall

or whether you're buying new clothes every day

and on sports shirts and trousers you spend all your pay

One thing is certain—common ground where you meet

You'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week

BRADMILL

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

BUC.13





Some girls get  
desperate  
for silverplate

but with Grosvenor from  
\$40.30 for a complete setting  
it's easier to buy it!



Take a long, calculating look at Grosvenor silverplate... it's hard to believe it costs so little. It has the special lustre of silver that nothing else can match—a range of superb designs which display Grosvenor's fine workmanship. So why settle for stainless? Set your sights on Grosvenor—the silver you'll take a shine to. Gaye, illustrated, features slim, elegant lines and a dainty floral garland. Complete 44-piece deluxe setting priced at \$52.50, Silver Handled Knives. \$40.30, Pearlex Handled Knives.

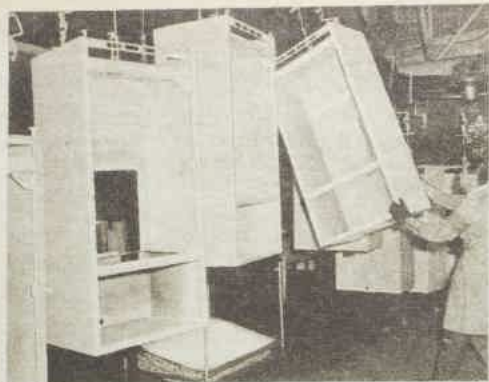
*Grosvenor*

GSP 311

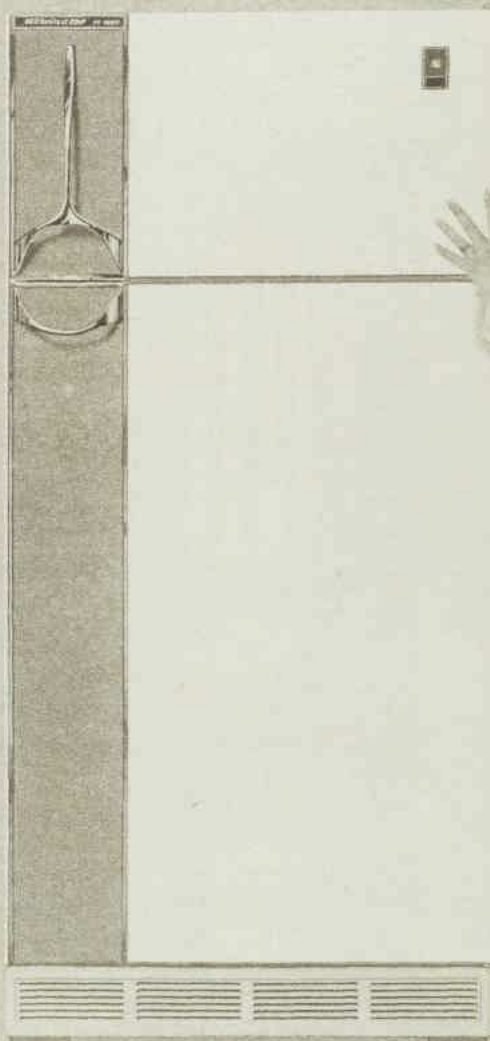
WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE TO MYTTON'S LIMITED, BOX No. 1, P.O., SOUTH MELBOURNE, VIC., 3205  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 1, 1967

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# "Bake twice" It's a standard Kelvinator recipe.



## Our customers like their enamel thick and glossy.

Take a good close look at a Kelvinator refrigerator. Run your hand across the cabinet. Smooth? That's double baking for you. Two good thick coats of enamel, each baked separately, gives you the finest finish you'll ever see (or feel!) on a refrigerator. A finish that cannot rust. Cleans and comes up showroom bright every time you wipe it over. Now look at the door handles. Instead of two coats of chrome, which would satisfy most people, we give our handles three. Just to be sure. Then, if you look very hard, you'll see a small enamel mark in each corner of the cabinet. It lets the enamel "breathe" so there's no chance at all of cracking.

We've learned a lot in just over 30 years making refrigerators. And today's Kelvinator is the finest made. Insist on Kelvinator and you'll have a top-performing refrigerator that will still look and run like new, many years from now.



**JOIN THE HAPPY ONES**

# KELVINATOR '67

BIGGEST SELLING REFRIGERATOR BRAND





## LETTER BOX

### Thought for teachers

IT was not until I married that I really acquired a respect for my husband's career — teaching. To most people it seems an easy job with terrific holidays. To most teachers, however, it means working long hours after school, preparing lessons, setting tests, and marking. They have to try to teach children, most of whom are at school only because they have to be. Next time you start to criticise your child's teacher, spare a thought for his work and thank him instead of criticising.

\$2 to Mrs. W. S. Gates, Swansea, N.S.W.

### Living the hard way

DIGGING in my garden, I discovered a hyacinth bulb growing upside-down, its roots exposed in the air. I pulled it out carefully and saw several inches of pale green leaf with three colorless flower-buds, which had been shooting rapidly underground. Considering myself a sensible gardener, I planted it the right way up. A few weeks later it was dead. I suppose there will always be something that wants to live the hard way!

\$2 to Mrs. E. Wynn, East Bentleigh, Vic.

### Aboriginal place-names

IN the interests of tourists, it would be a good idea if the meanings of those charming Aboriginal place-names were painted alongside them on signposts. I met an American who was doing a trip round Australia and New Zealand. She said it was quite frustrating coming across all those lyrical-sounding names at each new place of call and not being able to see what they meant. Knowing the meanings would have added to her enjoyment. I know exactly how she felt.

\$2 to "Frustrated" (name supplied), Ipswich, Qld.

### "A LADY, Mummy?"

HOW confusing modern dress must be for little children. I had been dressed in slacks for most of the winter — which, to a little one, must seem forever. When I appeared one morning in a pretty cotton frock, my two-year-old stared hard for a moment, looking completely astounded, then asked, "You a LADY, Mummy?"

\$2 to Mrs. Patricia Littlewood, Baxter, Vic.

• Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume writing her verses on her return.

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Double meaning

GRAN is wondering just where she stands with her daughter-in-law. On her last visit to her son's home, she was asked to excuse the state of her room "because it's where I put everything I don't want."

\$2 to Mrs. Marie Nunn, Nubeena, Tas.

### Earliest memories

MY earliest memory is of the opening of the new bridge across the Murrumbidgee. The Mayor, in full regalia, was waiting to perform the ceremony by cutting the ribbon and then driving across. When the Master of Proceedings announced, "The Mayor, in his carriage and pair, will now be the first to cross the bridge," my Dad quickly took the perambulator, with the twins in it, from Mother. Ducking under the ribbon, he said, "No, my carriage and pair will be first." As soon as he reached the other side, the Mayor shook hands with Dad. That was 72 years ago.

\$2 to "Dumps" (name supplied), Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

IT was December, 1926.

Mother had left for hospital for the birth of my brother, and Great-Aunt M. had come to stay. I was too young to be aware of this. It was dusk, and I stood up in my cot and called for my mother. I heard footsteps along the hall and the bedroom curtains parted to reveal the largest woman I had ever seen. She said, "Lie down and be quiet, you little wretch, or I'll wring your neck."

\$2 to "Frightened," Redbank, Qld.

WHEN I was five, I sat, with a seven-year-old sister, beneath a grapevine at our old bush home, waiting for the end of the world. It had been forecast to end at noon that day. We huddled together and watched for the sun to be directly overhead — when it would be 12 o'clock. When our busy mother called us for the mid-day meal — and it was 12.30 — our spirits rose and hunger took over. I have never forgotten that long morning of waiting.

\$2 to "Hayseed" (name supplied), Kings Cross, N.S.W.

FLOWERGIRL to my aunt at her wedding, I carried what was to me, at three, a rather huge basket of flowers. Getting very tired of holding them during the ceremony, I walked up to the minister, interrupted him, and gave him the basket to hold for me.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Stanley, Somers, Vic.

JUST under three, I had begged mother to let me help her by carrying one of the eggs she had gathered from the henhouse. Anxious not to drop it, I squeezed it so hard that it broke in my hands.

\$2 to E. Curtis, Maryborough, Qld.

(Advertisement)



then off to your date fresh and confident you will look your best.

## Lemons Will Clear and Beautify Your Skin

THERE is nothing finer to keep your skin clear, fresh and fair than the beautifying tonic and the natural cleansing and bleaching properties of lemons in freshener form. Lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener that beautiful women throughout the world are now using, braces and conditions the skin to a beautiful new clarity and fine grained texture and its excellent toning and anti-septic properties stimulate the surface cells, clear out stubborn blemish-inducing and pore clogging particles that lead to acne and other skin conditions and leaves the complexion with a fine smooth new beauty.

### Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Advise

Sometimes when you are hurrying for a date or a late appointment, the easiest way to quell a greasy nose is to sprinkle some lemon Delph on a cotton pad and briskly dab all over the face and nose; dust on a light make-up and

Here's a way to bring a delightful bloom to your complexion. Damp a cloth or tissue with lemon Delph freshener and press over your face, moulding it to your features. Lie back for a few minutes while the lemon refreshes and clears the skin. Now to hold the bloom of youthful loveliness, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always under your make-up to protect against wrinkle dryness and to give the complexion a lastingly dewy look.

When your complexion seems to be showing signs of keratinization (skin coarsening), brace and clarify the skin by vigorous toning. After cleansing, pat your skin briskly with a cotton pad soaked with lemon Delph skin freshener to clear away blemish-inducing impurities and invisible flakes that cause blackheads and a muddy appearance to the skin. Your complexion will soon regain a smoother texture and radiant youthful appearance.

For a beautiful smooth neck, toning is of immense value for it prevents the neck and throat from becoming slack and tired. Soak a cotton pad in lemon Delph freshener, and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction. This whips up the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are re-activated, and any tendency to sallowness is corrected.

This lemon Delph skin freshener is now available through most chemists and is the easiest way to clear and beautify your complexion.

Ross Campbell writes...

### SLIP-UP

A FRIEND of mine was in a big store when his attention was caught by a sign.

It said that ladies' slips were being sold at ridiculous prices.

He thought he might buy one for his wife as a gracious gesture.

Yes, they had some in size 36, the assistant said. She showed him a very nice garment with lots of embroidery, going for a mere \$2.

He bought it and took it home, delighted by his bargain-hunting acumen. But when his wife unwrapped the slip, her smile of gratitude faded.

"It's the right size, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. It's just a little bit long," she said.

The truth flashed on him. The slips were going cheap because short

skirts had made them obsolete. My friend had been had.

That bargain sale was a symptom of the turmoil in the slip industry in recent years.

Many manufacturers and stores were caught holding long slips. They waited anxiously, but in vain, for hemlines to fall.

One or two had nervous breakdowns. A man who had invested in



new plant for making half-slips had to pay heavily to convert it to quarter-slips.

Behind this industrial problem is the iron commandment of fashion that a slip must not show.

All sorts of other garments are allowed and even encouraged to show. Designers work day and night to devise ingenious peekaboo effects. But not for slips.

The unprecedented shortening of skirts has made it ever harder to observe the rule.

My elder daughter has a dress in which she does not dare to raise her arm for fear of slip-disclosure. She could not wear it to an auction sale.

Slip-consumers have suffered serious losses. Many women have excellent but out-moded slips lying idle in their chests of drawers. It is a waste of our national resources.

What should be done?

I believe it is time for fashion leaders to use more initiative.

The idea came when I was watching a television item on the clothes worn at the Spring Meeting at Randwick.

While the camera played on a young lady in advanced gear, the commentator said, "This dress is specially cut to reveal the bloomers underneath."

All well and good. But why not apply the same enterprise to the slip situation?

I would like to hear a fashion commentator say at Randwick: "This lady's outfit shows her slip to dramatic effect."

When that break-through comes, my friend who bought the bargain slip will feel happier.

And there will be no more bankrupt manufacturers wailing: "Oh lord, I made the slips too long."

## MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING! Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub...

"Dear Sir,

After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.

"DEEP HEAT"

RELIEVES ALL MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS





# BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SPRING SCENE...  
 IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOUR

Berlei plunges the whole Fancy-Free range into colour...ready to understudy your Spring gear! Consider, for instance, this cunning culotte in French Navy with swirls of sitting prettiness...then pick up the same French Navy in your Berlei Convertible bra for the total plunge into colour!

Berlei Culotte, in French Navy (also in Pop Yellow, Greenery, Pink Fizz, Orange Pow and a springy print). Style 448, S.M. \$9.00.

Berlei Convertible bra — in a full technicolour range — is all comfort stretch elastic and converts four ways! Style 748, A-C, 32-36, \$5.00.

Printed voile float dress by Norma Tullo.

● A weekly series  
 by Bill Beatty

## AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

### OCTOBER 29

**1821** Foundation stone of St. Mary's Cathedral laid by Governor Macquarie.

**1881** The iron clipper ship *Loch Maree* left Geelong, Vic., on a voyage to England and vanished without trace.

**1899** Departure of the first Victorian contingent for South Africa.

**1940** Last issue of the "Torres Strait Daily Pilot," the world's smallest newspaper. Established on Thursday Island in 1888 by Alexander Corran, it was continued until his death. Corran was the one-man staff — compositor, reporter, editor, businessman.

The paper served the interests of the Torres Strait spearfishing and beche-de-mer industries, and the movements of steamers in these northern waters and the news of a cyclone in the path of shipping were "front page stuff."

If foreign cable news was of sufficient interest it went in, but crocodiles, football, and local personalities had most of the three columns of space left after shipping and the weather. The subscription was 10 cents a week, but single copies to non-subscribers were five cents. Each issue was a single sheet 16in. by 9in., printed on one side only.

It often was mentioned by writers and travellers, and this led to an astonishing flood of requests for copies — accompanied by the coins and stamps of many countries.

The editor's office was never a holy of holies. Pearl divers and tourists from the ships anchored in the Passage, beachcombers, native boys — all were welcome. From them came news for the "Pilot."

Corran once entertained Lord Northcliffe, who said that, as proprietor of some of the world's largest newspapers, he was glad to meet the owner-editor of the world's smallest daily newspaper.

### OCTOBER 30

**1811** Foundation stone of Sydney Hospital laid by Governor Macquarie.

**1858** Electric telegraph completed between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

**1877** Arrival of Jem Mace, founder of the British modern school of scientific boxing and the last champion of the world under prize-ring rules. He laid the foundation in Australia for the development of boxing as a national sport.

Mace was a picturesque Norfolk gipsy, only 5ft. 9½in. in height — one inch taller than Sandow — and never weighed more than 11st. 7lb. Three years after his arrival in Sydney he went to Melbourne, where, in partnership with the bookmaker Jack Thompson, he took the VRC Hotel in Bourke Street. It afterwards became Swain's boot-shop.

The general use of boxing gloves, or "mufflers," as they were known, dates from Mace's arrival in Australia. Gloves first were introduced by Broughton in the days of George II to save his aristocratic patrons, as he said, "the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses."

The champion of the world returned to England, where he died in 1910 at Jarrow-on-Tyne, in his 80th year.

### OCTOBER 31

**1840** First municipal election in Adelaide.

**1894** Railway head-on collision at Redfern, Sydney. Redfern was then the Sydney railway terminus. The passenger train for Goulburn departed from the station with the stop-signal against it and proceeded on the wrong line. The resulting head-on collision with a train from Parramatta caused 11 deaths and injured 27.

**1917** The attack on Beersheba, leading to the third battle of Gaza, key to Palestine. Success at Beersheba was vital. Chancellorsville force had made sure of a water-supply from old Roman cisterns in the desert.

At dawn on this day, while two divisions of infantry opened the frontal attack on Beersheba, the Australian and New Zealand horsemen went into action against Turkish positions in the hills behind the town. After stubborn resistance, the strong defences were taken that afternoon.

### NOVEMBER 1

**1792** First foreign trading vessel entered Port Jackson — the American ship *Philadelphia*. Subsequently, trading ships, usually bound for China, appeared in Port Jackson mostly in search of food and water. Ships with spirits for sale sometimes traded with the colony. This was against regulations, but the "famine" threatened by delay in the arrival of British ships was averted more than once by these cargoes.

**1824** First civil jury in Australia empanelled.

**1838** Stamped envelopes — the first in the world — issued in Sydney. The Postmaster-General of New South Wales, James Raymond, submitted to the Governor a plan for the sale of sheets of winking paper embossed with the post office seal for prepayment of postage in the town delivery area.

The plan was approved, and on this day official notification was given that any letter written on one of the sheets, folded and sealed, would be accepted by the post office for distribution within the Sydney delivery area free of any other charge. This was 18 months before Great Britain adopted Rowland Hill's principles of postal reform, introducing similar stamped covers and the first adhesive stamps.

**1842** First election of municipal councillors in Sydney.

**1842** The brig *Star*, a sandalwood trader from Sydney, was attacked by cannibals at the Isle of Pines, near New Caledonia. They murdered the crew of 20 and set fire to the brig. They didn't know she had gunpowder aboard, and this exploded, killing some 30 natives.

**1856** Tasmania's first Cabinet under responsible government formed, with W. T. N. Champ as Premier.

### NOVEMBER 2

**1788** First settlement at Parramatta, then called Rose Hill. The site was discovered on April 23 of that year by Governor Phillip.

**1803** Gambling in all forms forbidden in Port Phillip by order of Lieut.-Governor Collins, at Sullivan Bay.

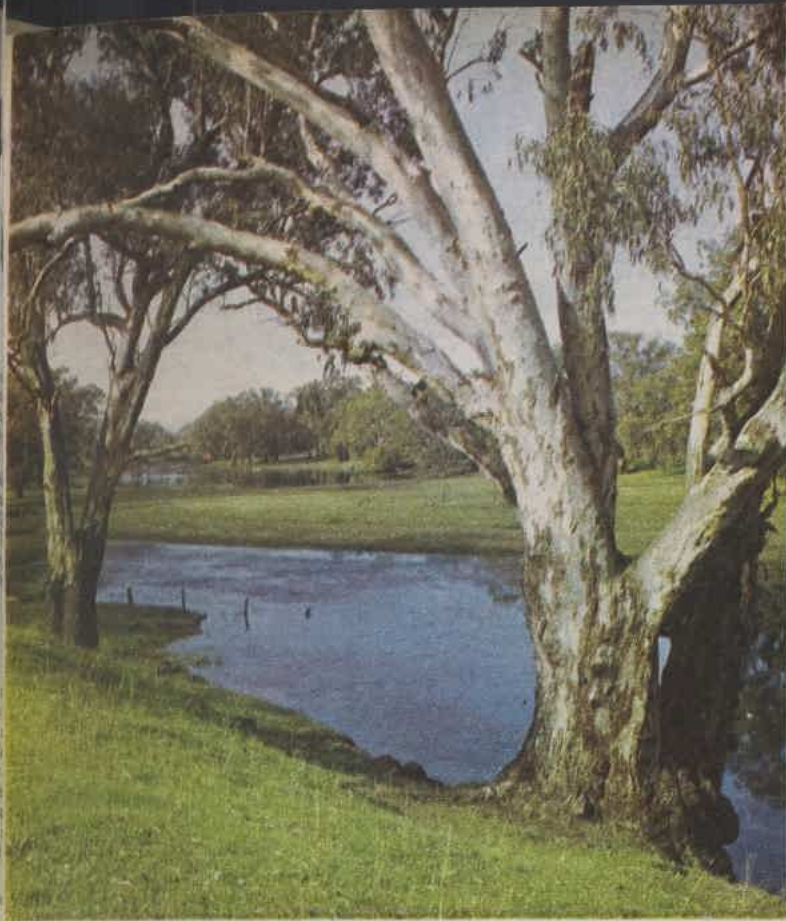
**1877** Birth of the international cricketer Victor Trumper. Born in Sydney, Trumper was the most fascinating cricketer Australia ever produced. To his style, his versatility of strokes, and his dexterity with the bat, due much of the glamor given to cricket in Australia today.

M. A. Noble described him as the world's greatest batsman, a genius without an equal. While still a boy he was a master stylist, and through his years of playing there was not another player, in Australia or England, dearer to the hearts of the game's fans.

Trumper visited England with several Test teams. In the wet season of 1902 (one of the wettest on record) he towered over all players, English and Australian, scoring eleven centuries and 2570 runs. His astonishing skill was demonstrated on bad wickets. When other batsmen were struggling to keep their wickets intact, he could time the ball and execute strokes all round the wicket.

At the height of his success, Trumper was acclaimed in an English periodical as a complete artist. The article eulogised him as





● A quiet backwater of the Murrumbidgee River, along which Sturt travelled on his 1829-30 expedition which solved the mystery of the river system of western New South Wales.

much that the poet Victor Daley made an amusing rhyming comment, the first verse reading:

*Ho, Statesmen, Patriots, Bards, make way.  
Your fame has sunk to zero:  
For Victor Trumper is today  
Our one Australian Hero.*

Trumper was modest, retiring, and generous. A strict teetotaler and non-smoker, his general conduct was admirable. Ill-health cut short his career and he died on June 28, 1915, at the zenith of his glory.

### NOVEMBER 3

**1828** Petition for the colonisation of Western Australia. Signed by Sir Francis Vincent and many prominent citizens, it was presented to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It proposed that the rich areas around Perth and Fremantle should be colonised by 10,000 British settlers, and that the land should be sold to them at the rate of 15 cents an acre.

**1829** Charles Sturt set out from Sydney on his expedition to the Murrumbidgee. He and his party reached the river near the site of Jugiong. The overland journey was continued until near the junction of the Murrumbidgee with the Lachlan. There the party took to a whaleboat, which they carried in sections from Sydney, and shot out into "a broad and noble river," which Sturt named the Murray.

The eight men voyaged down the river, exploring some of the Darling, and reached Lake Alexandrina on February 9. After discovering the outlet to the sea three days later, the return journey was begun. Weak from exertion and from food shortage, their achievement in rowing against the current back to the depot was great.

Sturt's journey is one of the most notable explorations in Australian history. It explained the drainage of the continent's greatest river system and disclosed extensive areas of fertile land.

**1927** The Greycliffe disaster. The Sydney ferry Greycliffe collided with the liner Tahiti, outward bound for San Francisco. The ferry was cut in two and 40 passengers lost their lives, mostly children returning

from city schools to their homes at Watson's Bay. The court of marine inquiry found that the Tahiti failed to keep out of the way of the Greycliffe, and that she was travelling at excessive speed for a deep-sea vessel navigating the harbor. The Tahiti later (1930) sank between New Zealand and Rarotonga.

### NOVEMBER 4

**1812** Birth of Thomas Holt, politician and benefactor. Holt was elected to the Legislative Assembly for Brisbane and Ipswich and became Colonial Treasurer in the first Queensland Parliament under responsible government. Appointed a member of the Council of Education, he gave many sites for schools and colleges. Holt was largely responsible for the establishment of the Australian Mutual Provident Society and many other companies.

Holt's home in New South Wales, near Cook's River, was a mansion of noble proportions. His wife had come from an ancestral home in England, and he built this mansion in the Norman style of architecture so she would have some of the English life to which she was accustomed. It contained 40 rooms, staircases of Italian marble, a picture gallery 120ft. long, ballrooms, Turkish baths, and every conceivable luxury.

The estate stood in 140 acres of grounds and contained a village where the workmen lived. He imported rabbits from England for his shooting parties and employed gamekeepers to keep off poachers. The rabbits bred rapidly and the estate, within its high stone walls, became infested with them.

Today not a trace of the glory and splendor of the mansion and the estate remains, except for a stone edifice intended as the family mausoleum. Before its disappearance the estate housed, successfully, a Carmelite monastery and an artillery camp. Today it is just a part of Sydney suburbia known as Marrickville.

**1902** Wreck of the Elingamite. The steamship left Sydney for Auckland and was wrecked at Three Kings Islands, off New Zealand. Thirty lives were lost. As an outcome, the National Shipwreck Relief Society of New Zealand was formed.



# BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SPRING SCENE...

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLLOUR

Berlei colours your way to underdress this Spring! Dips the whole Fancy-Free range into fuchsia, or orange... or tingling Greenery, like these peppermint petti-pants! A floaty half slip and pantie twosome... ready to understudy your new Spring gear! Colour-matched Convertible bra shows a pretty halter—is backless... converts four other ways, too!

Berlei Petti-Pants, in Greenery, or Pink Fizz, Orange Pow, Pop Yellow, French Navy, and a pretty print concoction of all these colours. Style 349, S.M. \$9.00. There's a Berlei Convertible bra to match every Fancy-Free colour! Tricot & stretch—converts five ways! Style 748, A-C, 32-36, \$5.00.





## QUITE A SPECTACLE!

★ All eyes are really on the hairstyle worn by this model as she stands before a wall mural at a Miami, U.S., fashion show. The curls of the ultra-modern hairdo make perfect frames for the mural girl's eyes. We suppose you could call the style an eyeful tower!

## School's in—for an old island bus

THE children of Cocos Island, in the Indian Ocean, have a school bus that is really "colorful."

It has a colorful appearance and a colorful history.

Mr. John Mackin, headmaster of the Government school on Cocos, wrote to tell us all about it.

"It's quite an oldtimer," he said; "about a 1942 model."

The bus was donated to the school by Qantas when flights began to bypass the island and the airline left.

The airline used the bus for passengers.

### LONG LIFE AHEAD

Wrote Mr. Mackin:

"It is in excellent repair and will probably outlive other vehicles currently on the island. The bus has an all-aluminium body, which has saved it from becoming the rusted shell which other vehicles tend to become after two or three years on Cocos."

"As soon as the bus became attached to the

school, the children — there are 28 of them, ranging in age from five to 12 — set about renovating it as an art-craft project.

"In a letter project recently, one of the children claimed: 'It's a very famous bus — it's about 25 years old and it's as good as new (even better).'"

"They cut back old paint, repaired and filled damaged sections, had it spray-painted, and then set to work enlarging comic and cartoon characters.

### STOPS BOREDOM

"These enlargements, along with an enlargement of the Cocos Club crest, were stencilled on to the sides of the bus and painted.

"Similarly, they enlarged and painted on their own names.

"A name for the bus—Wee Wuns' Wagon — was chosen by the children from a list of 56 submitted in a competition.

"Although our island is only about six miles long, the bus has proved invaluable in negotiating roads and tracks to favorite swimming, picnicking, and scenic spots.

"It helps to fill in quite a few hours in an isolated environment where boredom is a problem at times — even for children."

## COMPACT

## 'MAGIC' CARPET TAKES OFF HERE

ONE of the latest products to hit the Australian market is "indoor-outdoor" carpet.

A soft, needle-loomed floor covering, indoor-outdoor carpet can be used not only inside the house but pretty well anywhere outside you care to lay it — on the patio, round the swimming-pool, on the floor of a boat, or as a substitute for a lawn.

Rain or sun won't hurt it and mud and dirt can be washed off with the garden hose!

Made from polypropylene, a new synthetic fibre which is resistant to moisture, indoor-outdoor carpet was developed in the United States. It is now being manufactured at Gosford, N.S.W.

Mr. Eric Hart, Australian agent for this indoor-outdoor carpet, realised its possibilities while on a recent visit to the United States, South America, and the West Indies with his wife and daughter. He saw it in use on tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and miniature golf courses, on swimming-pool surrounds, and in open-air restaurants.

"The floor of the open-air roof-top restaurant of the Carriage House, a multi-storey hotel in Chicago, is covered with green indoor-outdoor carpet," he said. "It gives the effect of grass. Like grass, it's soft to walk on, but, of course, it never has to be mown."

"We saw it, too, round the swimming-pool in the magnificent Hilton Hotel in Kingston, Jamaica. This time it was blue."

"But about 80 percent of the carpet in America is laid indoors. It's used in supermarkets, hospitals, schools, and in every room of the home."



The sound of boys being caned in the Aranui, N.Z., High School's first assistant's office is so embarrassingly audible in the nearby office of the headmaster that he has asked to have his study soundproofed. "It is especially embarrassing when I have parents in my office. It makes mothers wince," he told superiors.



## Cleaners polished off Army top brass

• A recent tiff between a cleaning-woman and a West German Army general that began in a lift and developed into a kind of situation comedy involving the general's chauffeur, a Government inspector, and finally questions in Parliament, has all come right in the end.

And the cleaner won.

Quite unaware of the fuss she would cause, the cleaner, armed with brush and pail, entered a lift at a military staff building. The lift was occupied by a general.

Her cheerful "Morning, General!" was greeted with a stony glare and silence.

The general later mentioned the brief encounter to his chauffeur, saying it verged on tactlessness for people laden with buckets and other cleaning utensils to elbow their way into staff lifts already being used.

The chauffeur, apparently alert for irregularities, at once got hold of the wrong end of the stick and interpreted the general's remark as an order.

The matter eventually reached the ears of a Government inspector at Army administration, who testily issued an order restraining cleaners under all circumstances from entering lifts being used by officers above the rank of major.

The new regulation was taken amiss by the corps of cleaners — not to mention officers below the rank of major.

In a written parliamentary reply, a senior official of the Ministry of Defence rose to pronounce judgment — in favor of the cleaners.



• Cocos children with the old bus they took over.



# Clark

AQUALINE® POOLS

## POOL PRICES CUT!

EXCLUSIVE AUSTRALIAN MANUFACTURE

### makes pool ownership easier than ever!

Combining Clark's unparalleled experience in above-ground pools with the finest of Australian materials, the new Clark "Aqualine" pools are (according to critical experts) "better made, better value than units previously imported".

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IN CLARK'S FAMOUS  
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**NEW DESIGNS  
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FAMILY POOLS!**

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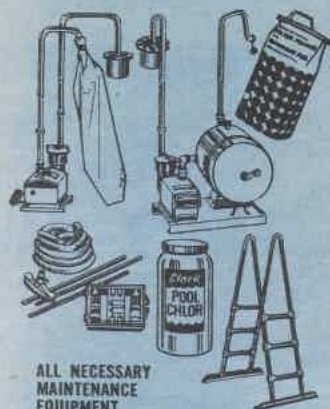
Aqualine pool, with  
No. 6000 filter, hair  
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ladder, vacuum and  
floating hose, water  
test kit, chlorine,  
and filter aid.

**4' DEEP ROUND POOLS 15' TO 24' DIAM.!**



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MAINTENANCE  
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<b>\$240</b>	<b>\$300</b>	<b>\$350</b>	<b>\$550</b>	<b>\$600</b>
<small>Including 6000 filter and filter aid, ladder, vacuum and floating hose, test kit, chlorine.</small>	<small>Including 6000 filter and filter aid, ladder, vacuum and floating hose, test kit, chlorine.</small>	<small>Including 6000 filter and filter aid, ladder, vacuum and floating hose, test kit, chlorine. (Also with larger capacity 6430 filter, \$450.)</small>	<small>Including 6431 filter and filter aid, ladder, vacuum and floating hose, test kit, chlorine.</small>	<small>Including 6431 filter and filter aid, ladder, vacuum and floating hose, test kit, chlorine.</small>

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967





**"Quick starting... saves wear and tear on the engine."**

MR. N. A. PLATTS (FORD FAIRLANE)



**"I don't have to change gear as much."**

MISS RUTH HADDOCK (MORRIS MINI)



**"I find I'm not using as much petrol."**

MRS. L. PYE (HOLDEN)

We knew we were offering you something pretty special when we introduced Amoco with power alcohol. Now you have the proof—people everywhere have discovered the benefits of new Amoco for themselves. Cooler running, better pick-up, fewer gear changes, increased miles per gallon. These are the benefits you'll enjoy in your car when you switch to new Amoco.

ONLY AMOCO IS AVIATION CLEAN THROUGH THE FINAL FILTER



*supercharged with power alcohol*

**AUSTRALIA'S MOST POWERFUL PUMP PETROL**

DRIVE IN • FILL UP • PROVE IT

ENTER NOW

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**GRAND PRIZE**

A new 240 Cortina, 1500 c.c., 2-door de luxe sedan, valued at

**\$2,100**



**PLUS**

A trip for two to the Davis Cup in Brisbane, all expenses paid and \$100 spending money.

**STATE PRIZES**

1ST—A trip for two to the Challenge Round in Brisbane, all expenses paid and \$100 spending money.

2ND—\$100 cash.

3RD—\$50 cash.

5 Progressive Prizes of \$20 or double seats to the Davis Cup.

Here's all you have to do. In 400 words or less, tell a story about a woman driver. It can be truth or fiction, funny or serious, the story of a trip, an unusual happening. It can be written by a man or woman. Entries must be in to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001, by 6th November, 1967.

AMOCO AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED, OFFICIAL SPONSOR, 1967 DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND, MILTON COURTS, BRISBANE, 26th, 27th, 28th DECEMBER.

ADC.2.143

TWO READERS' STORIES ABOUT . . .

# GETTING AWAY

## Trip across the Nullarbor— "where everyone waves hello"

Last summer the Sadleir family, of Perth, drove to Sydney and back. On the way home Mrs. Sadleir (co-pilot and relief driver) kept a log because of the people who wanted to know how such a trip was done. The Sadleirs have two boys, aged nine and five.

It took them 12 days to do the 3065 miles home. Accommodation cost \$98, food \$55, petrol \$50, a new tyre and greasing \$20, \$223 in all. They economised as far as possible by making sandwiches for lunches, tinned or cold meals in motel rooms for dinners.

Allowing for obvious variables, this is how such a trip would go:

### SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

Left Sydney in a 1956 Holden (mileage 75,296) at 10.30 a.m., with car packed to hilt and in high spirits, heading for Cooma, in the Snowy Mountains. Travelled 192 miles to Canberra, where we slept the night in a caravan at caravan park. Cost, \$5.20.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4

Left Canberra after breakfast, 7.45 a.m., for Cooma. Arrived Cooma at 10 a.m., bought sandwiches for lunch, headed for Thredbo.

Had a ride on the chair-lift at Thredbo (4500ft.) to top of Crackenback ridge (6500ft.). Wonderful view on fine day, but we were in cloud after halfway and couldn't see very much. Snow drifts on mountain top, even though it was December. Chair-lift took 20 minutes up, with a stop at the top for viewing, and then 20 minutes down. Cost, \$1.20 each, children half price. Well worth the money.

Left Thredbo after lunch in the rain and passed over horror stretch of 25 miles along the Alpine Way, Thredbo to Khancoban. Stayed night at Wodonga, in Victoria, at motel. Cost, \$10.50, plus 60c for hire of TV. Travelled 284 miles.

(Note: The National Roads and Motorists' Association says the Alpine Way is now closed.)

### MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

Left Wodonga in pouring rain at 9 a.m. (after lovely breakfast) for cousin's home in Melbourne, 192 miles away. Arrived 3 p.m. and stayed overnight.

### TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

Toured Melbourne, saw Fitzroy Gardens and Fairy Tree and Captain Cook's Cottage. Had lunch and left Melbourne 3.15 p.m. for Apollo Bay, 117 miles away.

Slept at caravan park at Apollo Bay in comfortable caravan for \$4. Scenery via Great Ocean Road marvellous. Apollo Bay is a pretty little holiday resort.

### WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Left Apollo Bay, 9.15 a.m., for Adelaide. Travelled 60 miles of winding mountain road, which took three hours. Saw the Twelve Apostles on Ocean Road and Blue Lakes at Mount Gambier. Pushed on to motel at Naracoorte. Cost, \$12. Travelled 298 miles and saw Fletcher Jones' beautiful garden in Warrnambool.

### THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

Left motel 9 a.m. after hearty breakfast for Adelaide. Passed through Tailem Bend and Murray Bridge, and stayed overnight at caravan park in Hackney, suburb of Adelaide. Cost, \$4.50. Needed new tyre (\$17.45), but now had four new tyres for bad road ahead. Bought good stock of

groceries at supermarket for long trip ahead. Travelled 230 miles.

### FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

Packed car, filled containers with water, did banking, and left Adelaide (1344 miles since leaving Sydney) at noon, heading for Port Augusta to link up with friends.

Arrived motel at Port Augusta, 5 p.m. after 197 miles. Motel, \$13 per day and very nice. Friends delayed by breakdown.

### SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

Waited for friends, did laundry, and had swim. Temperature nearly 100deg. Motel, \$27 for two days, including \$1 for TV.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11

Left Port Augusta for Ceduna, where we met our friends. Travelled 293 miles. Left gravel road 54 miles east of Ceduna, and faced 609 miles of it to Caiguna.

(Note: There are now only about 200 miles of gravel road on this stretch, which is gradually being fully tarred.)

### MONDAY, DECEMBER 12

Left Ceduna for Eucla after night at motel, very modern, air-conditioned, and clean, \$15 bed and breakfast. Cool change, luckily arrived, as it was 100deg. in Adelaide on Sunday. Travelled on in jumpers. Children travelling well. Took big stack of comics for kids and bought or swapped whenever able.

Stayed overnight at Eucla at clean but rough motel; not allowed to eat in room, so had tea picnic-style alongside car. Motel, \$12 without breakfast.

Must carry water from Ceduna, the last reliable water supply for drinking for 170 miles. Travelled 323 miles.

### TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13

At 5 a.m. left Eucla, where it had rained overnight. Flooded parts of the road made the going slower, but laid the dust.

Had biscuits and cheese for breakfast and got vacuum flask of hot coffee at Madura. New motel is being built close to highway.

Travelled 444 miles to Norseman. Found good new motels at Cocklebiddy, John Eyre, and Balladonia.

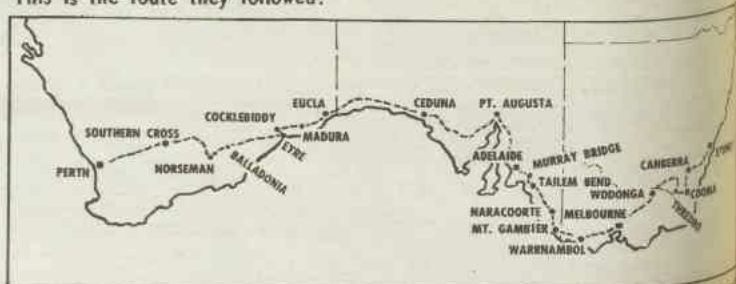
Arrived Norseman 8 p.m. very tired and were unable to get into motel. Found hotel clean, cost \$7.50. Fish and chips for us.

### WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

Left Norseman crack of dawn — 4.45 a.m. — for home. Friends' car with new engine kept getting hot, so travelled slowly. Hot travelling now; stopped at Southern Cross while radiator of friends' car was flushed out.

Arrived home-sweet-home at 6.30 p.m.

This is the route they followed:





# FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The Wilson family, of Brisbane, faced with the prospect of a trip to Sydney and back by car with four children, set about organising it as carefully as possible and thoroughly enjoyed the results.

MRS. CLARE WILSON, who wrote this story, says: "Although we had to travel as cheaply as possible, we found it pays to splurge on overnight accommodation." They saved by having picnic meals.

## Brisbane to Sydney by car, with four children

FOR years my husband had been saying, "I'd love to show you Sydney." I was born and bred in and around Brisbane and had never been outside Queensland.

But I must admit that by the time we had three or four children a few weeks spent at a nearby beach sounded heavenly, and an interstate trip far too exhausting.

A friend with a daughter in the southern city told me, "You only have to have one of the family leave home and you'll manage a trip to see them."

She was right. We now have two sons "down south," and have made the trip. We travelled by road, taking the four children, aged from 13 to three, and had what we considered a perfect trip.

To undertake something like this, you must be organised. My husband had all the latest maps and literature about roads and accommodation, and the Royal Automobile Club of Queensland and the local garage were most helpful.

The car must be overhauled and a good spare tyre and a gallon of water carried.

Clothes and essentials have to be cut to a minimum, so Mum's job is all-important. As we were spending a week in Sydney in a flat — the cheapest and best kind of accommodation with children — we needed to take bed linen and cutlery.

We had to leave room in the boot for a portable ice-box and a picnic basket, and take formal clothes and casuals to cover all activities.

For picnic days we were well organised, having collected over 12 months a cane basket (at a sale), plastic tumblers and plates a few at a time, cheap but strong stainless-steel cutlery, and a red check tablecloth complete with tapes sewn on its corners for anchoring in a strong breeze.

### Hot food in flasks

Flat, square plastic storers with fitting lids hold butter and salads, and a food vacuum flask helps ring the changes for a picnic with a hot rice dish, or hot barbecue sausages or hamburgers to fill into rolls. The vacuum flask of hot tea or coffee is also a good morale booster on a long trip.

Be drastic about keeping clothes to a minimum. I have never yet used all we took, but travelling interstate you need to be prepared for a quick change in weather — warm slacks, a warm sweater, and a raincoat or all-purpose coat each; and a change of light clothing in case of a hot spell.

We left home about 5 p.m. Having had everything packed the night before, I could send Father off to work and the children off to school (we had no choice but to do this trip in school time) on departure day, and do all the last-minute jobs (including a hair-set) on my own.

First night out we went only about 50 miles, turned in early, and were ready to set out again at 5.15 next morning, fortified by tea and toast.

We travelled until 8.30 a.m., then had breakfast, cheap and substantial, at a

restaurant attached to a garage. We always found these places excellent.

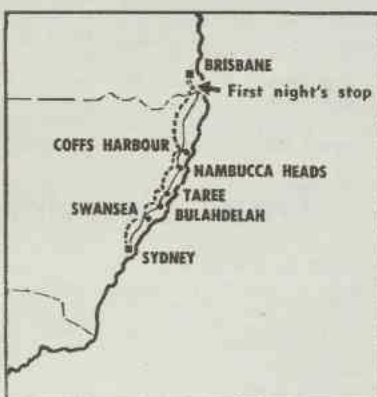
About 1.30 we stopped for lunch high up and overlooking the sea at Nambucca Heads, a glorious spot.

By 5.30 we had enough mileage chalked up — 389 miles for the day — to stop for the night at Taree.

Although we must do these trips cheaply, we found it pays to splurge on overnight accommodation. Motels do vary, and, while there is a fairly fixed tariff, some proprietors are more understanding of family problems than others and will "work out a deal" to suit the purse by making a large unit available at a cut price, or by rolling in an extra bed for a small sleeper.

But the absolute luxury of a hot shower and a soft bed — without so much as having to make it — is heavenly.

Usually we saved on our evening meal, just having a snack and the provided motel "cuppa." Some proprietors deduct the cost of breakfast if we have to leave too early for it, but some don't. One kind man and his wife, on our return journey, hustled up an evening meal quite late to take the place of breakfast next morning.



These are the friendly, human touches that make travel, and outside the large cities you strike so much friendliness.

We left Taree, after a quick snack in our room, at 6.30 a.m. How excitement was mounting! We stopped at Bulahdelah about 9 a.m. for a leisurely pot of tea and lashings of hot buttered toast. We were all too anxious to reach Sydney to waste time while steak was grilled.

We reached The Summit, outside Sydney, at 11.45 a.m. We had had only one full day's travel.

On the return journey a week later we followed the same routine, leaving Sydney at 5.30 p.m. and staying the night at Swansea, less than 100 miles away.

Next day being Sunday, we attended Mass and lost a little time over a belated and hearty breakfast, then settled down to a long but pleasant drive to Coffs Harbour.

We stayed overnight there in a lovely motel tucked among the hills covered with bananas — a perfect finish to a perfect holiday — and reached Brisbane and home comfortably the next day.



THE MORE YOU WEAR THEM  
THE BETTER YOUR LEGS LOOK — THE FITTER YOUR FEET FEEL

That's the wonderful thing about Scholl exercise sandals. They don't just look good . . . they DO good. With these sandals you can slim legs and ankles. You can improve foot health and fitness. You can get yourself in better shape for today's lissom, leggy fashion look.

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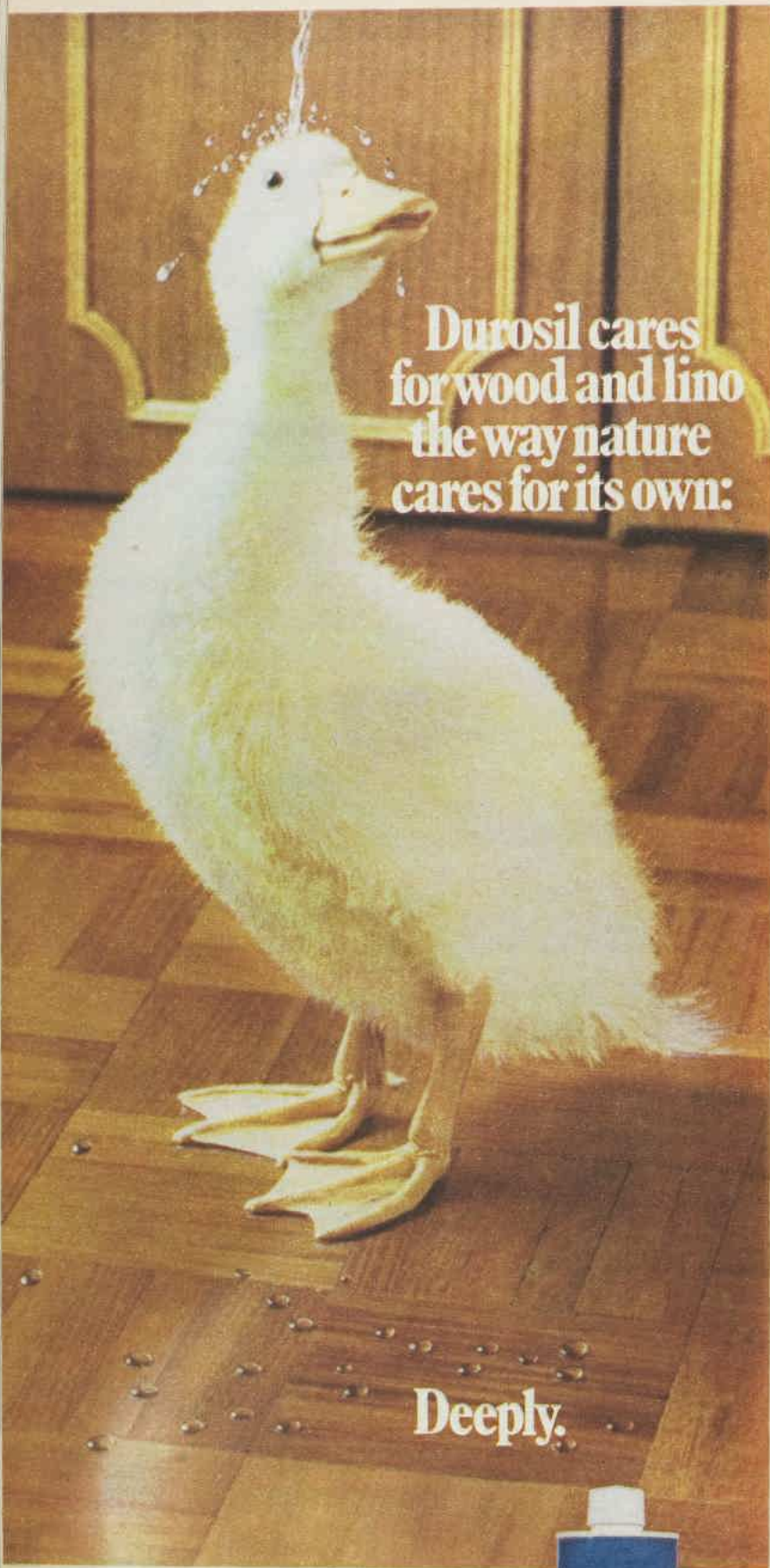
As you walk your toes clench the exclusive Scholl built-in toe grip. Leg and foot muscles flex and WORK the way nature intended (like walking barefooted on soft earth). Legs and feet are being stimulated, conditioned with every step. Apart from its slimming effect on legs and ankles, this action actually rejuvenates your feet . . . strengthens arches and checks the tendency to corns, callouses and bunions.

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**Johnson WAX**



## Wagtails set up their "house" on clothes-line

● Who would have thought that two little willy-wagtails would have had the power to hold up my laundry arrangements for several weeks and cause me to take my sheets and towels to a friend's home!

By L. OXBY, of Kellyville, N.S.W.

WHERE birds and animals are concerned, I am a sentimental type and I couldn't bring myself to disturb the two wagtails who built their spring nest on my rotary clothes-line, right out in the wind, rain, and sun.

Fortunately, the clothes-hoist was fixed in the lowest position so that it did not swing round in the wind. Also I was better able to have a good view of the nest from my kitchen windows, and could follow the wagtails' domestic set-up from day to day.

These two appeared to be the only wagtails round my garden, or on the property, which covers seven acres, mostly pasture, and is the home of my two dogs, Puddah, my little black mother cat, Tim, my pony, and Brownie, the cow, who has in her time reared countless calves besides her own, by means of the bucket.

So it is a place rich in wagtail fare — by which I



TWO WILLY-WAGTAILS, who built their nest on a clothes-hoist. The only time they didn't mind being stared at was when they were having their photograph taken. Most other times they showed their displeasure by flying back and forth within a foot of the intruder's nose.

After the first couple of weeks or so I noticed three little dark heads at the end of three skinny little red necks thrust upward when Mum or Dad landed beside the nest, so I knew the first part of the job had been completed successfully.

During this time there had

low branch of the orange tree nearby, chattering in a most threatening way, so that poor Puddah laid back her ears and looked the other way.

When I stood too near the hoist, both birds flew back and forth within a foot of my nose and told me off.

### Three tiny dark heads appeared

mean flies and insects of all kinds — and there is also much in the way of tiny caterpillars, aphids, and other small pests on my fruit trees and shrubs.

When I first noticed the nest on the hoist, it was hard to believe it would be a successful venture, as it was in such an exposed position.

Built of mud, cobwebs, and hair, with its base gripping firmly on to the pipe cross-support of the hoist, it was a little round nest about 2½ inches in diameter and two inches high, with perpendicular sides.

Willy and Milly took turns at keeping the eggs warm, Willy being distinguished from Milly, I presumed, by a white mark over each eye.

I couldn't bear to disturb them with large sheets and towels flapping on the lines, but I ventured to put some small pieces of washing on the line farthest from the nest. Immediately the birds showed great annoyance and chattered excitedly at me, fluttering round the nest; but, as soon as I retreated, Milly went straight back to the job.

been a very bad storm one night with heavy rain and strong wind, but the little mother bird sat over her eggs through it all.

Why didn't the little mud nest disintegrate, I wondered. There it was next morning, as if nothing had happened.

Following this came very hot weather, and still the project on the clothes-line continued.

When the baby birds were hatched, the wagtails were busier than ever. Much more insect fare had to be collected and the babies constantly guarded from the swallows, pee-wits, kookaburras, and soldier birds which abound in great numbers in the garden and paddocks.

Any bird or animal which approached the clothes-hoist was immediately set upon by the two wagtails diving and fluttering and angrily chattering about the suspected enemy.

When Puddah passed under the hoist, quite innocently, Milly Wagtail dived on to her back and then sat on a

severely, their bright eyes shining with rage. They seemed to have no fear, but were full of concern for the three young fledglings.

Within ten days of being hatched, the little ones had their wing and tail feathers and had grown so that it seemed the nest would burst.

While I was away for a few days the operation of launching the babies took place, so I missed this interesting and important step. I took Puddah away with me just in case!

When next I saw them, Willy and Milly and their half-grown wagtails were sitting on the clothes-line, and Mum and Dad were obviously investigating the prospects of a new location for a fresh nest farther along for another family.

Now I have five wagtails flying about my garden. Since they vacated their nest I have been able to resume my laundry operations, and Puddah is home again to carry on with her work round the mice holes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967





## *Instant Atmosphere!*

**...the moment you switch on HMV's Studio 7 Stereogram**

STUDIO 7's solid state all-transistor circuit, gives instant music at the touch of a button!

All transistor means no warm-up period...*Instant Atmosphere*...longer life!...no heating problems... and, above all, better sound reproduction from your precious records. STUDIO 7 does for your relaxed, at-home personality what a low, sleek foreign car would do for your public image. (Except, of course, STUDIO 7 is more likely to be within your budget.) In fact, you can't afford to be without this brilliant asset to your social life. Create an atmosphere!...swinging with-it, or meltingly romantic. This is the

sophisticated Stereogram that provides *your* kind of music at a touch.

You take for granted HMV's reputation for utter technical reliability...what you won't take for granted is the elegant appearance and the glamorous sound that comes with STUDIO 7.

STUDIO 7...the luxurious furniture that makes heavenly music. Available in superb finishes of Maple, Walnut, Rosewood or Teak.



## HIS MASTER'S VOICE

STUDIO 7 circuitry is also available in this exciting 3-piece unit.



It's called SCATTERGRAM  
...for the true stereo enthusiast.



# AMOCO CONTEST

● You could win a brand-new Ford Cortina in our wonderful Amoco-Davis Cup contest.

THIS novel contest is open to all readers.

All you have to do is write us a letter—of not more than 400 words—telling any kind of story about a woman driver.

It can be a brief account of an ordinary car trip with a woman driver, a story perhaps about a mother who is the family chauffeur.

We are hoping that men

readers will send in some really funny entries.

The Grand Champion Prize winner will be given first-class return air tickets for two to Brisbane, as well as first-class accommodation in Brisbane for two and \$100 spending money during the Davis Cup Challenge Round matches.

He or she will be personally presented with the

main prize—the Ford Cortina—at a special ceremony during the Challenge Round matches between December 26, 27, and 28.

The best entry from each State will win a prize of an expenses-paid holiday for two to Brisbane for the Davis Cup, as well as \$100 spending money. The runner-up and third-prize winners in each State will each receive \$100 and \$50 respectively.

If the first-prize State winner comes from Brisbane he or she may take a trip to any other capital instead at a later date.

If the Grand Champion also comes from Brisbane, similarly, he or she may take

the all-expenses-paid three-day trip to any other capital city at another time.

Send in your entries now, as we will give five weekly progress prizes of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup Challenge Round match tickets.

Closing date is November 6, and winners will be announced on December 13.

This contest is open to all except employees and their relatives of Amoco, The Australian Women's Weekly, and their associated publications and advertising agencies.

Address entries to "Amoco-Davis Cup" contest, c/o Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, New South Wales 2001. **FOR FULL DETAILS SEE PAGE 46.**

## MOTHER'S STORY

There's a deadly hush in the house tonight . . .

## IT'S EXAM TIME!

(and will I be glad when it's over, says BETTY NESBIT)

**P**HEW! Will I be glad when the exams are over—not any more than my son, who sits for his School Certificate on November 8, but glad, anyhow.

I have butterflies in the stomach, and I may come out in a rash at any moment. The funny thing is that he is calmer about the whole affair than I am, but I think that goes for all teenage students.

The house bears a marked resemblance to a Trappist monastery at the moment. A row of surfboards stands neglected outside the door, the hall is no longer filled with piles of wet surf towels and board shorts. And how quiet it is after school hours.

The school friends who used to come and sit around and drink endless cups of tea and fill the house with their surfer jargon have gone, but I hope they will be back in 1968.

We have found that even if I put the TV or radio on so low that I cannot hear it, no matter what room he is studying in, HE can hear it, so there's no TV or radio after 6 p.m. That's the curfew, and a deadly hush descends.

We even had to ask the neighbors to turn down their TV. Fortunately, they were very nice about it. My head is reeling with vocational guidance tests and results, and the pros and cons of careers in business or in the world of mechanics.

At times I can clearly be heard muttering "*La plume de ma tante*," or conjugating the verb *parler*, to speak.

I go to bed at night with my head reeling with questions such as the state of Indonesian politics before 1945, or the causes of World War I.

My dreams are haunted by a lean and hungry Cassius or nightmares of Julius Caesar being stabbed, and if I ever hear anyone saying "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done" I shall throw "*A Tale of Two Cities*" at them.

And there is certainly no doubt that I have lost my errand boy. I don't dare even ask him to go down to the corner shop to do a message, because he looks at me as reproachfully as if I had asked him to go to the South Pole for six months, during which time he would not have access to his books.

On the other hand, I cannot help feeling a cross between Simon Legree and Captain Bligh when his friends, who passed the exam last year, and consequently have no exam worries this year, arrive and ask him to go for a surf and I say, "No, he has to study."

So he studies, and I am suffering. There is only one good thing about it. I don't know a thing about science, and my maths is hopeless, so I cannot answer any tricky questions on these.

## READER'S STORY

● A Western Australian country reader speaks up against . . .

## School "initiations"

**A**BOUT three months before going away to boarding school, my 11-year-old son developed a severe twitching of the face and neck and had to be taken to Perth, 900 miles away, to a nerve specialist.

No reason could be found for the twitching and a course of tablets seemed of little benefit.

Then, as I was about to leave him on the day he was installed at his new school, he broke down and asked when the initiation ceremony would take place.

At once I realised the cause of his troubles. Older pupils of the school apparently had told him that all new boys were given the "royal flush." A group of boys would force the head of the newcomer into a toilet bowl while the chain was pulled.

I spoke to the principal and was assured that he would see that all such ceremonies were stopped.

Some lads can "take" this kind of hooliganism, but there must be many who are badly upset by it.

I believe the "royal flush" is commonplace in schools and that universities hold far worse ceremonies. A student once was drowned while being "initiated." It is time parents made a firmer stand about this.



If your problem is **excessive perspiration** this special product is the answer.

We promise you



## new Max Factor Anti-Perspirant

POSITIVE PROTECTION FORMULA AND DEODORANT

**THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY DEODORANT ANTI-PERSPIRANT..** but a special formula developed for people with an excessive perspiration problem. Max Factor Positive Protection Formula Anti-Perspirant and Deodorant is a new type of defence against body odour and excessive perspiration.

So effective that it will check underarm perspiration and odour even in stubborn cases where ordinary deodorants do not give complete satisfaction.

**EFFECTIVE ALL THE TIME NOT JUST PART OF THE TIME.**

Initially, application should be made before retiring for four consecutive nights. Then, use nightly or as needed, to control perspiration. Its effectiveness goes right on, even through showering or bathing, for at least 24 hours.



with built-in applicator \$1.75

# Max Factor

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Introducing . . .

# "THE MAG"

— a letter-writing club that can put an end to housewifely boredom and that "cabbagy" feeling!

The penfriend magazine, "Venture," which ROSALIND SOLOFF, of 111 Oaklands Road, Warradale, S.A., writes about here is an English magazine. Mrs. Soloff lived in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, before she and her husband and their two children, Jonathan, 5, and Joanna, 4, settled in Adelaide. Mrs. Soloff would like to see a similar "mag" started in Australia, and would help launch it.

ONCE upon a time I was a typical housebound cabbage, monopolised by home and family.

My days were ones of endless soul-destroying routine, petty irritations, irrational bouts of temper due to feelings of inadequacy, boredom, loneliness, and frustration — symptoms of a common contemporary ailment called "suburban neurosis."

Happily, my rut is a thing of the past. I clambered out of it three years ago by joining a correspondence magazine.

"What is a correspondence magazine?" you might ask. I didn't know, either, until I read an article about it.

It offered me a release from my domestic prison, without even demanding a baby-sitter. The writer of the article helped me to become an editor of a new magazine called "Venture."

"The Mag" (as it is more often called) is a letter-writing club. The original 16 members were all mums of pre-school children, but widely scattered geographically. Our backgrounds and personalities varied tremendously.

We were divided into two groups, A and B, with a voluntary editor for each.

Every member had to write one letter a month and send it to the editor of her half. The editors then fastened all contributions together in imaginatively decorated cardboard folders and posted them off to everyone on a rota basis.

Having two parts enabled us all to read

every letter within a month, keeping news and views up to date.

It seemed complicated at first, but soon "Ventures" A and B were running smoothly. Individuals emerged clearly from the long list of strange names.

Our monthly bundle increased in bulk as enthusiasm grew. Photographs, newspaper cuttings, favorite recipes, and other items began to accompany letters, which also lengthened as we found more and more to say. Even those who regarded letter-writing as a chore surprised themselves.

Friends and relations don't always understand our zeal. How do we find time to write these letters, they ask — letters which are rarely less than ten pages long and sometimes 50 pages?

Well, because our writing is relaxed and informal, words flow on to paper more easily than for a conventional letter. Perhaps this is due to stimulating thought and news in "The Mag."

One can usually make time for something worth while, even if it means turning a blind eye to domestic tasks sometimes. In fact, I whip through housework twice as fast after relaxing with "Venture" first.

What on earth do we write about? Although we are trying to escape from domesticity, there's a lot to be gained by airing the daily ups and downs of family life — and comfort in knowing that problems aren't unique. We pour out worries that otherwise would fall upon the ears of a husband anxious for home comforts, not home burdens.

Our members can often suggest simple

solutions to these problems, looking at them objectively.

Serious subjects are discussed with amazing open-mindedness, even in the face of violent dissension, and we've had to consider carefully how we stand on topics such as capital punishment, religion, sex (inside and outside marriage), war, class distinction, and educational systems.

Our husbands (although not allowed to read "The Mag" itself) are confronted with thought-provoking remarks instead of such trivia as "The gas bill came today," and "The children will drive me mad . . ."

"Venture" has a humorous side, too, and I have often collected queer glances by bursting into uncontrolled giggles with my nose buried in "The Mag."

Some people think we're crazy to enjoy all this. I admit to being a shy introvert, and, although not all the members are, probably "The Mag" is most rewarding for those who express themselves better on paper than in conversation.

## Interest in people

Private frustrations are better revealed to someone detached and uninvolved. Those closest to us are often hurt by such disclosures; magazine members are not.

Genuine interest in people is the basis of our success, and the exchange of confidences leads to deep, lasting friendship.

So many of us hide behind our "public faces," but in "Venture" the masks are off. Friendships grow on a "for better, for worse" basis, as we know and accept each other's faults without prejudice.

And, in examining and expressing our deepest thoughts and emotions in these letters, some of us have become fully aware of ourselves for the first time.

It is easier to be candid, to say exactly what we believe, when not face-to-face with an opponent.

Occasionally a member misunderstands, taking a remark too personally, but, generally, we manage to keep things in perspective, developing tolerance through our varied reactions to the same situation.

"Venturers" have supplemented pen-friendship with personal meetings. An annual get-together of as many members as can be mustered is arranged, as well as private visits whenever possible.

Such meetings are free from polite, superficial chit-chat — we know each other too well for that.

Since "Venture" originated we have had six "Mag" babies, and another is expected. The toddlers of those early days are starting school now, the older children are approaching teenage, and the problems of adolescence are creeping into our pages.

Each event is the intimate concern of us all. We look forward to sharing the joys of children marrying and grandparenthood, even the difficulties of old age, confident that "Venture" will still be flourishing.

My "Mag" friends are now 12,000 miles away in Britain, but the bond between us is as strong as ever. A special overseas edition of "The Mag" arrives every month and I share it with a member who migrated a year before us.

The distance between us dwindled even more as I listened to a tape-recording of the familiar voices chatting at the recent annual get-together. Our report from Down Under had just been heard, with equal delight.

When "The Mag" drops into our letter-box it is as though my friends have popped in for a chat. I love to welcome them.

If you feel imprisoned in your own little world, why not follow my example? I would be glad to help interested readers to form their own magazines, enabling them to "escape," as I did.

**NEW!!**

**Wrap'n Seal**

**SUPER CLING PLASTIC**

The super cling plastic that protects... and seals in freshness

1 1/2 IN. WIDE  
50 FT ROLL

50 FT ROLL

**WRAPS'N IT SEALS**

WRAP'N SEAL super cling plastic wrap seals in food freshness. New WRAP'N SEAL holds its clingability. Lunches wrapped in the morning stay sealed right up to eating time. Economically minded housewives are now putting the seal on freshness best with WRAP'N SEAL. Available in economy 100 feet and 50 feet lengths. WRAP'N SEAL—wraps and it seals.

A QUALITY TIGER BRAND PRODUCT





Big days start at home. So be sure you start the family right with the real taste of home. Give them all the big, crisp flavour of the real corn flakes. Give them the nourishing goodness of sun-ripened corn. Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Mum, that's the way to start them off.

Home is a bowl of *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes

Just two ounces of Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you the goodness of sun-ripened corn plus one half of your daily requirement of the essential vitamins: Thiamine (B<sub>1</sub>), Riboflavin (B<sub>2</sub>), Niacin and Food Iron. \*Registered Trade Mark.







## Storm in the north



### LETTERS

• As a teenager in the north-west, I often feel envious of teenagers in the south. They have school dances, organised sports, and plenty of friends their own age. In the north there are very few kids in the 14-17 age group, so even if tastes and ideas differ and characters clash we have to put up with each other. Teenagers in the south, however, think themselves badly off with anti-teenager parents and such. So when you feel down in the dumps, think of us — a minority with almost a whole town of adults frowning on us.

— "NOR-WESTER," Exmouth, W.A.

### War and peace

WAR is dirty.

It is mud and grime, and tears and sadness.

It is bitterness and hate.

And yet,

It is supposed to be a striving toward peace,

Toward universal understanding between nations.

Is it impossible to have peace without war?"

— P. Power, Turramurra, N.S.W.

### Mum knows best

I ALWAYS take note of Mum ever since she

started telling me to take my raincoat, umbrella, or jumper on a fine day (and I thought she was mad). For every time I took them it rained. So listen to your mum—even though you think she's mad!

— J. Walsh, Ascot Park, S.A.

### In protest

I CANNOT help but protest against the view that life is too competitive, expressed by E. Curtis (Letters, October 4). I am competing this year for a Commonwealth Scholarship, and have

more than a pass-goal in mind. Students who have gained scholarships have the satisfaction of knowing that they have overcome some rigorous competition.—Rosemary Trethewie, Brighton, Vic.

### Nero walks again!

HIPPIES have opted out of society because they disapprove of such evils as the arms race, the rat race, the hypocritical approach to morals. Certainly some hippies are fakes and (the ones who take drugs) half-witted. But there are certainly some who have inner convictions. We cannot condemn them for this. We must reject their bad points and cultivate their good ideas. One jolting thought is that to the ancient Romans, the Christians, with their "strange" ideas on morals, etc., must have seemed rather like the hippies. — Dennis Howard, Aspendale, Vic.

### Fashion blind

THE clothes of many teenagers are very unbecoming. They choose styles that do not suit them just to impress others and to prove they are mod. I think it is far more sensible for girls to choose clothes that flatter

IT'S about time some teenagers stopped being ashamed of their parents and started introducing their friends to them. I used to say, "Oh, you wouldn't want to meet my parents, they're weird." But I have woken up to myself now. Mum and Dad really appreciate it when I bring my friends home and trust me more now that I am open about whom I go out with. Surprisingly, my friends have said how nice my parents are and how they wished they got on with their parents like I do with mine. I always thought Mum and Dad were very ordinary and I wasn't really interested enough to find out how nice they are. — F. Cole, Mowbray Heights, Tas.



their figures and to pick tones that are suited to their colorings. If teenagers follow fashion blindly, then it is impossible for them to look well dressed. — J.S., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

### As a rule

I DON'T think boys of today have lost their sense of courtesy. On the two occasions I have gone somewhere with boys, I have found them very polite, making sure I walk on the inside of the pavement, etc. Each of these boys has a completely different nature, but both go to a school where being polite to girls is a strict rule. — "Jenny," Clayfield, Qld.

### GO-MANGO



### Going to the dogs

WHILE on a bob-a-job drive with my girlfriend, our opening line, which we had practised, was "We're Girl Guides and we'd like to know if you have any jobs for us to do." We walked, as usual, up to one door, where we were met by a bounding puppy, which my friend patted playfully. On the arrival of the lady of the house my friend began, "We're dogs." Defending myself, I proclaimed, "Speak for yourself." — R. Walker, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

### Fund-raiser

A QUICK and profitable way of gaining finance for a youth club is to deliver telephone directories. (Find out the delivery date from your local post office.) Depending on the size of the area covered, your club could benefit by \$60 and upwards for just three weeks' work. Of course, it's a hectic job, tiring, and there are too many dogs for comfort. But then, there is the fun and fellowship, and funny stories and experiences to relate afterwards. — "Easy Come," Herston, Qld.

### Change of opinion

RECENTLY my father's opinion of teenagers changed. He used to think every second teenager walked the streets looking for someone to kill or to buy drugs from. But since meeting my boyfriend, Dad has accepted the fact that most of today's teenagers are clean, decent, and capable of holding a

steady job, or setting standards through schoolwork. Just because of this one person, my father's attitude has changed from insulting them and looking for their faults to complimenting them on the good things they can do. I am glad that he has an open mind on a matter of such public importance. — "Sandy," Bellingen, N.S.W.

### HERE'S YOUR



### ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

### Suddenly last summer

"MY boyfriend and I had been going steady for almost two years and everything was fine until last summer. On Sundays I used to go to the beach with a mixed crowd while he went to his home some 20 miles away. Then my girlfriend told him I wanted to go out with a surfer friend but didn't want to hurt my steady by telling him. This wasn't true, but he broke it off. Later, when I explained, he apologised and everything was fine again. But now he has fallen for a girl who, my friends say, is quite unreliable. He said he still loved me but didn't want to stand in the way of my fun this summer. What do you think I should do — go out with other boys and risk his not coming back or just sit and wait?"

"Earnest."

• You would have to "sit and wait" through quite a few summers before this romance was straightened out. Those Sunday partings last summer saw to that! Obviously your "ex" has never recovered from them. Once doubt creeps into a boy-girl relationship — even one that is almost two years old — it's difficult to get rid of. Your "ex's" infatuation for another girl proves that. So does his feeble excuse about not wanting to stand in the way of your fun. If you want it to be a happy summer, you'd better begin looking for a new boyfriend.

### Love game

"I HAVE been going out with a boy in the Air Force for two years. Whenever he is home I am sure I really like him, but when he is away I can't stay away from other boys. I had never met any I like more

than him until recently. I am sure I like the boy I've just met more than my boyfriend. The problem is that I have often felt this way, but when my boyfriend comes home I forget about the other boy. I realise that the best way to find out would be to go out with my boyfriend, but I am worried that the boy I am going out with at present won't come near me. What should I do?"

"Uncertain."

• Stop playing with hearts! It may be a popular feminine game, but if you are not an expert player you'll end up without any boyfriends. That you are still unsure about your feelings for the boy you have been dating two years indicates that something must be seriously wrong with the romance. After all, a girl usually knows — or at least she THINKS she knows — almost from the first meeting. On the other hand, to feel you may forget boy No. 2 as soon as your boyfriend comes home isn't a sign of sure romance. Perhaps when boy No. 3 comes on the scene all your uncertainty will vanish.

### No kisses

"I AM 15. A month ago I liked a boy, but as soon as he tried to kiss me I dropped him. I like boys only to have fun with — as soon as they get serious I drop them. In fact, I simply can't stand the sight of them! Is there something wrong with me? My friends are completely different. I seem to be the odd one out!"

"Mixed Up."

• If more young girls looked on a romance as a time of laughter instead of tears, there would be less heartache in the teenage world. No, there's nothing wrong with you. Your friends are rushing things; you're waiting for a special person to come into your life. It's as simple as that.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

## THE PLANE FLEW WITH A HITCH!

I SEE that there is trouble about two weddings performed in mid-air.

An airline pilot recently married a Japanese policeman and a girl during a flight from Tokyo to Hong Kong.

The groom said they wanted to "avoid all the fuss that goes on with weddings on the ground."

The mid-air wedding, however, caused quite a fuss on its own.

Officials later said it may not be legal.

At about the same time, the president of a Brazilian airline married his secretary in mid-air — and faced a similar legal problem.

Be that as it may, the idea has things to recommend it — and a few unusual drawbacks.

For a start, the circumstances of the airline president's wedding suggest he could become President of the United States.

How come?

Well, he was married in the plane's cabin, and the ceremony would have been entered in the pilot's log.

So why not from log, cabin to White House? (Sorry about that.)

And no one could deny that a mid-air wedding gets off to a flying start.

On the debit side, airlines might find that their "fly now, pay later" schemes are rejected by determined bachelors who think the system is a marriage trap.

Another handicap, for blokes of course, is that a groom-to-be could not walk out at the last minute — unless he had a parachute.

Mid-air weddings, like ones on the ground, should not be events to jump into.

But, unless properly prepared, they most certainly shouldn't be things to jump out of!





# It's a dirty world

Your children play in a dirty world.  
Mum, it's up to you to **protect every little cut and scratch against dirt and germs.**  
So don't take chances with infection;  
protect every little hurt with the best  
protecting bandage in the world.

*Johnson & Johnson*







## WETSUITS MAKE A SPLASH

### BEAUTY IN BRIEF:

### Color at your fingertips

A SHEATH of gentle color on the nails (fingers and toes) has influence in several quarters. It affords extra protection, it glosses over minor flaws, and even helps distract from major ones.

It can play tricks, too: nails look longer when varnished from moon to tip; if too broad, they appear slimmer when varnish doesn't quite fill in along the sides.

#### After dark

For effect under the night lights, and for night lights only, try the shimmering shades or those that are silver or gold.

Once upon a time it was the vogue to match

varnish and lipstick so that your two bright accents were in accord. Nowadays it doesn't matter—accents can contrast or even clash.

#### Feet first

But keep in mind that color worth using is worth using well. Properly, it should be the last step in a weekly manicure routine, one to which you're constantly adding refinements.

Like a professional manicurist, you gather all of your equipment before you start. Like the clever girl you are, you do feet before hands.

—Carolyn Earle



For teenagers

SUMMERTIME is here again, and that means surf, sun, sea, and sand. So you can get in the swim with these new-fashion wetsuits.

They are available in emerald-green, hot-pink, gold, red, blue, yellow, as well as black and white with contrasting stripes or panels.

Made from 100 percent nylon, enclosing 3-16in. foam rubber, they are for you whether you swim, sail, surf, water-ski, ride surfboards, or just laze in the sun.

They'll also keep you warm if you stay out for a barbecue on the beach after the sun goes down.

The wetsuits were designed by two young Sydney men, Hugo Eisdell and John Murray. They decided that fashion and utility could be combined in a wetsuit — and they were right!

Sizes range from XXSSW to W and can be bought in varying styles. Arm and leg lengths can be short, bermuda, or long. The suits also come with detachable hoods.

P.S. Fashion-conscious men can get in the swim, too. Sizes range from XS to XL.

Wetsuits are available at Marine-lands throughout Australia and leading retailers.

Picture: KEITH BARLOW



# 100 Hills Playgyms to be won!!

in the **KRAFT CHEDDAR Playgym Contest**

(\$68.55 VALUE EACH)



## Who's going to win them?

Think of the fun your youngsters can have on their very own Hills Senior Playgym complete with Adda-Ladda. Here's how to enter the KRAFT Cheddar Playgym Contest!

**HOW TO ENTER:** Any child 15 years and under can enter. All they have to do is colour in the KRAFT Cheddar Cheese packet on the entry form, correctly, and complete the unfinished sentence. Then fill in their name and address clearly and be sure to state their age. Entries will be divided into age groups (4-6 years, 7-9 years, 10-12 years and 13-15 years) and 25 prizes awarded in each age group. Post your children's entry, together with a KRAFT Cheddar packet top\*, to the contest box number.

Get going everyone, a Hills Senior Playgym, with Adda-Ladda, could be yours!

**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas

### KRAFT CHEDDAR PLAYGYM CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Complete the sentence below using not more than 15 words of your own, and colour in the KRAFT Cheddar Cheese pack. Then fill in your name, age, address and post to:

**Kraft Foods Limited,  
P.O. Box 222, Crows Nest,  
N.S.W., 2065.**

"My Mum buys KRAFT Cheddar Cheese because

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

POSTCODE .....

\*Packet tops are not required where this contravenes state laws.



**CONDITIONS:** The KRAFT Cheddar Playgym Contest closes on Saturday, November 25, and entries must be postmarked on or before this date. All entries will be opened and individually judged. Prizes will be awarded to the 25 best entries in each age group, and neatness will be taken into account. The judges' decision is final and no further correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified and their names will appear in the public notices section of the following newspapers on Monday, December 11: Melbourne - Sun News Pictorial, Sydney - Sydney Morning Herald, Adelaide - Adelaide Advertiser, Brisbane - Courier Mail, Perth - West Australian, Hobart - Mercury. Employees (and their families) of Kraft Foods Limited, Hills Industries Ltd., Australian Women's Weekly, Woman's Day, and their associated advertising agencies are ineligible.

\*Reg'd. Trade Mark



# AT HOME . . . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Everyone who has recently been on a trip overseas loves to give advice to future travellers on what clothes to take. Now it's my turn, since a couple of readers, who are following roughly my path in roughly the same months next year (May, June, July), have been rash enough to write and ask my advice.

THE best advice I was given came from a friend who said, "Put everything you regard as absolutely essential out on a spare bed, then immediately put half of it away again and forget about it."

"Leave the remainder on the bed for a couple of days, then put half of that back into your cupboards and drawers. What remains will about fill your air-fare luggage allowance, and will certainly be all you need."

I'd go further. Forget your luggage allowance. If you're travelling economy class, you're allowed 44lb. You don't need it, you'll get sick to death of lugging it through Customs and Immigration in foreign languages in the middle of the night, and by the time you get home you'll be paying heavily in excess luggage charges because of things you've bought on the trip.

First, luggage. Shiny new pieces that cost a fortune are just a waste of money. Your luggage will be torture-tested at some airports where they have ingenious moving-belt-and-precipitous-chute systems of luggage delivery, which ensure that your poor little case will be fallen on by someone's immense solid-leather trunk.

Unless you've chosen wisely it will then burst open, and go round and round on the moving belt just out of your reach, displaying your unorthodox packing methods to the whole world.

I'd go for a lightweight rigid-topped suitcase (less likely to get damaged than a soft-top), with an aluminium frame and strong locks.

My second piece of advice is not to take anything brand-new. You'll have to buy things, but buy them early, try them out, and put your failures aside for use when you get back home again. A sleeveless dress that rubs under the arms or a blouse that looks as though it's been slept in unless ironed carefully can be major disasters if they're the only ones you have with you.

If you buy wisely you can travel for three months without thinking about an iron as long as you're willing to work on the "take it off and wash it" method so that you never get a build-up of dirty clothes.

## Three suits — and a raincoat good enough for evenings

I TOOK three suits. One was plain black wool jersey, worn straight in the daytime and tizzied up with some jewellery at night.

I wore that only in New York and London (in May), and then posted it home when I no longer needed a woollen suit.

The other two suits were what are normally considered quite unsuitable colors for travel — a pale fawn and a very pale blue. Trouble is I don't like serviceable, dark colors in lightweight suits, and neither of these was new, so I knew their potentialities.

Both were finely woven, jersey-type knitwear of synthetic fibres and both, lined skirts and all, would dry on hangers overnight. The only precaution I took was always to wash them in a bath (such good exercise for the back after a day's walking!) instead of risking scrunching them up in a basin.

I took two dresses of the same material, both of them in nice, light, unsuitable colors, too. One was white with a blue pinstripe, with high neck and short sleeves. The other (bought for the trip) was a green pattern on fawn, with a lowish square neck and three-quarter sleeves that I could wear for restaurant dinners, informal parties, and that sort of thing.

I took two raincoats. Before you take my advice, though, ask yourself whether you feel the cold — not at all; very little; quite a lot; madly much. I feel it very little, and a raincoat over a light suit was the most I ever needed in England's early spring weather.

But if you're an iceberg, take a topcoat. The American friend with whom I travelled in England, used to New York heating and preconditioned to the idea that London was freezing, continually needed about four more layers of clothing than I did.

I took a dark green laminated coat (a layer of sponge

rubber between the fabric and the lining) that I'd had for years and was prepared to wade through bogs in, use as a blanket, a pillow, a seat on damp grass.

I rather hoped it wouldn't survive the treatment, but it did, and I'll be stuck with it for years more. The one trouble with it was that it couldn't be casually crammed into a suitcase when I wanted to get rid of it. It had to be carefully packed or it crushed.



The wedding present I loved most was my Stanley Rogers table silver . . . I still do, and I've used it every day of my married life.



I'm Patricia . . . Because I always admired the rich brilliance and deep carved designs of Mum's table silver, she knew just what to give me when I was married.



Like Mother and Grandma, I also knew what I wanted for a wedding gift . . . Stanley Rogers table silver . . . Choosing the pattern I loved most was the hardest part.



My name is Robyn. Mum says I'm much too young to think about boys — but how else am I going to get my own lovely table silver?

Ask your retailer for a free colour folder showing the seven exclusive patterns and large range of gift packs.

### Countess

A truly aristocratic design with gracious elegance and a traditional beauty.



### Lady Katherine

Its gracious fluted stem and cameo panel are reminiscent of a Grecian column.



### Flower Song

A modern concept, combining delicate floral decoration and classical beauty.



Give a Lifetime of Happiness

Table Silver BY  
**STANLEY ROGERS**  
OF  SHEFFIELD

Available as individual pieces, gift packs, place settings, or in complete suites.  
44-piece Suites from \$49 . . . 7-piece Place Settings from \$9 . . . Gift Packs from \$2.



# Perfect Partners



Chocolatey Freeze



Strawberry Freeze

## Canned Pears &



## FREEZE

**EXCITING  
CARNIVAL  
DESSERT IDEA**



and

## Canned Pears



New from White Wings, an exciting dessert idea. Freeze, the quick, easy way to give the whole family a delicious summer treat. White Wings Freeze is available in four flavours. And to complement Freeze add golden, juicy pears. So easy and economical, just open the can. For a carnival of summer fun try the Perfect Partners—White Wings Freeze and canned pears. For more Carnival Dessert ideas, send for the special 101 Carnival Dessert Recipe Book—coupons on every pack.





# Soldiers' cakes for overseas by surface mail

● Fruit cakes are the best-keeping cakes to send to servicemen overseas, but not all men like fruit cake; they prefer a plain cake or a cherry cake. We've had many requests from readers all over Australia for a good, plain cake which will keep fresh for two to three weeks — the time it takes to reach Vietnam by surface mail.

## Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

OUR Leila Howard Test Kitchen tested several types of cake for their keeping qualities and has selected the three recipes given on this page; these cakes will keep fresh up to three weeks.

There is also a recipe for a fruit cake that can be baked in a half-gallon ice-cream can, then repacked and posted in the same can. This cake will keep in good condition for four to six weeks.

To ensure that the Cherry Cake, Spice Cake, and Vanilla Cake arrive at their destination in perfect condition, it is important to follow the directions for cooling and packing given below.

### Important points

**Preparing Tins:** Line cake tin with 3 thicknesses of greaseproof paper; it is not necessary to grease the paper.

**Cooling Cakes:** It is important, once the cake is removed from the oven, that everything that touches it should be sterilised and free from bacteria, which could cause mould on the cake. You will need to sterilise the wire rack on which the cake is cooled, the teatowel which covers it while it is cooling, and the sheet of aluminium foil in which it is wrapped.

To sterilise these three items:

● Place wire cooling rack in oven 15 minutes before end of cooking time, and leave it there until cake is cooked.

● Place teatowel on top of rack in oven for last 5 minutes of cooking time; do not leave it any longer or the oven heat may scorch it.

● Place aluminium foil in slow oven for 15 minutes. (Do this when ready to wrap cake.)

It is important that the cake, the wire rack, and the teatowel should all come from the oven at the same time, so all are completely sterile.

Turn cooked cake out on to wire rack; then, with hands on paper lining of cake, carefully turn cake right side up. Immediately cover with sterilised teatowel; just throw teatowel over cake so it covers cake and wire rack. Let stand 2 to 3 hours, until cake is completely cool.

When cake is cold, wrap in the sterilised aluminium foil (do not remove the greaseproof paper lining from cake).

Exclude as much air as possible when wrapping cake. Make foil airtight with sealing tape.

**Packing Cakes:** Because these cakes are not solid in texture like a fruit cake, careful packing is necessary to ensure their arrival in good condition.

You will need a stout cardboard box, just a little bigger and higher than the cake, and with a lid. Arrange 2 thicknesses of corrugated cardboard (the grocer often has this to spare) completely round sides and base of box. Then place cake in box.

Make small rolls of corrugated cardboard, stuff these firmly in corners of box (see picture on this page) so they hold cake firmly. Cut a square of corrugated cardboard a little smaller than box lid, place it on top of cake then cover with lid. Seal box well with sticky tape to make it airtight.

Extra corrugated cardboard can be secured round the outside of box for additional protection. Then wrap the box in brown paper for posting.

### Suitable cakes

The following recipes are for cakes suitable to send overseas.

#### VANILLA CAKE

7oz. butter  
1½ cups castor sugar  
2 tablespoons liquid glucose  
2 teaspoons vanilla  
2 eggs  
3½ cups plain flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1-3rd cup glycerine  
2 tablespoons powdered milk  
¼ cup water

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add glucose and vanilla, beat well. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour and baking powder, fold into mixture alter-

nately with glycerine and powdered milk mixed with water. Lightly beat until mixture is smooth. Pour into prepared 8in. square or round deep cake tin, bake in slow oven 1½ to 2 hours. Cool and pack as directed.

Weight, approx. 2½ to 2½lb. (unpacked).

#### SPICE CAKE

9½oz. (not quite 1½ cups) castor sugar  
6½oz. butter  
1 tablespoon glycerine  
2½ tablespoons liquid glucose  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1½ teaspoons salt  
2½ tablespoons plain flour  
4 eggs  
1½ tablespoons powdered milk  
2 cups plain flour, extra  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
3 drops acetic acid (33 1-3rd percent, purchased at chemist's)  
1oz. mixed peel  
1 teaspoon nutmeg

Cream the butter until soft, add castor sugar, glycerine, liquid glucose and sifted baking powder, salt, and 2½ tablespoons flour. Beat until light and fluffy. Beat eggs together, then gradually add beaten eggs to creamed mixture. Add vanilla and acetic acid. Lastly fold in sifted flour, powdered milk, and nutmeg alternately with finely chopped peel. Mix lightly until smooth, pour into prepared 8in. square or round cake tin. Bake in moderately slow oven, covered with double thickness of greaseproof paper, 1½ to 2 hours. Cool and pack as directed.

Weight, approx. 2½ to 2½lb. (unpacked).

#### CHERRY CAKE

8oz. butter  
¾ cup castor sugar  
3 eggs  
2 cups plain flour  
pinch salt  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1 teaspoon almond essence  
4oz. glace cherries

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition and adding 1 teaspoon of pre-measured, sifted flour after each egg. Add remaining sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Lastly fold in almond essence and sliced cherries. Turn into prepared 8in. square tin, bake in slow oven 2½ to 3 hours. Cool and pack as directed above.

Weight, approx. 2½lb. (unpacked).

Note: If making this cake to serve at home, wrap and store 2 weeks before cutting.

#### FRUIT CAKE

This is a delicious fruit cake that can be baked in a half-gallon ice-cream can, then repacked and posted in the same can.

1lb. 6oz. mixed fruit  
½ cup rum or brandy  
4oz. butter or substitute  
4oz. brown sugar  
½ teaspoon each grated orange and lemon rind  
few drops almond essence  
1 tablespoon marmalade  
½ teaspoon vanilla  
½ teaspoon caramel or parisian essence  
2 eggs  
1½ cups (5oz.) plain flour  
pinch salt  
½ teaspoon spice  
½ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg

Chop fruit and place in basin, pour spirits over, mix well. Cover, stand overnight. Cream butter with brown sugar, grated fruit rinds, almond and vanilla essences; add marmalade and caramel or parisian essence. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix well.

Line half-gallon square or round ice-cream can with 2 layers of brown paper and one layer of white paper. Spoon in cake mixture, level top. Bake in slow oven approximately 3 hours. Stand cake in can on wire rack. Allow to cool overnight; remove from can. Wash can, if necessary, to remove any stains which may have formed during cooking; dry well. Line can with aluminium foil. Remove brown paper from cake, leaving white paper. Return cake to can. Pack top with several layers of corrugated cardboard; this will hold cake firmly in place in can. Place lid on firmly and secure with sticky tape.

Weight, approximately 3lb. in can. (This does not include outside packing for posting.)



CHERRY CAKE is easy to make and is a favorite with men. It will keep moist and in good condition during a journey by surface mail of up to three weeks. The recipe and packing directions are below.



WHEN PACKING the cake, insert rolls of corrugated cardboard in each corner of box, as shown. This will hold cake firmly, prevent it from moving about and becoming broken in transit.



# make a Golden Circle summer freeze

taste treasure  
from the  
tropics

## TROPICAL SNOW

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple, 2 egg whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 pkts. jelly crystals (1 lime, 1 strawberry).

Prepare jelly according to directions. Cool, then chill till firm. Place crushed pineapple and syrup in refrigerator trays. Freeze firm. Meanwhile, beat egg whites until frothy, then gradually beat in sugar. Turn frozen pineapple into basin and fold in meringue. Return mixture to trays and freeze until serving time. Serve with jelly in parfait glasses, topped with whipped cream and a cherry.

You and your refrigerator can do wonderful things this summer with Golden Circle Tropical Pineapple and Tropical Fruit Salad. There are other colourful and enticing Summer Freeze desserts in the free Recipe Leaflet at your store. Make sure of your copy.



## Children's Corner

Here's another ice block idea for the kiddies after school, or for your long summer drinks.

Half fill ice cube trays with GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple and syrup, then add one or more of the following: fresh strawberries, glace cherries, sliced crystallised ginger, pitted dates, seeded raisins. Freeze until firm.

made with  
**Golden Circle**  
TROPICAL  
CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

PEEL A CAN AND TASTE THE SUNSHINE



# TEN BEAUTIFUL WEDDING CAKES



*FIRST-PRIZE WINNER at this year's Royal Easter Show in Sydney, this cake was decorated by Miss Shirley Watt, Marrickville, N.S.W. Oval tins were specially made.*

● A three-page feature of beautiful wedding cakes, ranging in size from elaborate three-tiers to a simple one-tier cake for a small wedding reception. Many of the ten designs shown have won prizes for their skilled decorators.

These modern wedding cakes are directly descended from the Roman Confarreatio, the ancient marriage ceremony at which a special type of cake was broken over the bride's head as a symbol of fruitfulness and plenty; each guest would take away a piece of the cake to ensure a future of plenty. From this came the modern custom of boxing small pieces of wedding cake for guests to take away. There is an old superstition that if an unmarried girl sleeps with a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, she'll dream of the man she will marry.

*DIAMOND SHAPE was chosen for this cake by Mrs. E. Taylor, Jannali, N.S.W. She decorated the cake with clusters of bouvardias, hyacinths, forget-me-nots.*

Continued overleaf





Continuing . . .  
TEN BEAUTIFUL WEDDING CAKES



*IDEAL* for a small wedding reception is this one-tier cake decorated by Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castle Cove, N.S.W. The centrepiece is a piped tulle handkerchief, and the flowers are roses and bouvardia.



*DELICATE* extension work is featured on this three-tier cake decorated by Mrs. Dorothy Emmerson, of Toowoomba, Qld. Roses and buds, tiny blue birds, and hyacinths are included in the decorations.



*FULLY OPENED* roses and buds, arranged in two beautiful sprays, are the decoration on this traditional two-tier cake by Mrs. Betsey Pike, of Panania, N.S.W. The roses are tinted pale gold.

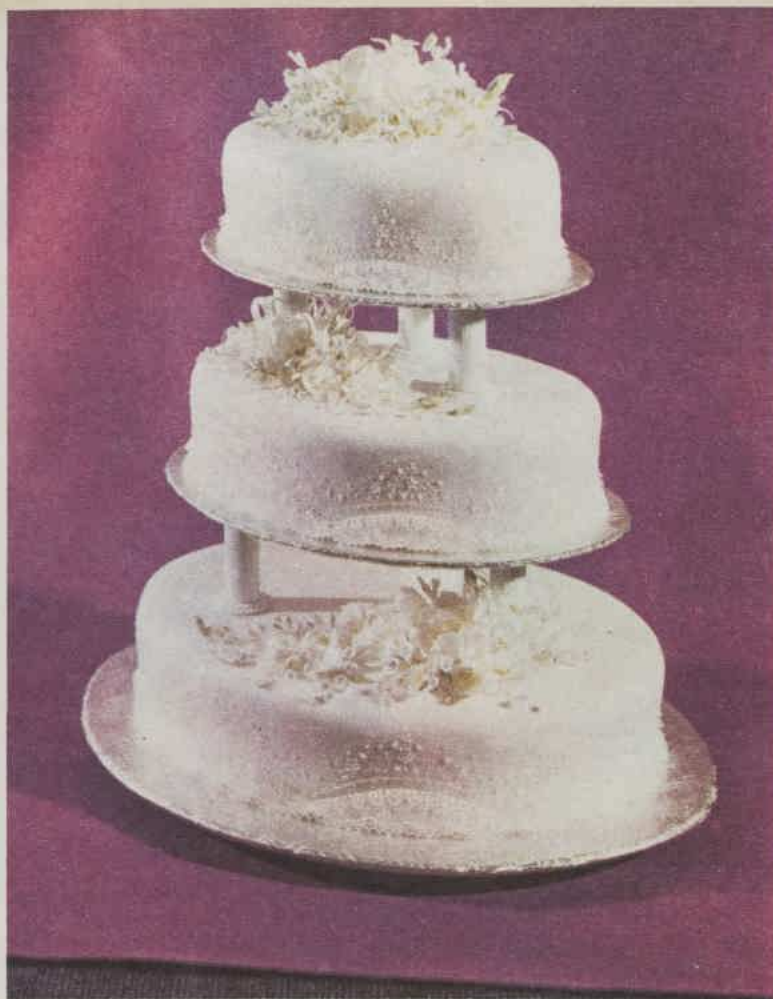


*TRAILS* of briar roses and hyacinths are featured on the two-tier cake above. It is the work of Miss Heather Acton, of Marrickville, N.S.W. She has added delicate extension work in a lacy design.





SNOWDROPS, hyacinths, mock-orange blossom, and lily of the valley are the flowers arranged in delicate sprays and in a cluster at the top. It is the work of Mrs. N. Dunn, of Pennant Hills, N.S.W.



ANOTHER OVAL SHAPE baked in specially made tins was decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W. The elegant design is formed of roses, lily of the valley, orange blossom on three tiers.

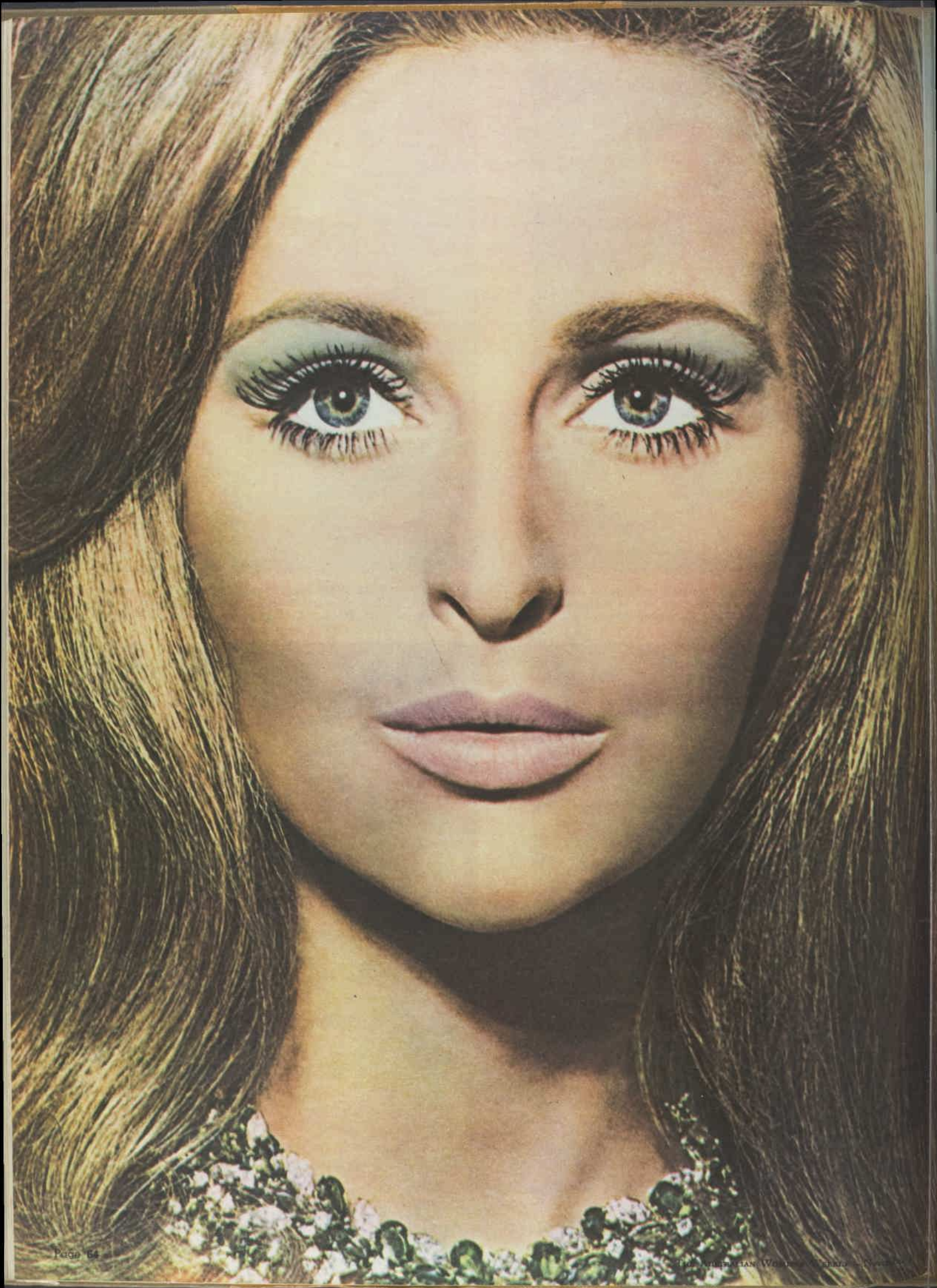


FINE, DELICATE PIPING on this beautiful cake matched the lace on the bride's frock. The cake was decorated by Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castle Cove, N.S.W., who used Cecil Brunner roses, snowdrops.



UNUSUAL IVY-LEAF FILIGREE adorns the top of this lovely traditional cake, which was decorated by Miss Jennifer Hammond, home adviser with the Gas and Fuel Corporation, Melbourne.







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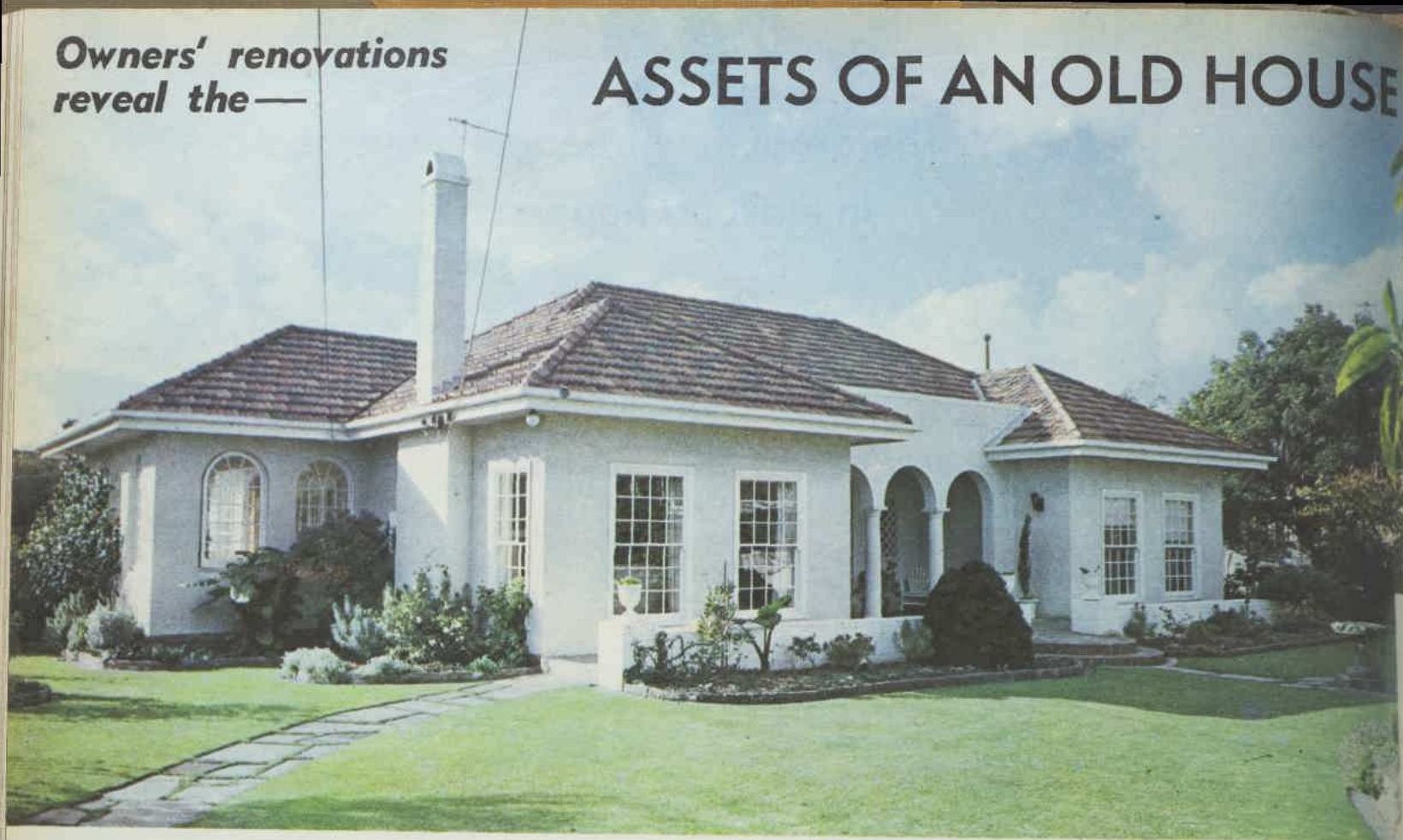
If all you restless beauties hadn't asked for the absolute moon, we might never have invented this face-age phenomenon. (But now Demi-Makeup is here. Aren't you glad that you thought of it?)

Necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels



Owners' renovations  
reveal the —

# ASSETS OF AN OLD HOUSE



Built in the 1930s, Mr. and Mrs. R. Goodman's renovated house (above) at Brighton, Vic., retains its original graceful features — portico wall along the terrace, arched windows with grilles.



Rear patio (left), off kitchen and new additions, was formerly an old veranda leading from kitchen to laundry; now it makes a pleasant outdoor living area.

Panelling in the entrance hall (right) was stripped of its original dark stain, treated with shellac, and then limed. Because of the heavy cost involved, Mrs. Goodman did this strenuous job herself.



Sunroom (left) retains original arched windows, but soft rugs cover the cold terrazzo floor and walls of dark woodwork are now painted a soft, light color.

Large mirror in the main bedroom (above) was one of Mrs. Goodman's furniture "finds." Ornately carved furniture was stripped, limed, and stained.





**RENOVATIONS** by owners Mr. and Mrs. R. Goodman, emphasise the graceful features of their Spanish-mission-style house at Brighton, Vic. The house is one of a number of similar-styled houses built in Melbourne in the 1930s.

Although solidly built, it was dark inside by today's standards, especially as it stands on a site overlooking Brighton Beach.

Mrs. Goodman, who did practically all the renovations herself, lived with her family in the house for five years before deciding how to renovate and redecorate it. Then, instead of trying to obliterate the features of a bygone style, and submerge them in an anonymous modernity, she decided to find furnishings to complement them.

It has taken her another five years to have her house just the way she wants it, and for six years she has regularly visited junk shops and auctions, picking up suitable furnishing pieces.

Mrs. Goodman looked for very heavy, ornately carved furniture, quite different from the popular Victorian or lean contemporary pieces. One piece appears to be a William and Mary dresser, another with old hand-made nails is either of a similar period, or a copy. Others are Victorian but are skilfully hand-carved.

The bedroom dressing-table and the living-room sideboard were both such massive pieces that they were each cut down into three parts for side-tables.

Mrs. Goodman had all these pieces stripped, limed, and lightly stained, some in a grey tint, some in a milk-coffee color.

She has gradually gathered the matching furnishing pieces she has—a Greek wool and mohair rug in the sunroom, ceramic pot-plant stands used as side-tables, alabaster vases, a white American rocking-chair, a \$1 bunch of glass grapes, and a very old oil painting bought for \$1.25.

At the other end of the price scale, Mrs. Goodman had a metal base specially made for her dining table; a mahogany Italian chair upholstered in velvet dyed to a pale heliotrope color; new carpeting through living-room and dining-room to match the soft green used in other furnishings.

"Some things you get cheaply, and for some you must pay a lot. You've just got to make sure it's going to be worth the price you pay," she said. "I looked at one of the ceramic pot-plant stands on and off in the same auction rooms for 12 months before I decided to pay \$14.00 for it. But it was

a needed touch of the same soft heliotrope color I used in the chair. A small German metal table was another investment I thought about—it was ornate, but quite solid and useful."

With green, white, and lavender or heliotrope furnishings the effect is unusually light and restful, but bright enough to suit the waterfront atmosphere of Brighton.

Extensive alterations were made to the back of the house to include a terrazzo patio and a room where the children can watch TV. The biggest jobs—to the walls and the woodwork—were done by the owners themselves.

Mrs. Goodman remembers how she and her husband "scrimped" the ceiling, treating it with hessian and plaster from above; how the family, wearing caps to protect them from the dust of 30 years, spent Sunday afternoons in the roof, her two little boys sitting in great glee on the crossbeams enjoying the adventure of it all, and the dog barking frantically below because he couldn't come up the ladder, too!

"One spider and I quit," Mrs. Goodman recalls saying at the time, but harder jobs were to come. Her marathon effort was refinishing all the walls in the entrance hall. They were of darkly stained wood panels, fashionable when the house was built. The wood was of good quality, so Mrs. Goodman spent six months stripping it of the stain.

Wearing jeans and rubber gloves, and with some help from her family and neighboring small boys, she worked at the walls daily—stripping and sandpapering the surface, then applying shellac.

And when she had finished liming the wood she applied a professional coat of shellac. "I got a quote on liming the hall," said Mrs. Goodman, "and it was far too expensive. The man kindly told me how to do it, never thinking I would, I'm sure!"

Mrs. Goodman applied the liming mixture of white polish and chalk all round the walls, and finally had the woodwork round doors leading to other rooms done to match. Joinery and wooden furniture pieces were also limed to match.

Mrs. Goodman is glad the hard work is over now. Since beginning her renovations, she has had a daughter, now three years old, and so has less time for big projects. But she still attends auctions and looks through antique shops—it is just part of her way of life.

Dining-room table (above) was made to match set of ornate chairs. Archway replaces a wall alcove and opens to a new room added to open house to sun. Openings either side of arch replace small push-up sash windows. Curtained servery hatch on right opens to kitchen in place of an old stove.



Story by Carol Bertie  
Pictures by Les Gorrie



# MINE TO LOVE



CORA spoke decisively, as always. "You've got to feed the whole child."

"It's about all I can do to find the end that hollers," Betsy spoke wearily, as usual.

"If you'd only planned . . ."

"How can you plan twins?" Betsy asked.

"Did it have to be so soon after Peggy?"

"Jim and I wanted our children to grow up together. It's more fun for them."

"But, darling, fun isn't everything. You must develop their artistic potentialities, too."

"Peg does handweaving," Betsy said, hopefully. "She made me these pot-holders."

"How sweet." Cora glanced at her niece's handiwork. "But, such awful colors!"

Betsy hung the red-and-green and blue-and-orange squares back on their hook. Cora was right, she supposed. Cora was always right. Cora had graduated from high school with honors while little sister Betsy had squandered through fractions by the skin of her brace-laden teeth. Cora had been May Queen at college, and would soon be vice-president of her firm. Cora wore designer clothes and gave perfect dinners for amusing people.

"You mustn't vegetate," Cora was saying. "You must broaden your horizons."

"Honestly," Betsy said as she pushed another load into the washer, "I simply don't have time."

"Do it in little ways, dear. Put some glamor into your meals, for instance. Dine by candlelight. Serve exotic food."

"Jim likes plain cooking."

Her sister left, wearing that what-can-you-do-with-her expression that Betsy had been seeing all her life.

Betsy shoved the coffee cup into the dishwasher as the twins whooped in, demanding lunch.

"How about some lovely mushroom soup . . ."

The "lck" was deafening.

She tried again at dinner, went all out on gracious touches—flowers, the best place-mats. She shot her eyes to the probable consequences and gave everybody, even the twins, crystal goblets instead of jelly glasses. She put on the hostess gown she had never worn because it was much too pretty to fry an egg or scrub a twin in. She had never had time to take up the hem. With her high heels, it barely cleared the floor.

Her family reacted exactly as she had expected. "What's the big occasion?" Jim asked, and Peg wanted to know, "Is it a party?" while the twins clapped their hands and asked where the presents were. In his excitement, Mike knocked over his goblet. Jim got most of the contents in his lap.

"Why'd you give it to him?" he said, shaking his head as he sopped with his napkin.

"I'll get a sponge," Betsy jumped up, caught her spike heel in the hem of her too-long gown and went sprawling.

Jim came around the table quickly. "Can't you watch where you're going?" His strong hands slid under her shoulders. "Come on, hon. Up we go."

"My leg," she moaned.

"Let's see." He clawed at the gown, cursing its folds. The angle of the bone was sickening.

He raced for the telephone. In a minute he was back, scowling with anxiety. "Don't try to move. They're sending an ambulance."



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By CHARLOTTE MACLEOD

I've got to find somebody to stay with the kids."

"Get Cora." Her head was splitting.

His face lightened. "Right." From then on, Betsy had only flashes of awareness: a door slamming; Jim's hand holding hers too tight; voices saying words like "concussion" and "double fracture," then nothing. When she woke, her leg was in traction.

"They'll have to take this contraption off! I've got to get home to the kids."

She must have said it aloud. Somebody replied, "Relax, Mrs. Howell. You're not going anywhere for quite a while."

Jim came that night, alone. She held his hand and drifted into a pleasant twilight where the throbbing in her leg was only something a long way off. She could hear him talking.

"Cora taught the kids finger painting. Peg's done a mural for the playroom."

"That's nice." She supposed it was her own voice answering. "Did you eat?"

"Oh, sure. Cora had a real gourmet meal waiting when I got home." After a while, he kissed her and left.

The next day Betsy was less groggy, which meant she felt the pain more. She read her cards, looked at her flowers, pecked at the dreary hospital food, and slept a lot. Jim brought ice-cream. She ate three spoonfuls.

"Here, you finish it," she said.

"No, thanks, I couldn't. Cora put on a Spanish dinner. We had gazpacho."

"What's that?"

"Cold soup with things floating in it."

"Did the twins eat any?"

"Sure, they thought it was great. We had wine, too — and Cora used those glasses Aunt Florrie gave us. She says it's a shame not to enjoy them and she's got the place shined up so you wouldn't know it."

On the whole, Jim's visit was not much comfort. Neither was the next one. Cora had rearranged the living-room, taken the kids to a concert, and served snails with a sauterne. Betsy had a hard time saying, "How lovely."

As the days went by, she found herself dreading to see Jim come. He was too polite, too careful. For the first time in their marriage he was keeping something from her. She knew what it was, from all the things he didn't say. He told her what Cora served for dinner every night; but never what they talked about over the wine and candlelight, or how they spent the long evenings together.

How could it have happened? Cora went for handsome men of the Continental type. What could a sophisticate like her see in sweet, plain American Jim?

Betsy stopped eating and began to cry a lot. Jim noticed.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Homesick," she lied.

"I know." There was a catch in his voice; and for a moment she hoped. Then he said, "But don't worry about a thing. Cora's doing her usual great job."

"If she's that good, you won't want me back at all."

Jim chose to ignore the bitterness in her voice and asked when she might be coming home.

"Tomorrow."

Jim put on a good act, but he was clearly uneasy. After all, her homecoming meant the end of those candlelight dinners. Or did it? Would he and Cora be able to give each other up, just like that?

Jim would do it if he had to. He wasn't the man to walk out on his children because he was bored with their mother. But could she endure being only a responsibility, after having been Jim's love for seven years? Finally, the nurse

brought her a pill and she went to sleep.

She was dressed and waiting when Jim came to get her the next morning.

He was so edgy she wanted to scream, "Say it. Get it over."

They were almost home before he pulled off the road. "Look, Betsy," he choked, "there's something I have to tell you."

"I know." She hardly recognised her own voice. "It's about Cora."

He took a deep breath. "I fought it, hon. You've got to be-

lieve me. But, Betsy, I couldn't stand having her around. Japanese flower arrangements in my fishing tackle. The kids whining for peanut butter and getting gazpacho. I took it for three days, then blew my stack. I told her to quit trying to run our lives, and to take her artistic potentialities and . . ."

She fell happily into his arms as he began to explain how he'd tried to spare her. She smiled at his bewildered look — that look that was hers alone to understand.

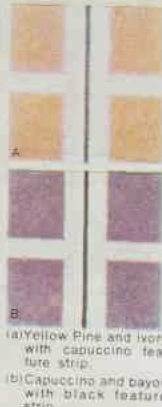
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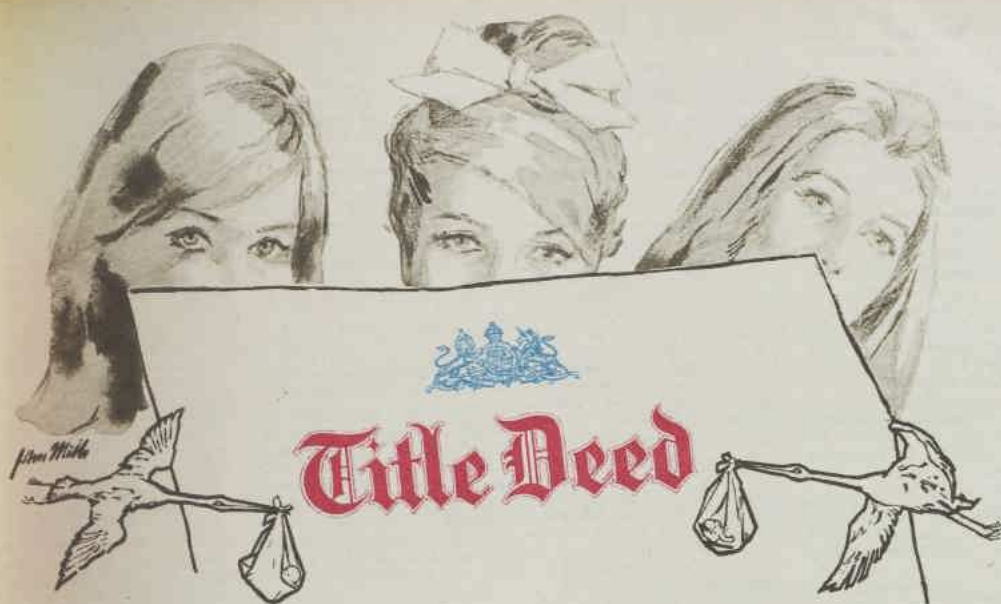


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 1, 1967





With such a rich inheritance it was easy to see why the sisters chose to remain spinsters

IF you were to ask any of the residents of Berrian who is the most beautiful girl in the town, you can bet your last cent they'll say Julie Hartwell, or either of her two sisters, Joan and Jean. Most of the folks would settle for saying, "One of the Hartwell girls," and leave it at that, unable to select one in preference to another.

If you were to see them you would understand why people are reluctant to name only one of the three girls: Julie, with her beautiful dark eyes, seems to fill the order. Then you meet Joan as she shops around the town. The delicate moulding of her face entrances you; you call her name and she turns and smiles at you, and right away you feel that no woman can be as beautiful as she is . . . until you see Jean, with her lithe figure, her graceful way of walking, and are lucky enough to hear her speak. Her voice is slightly husky, intensely intriguing, and sweetly soothing.

There is a year or so between their birthdays, they are now all happily married. But there was a time when it looked as though John Hartwell was going to be stuck with three spinster daughters for the rest of his life.

Each of them had everything any man could desire in a wife, yet, because their father was a widower for long past, they somehow got into the habit of staying closely knit as a family, rarely accepting an invitation to go to a dance or a party unless invited as a group, making it hard going for any young man desirous of getting one or another alone for a while with a view of expressing his innermost feelings.

Old John Hartwell would have married again if he had had any sense, said the gossips of the town. But most of them had known his late wife, Barbara, and known what a beautiful woman she was, too. He would have needed to search far and wide to find a woman with half of her qualities, which probably accounted for his continued widowerhood, his devotion to the three girls, and the way he had immersed himself in his property, "Unwin," until it had become the finest in the valley, thereby making him one of the richest men in what was a rich pastoral area.

But he had been heard to express one regret on a few occasions:

"I've got three fine daughters," he reputedly said, "but I do wish that my dear wife had left me a son. Here I am, a first-class property on my hands, and no son to bear my name and look after the place after I've passed on. It's a great pity."

There was something else he said to Ray Caswell, of the grain stores, which was as fatal as making the announcement across the front page of the "Berrian and District Chronicle."

"My only wish now, Ray," he said, if one is to believe Caswell's story, "is that my three girls marry soon and give me some grandsons. Even one grandson would do . . . just someone to carry on the place. Surely a man with three daughters would get at least one grandson from them?"

Caswell, always a spanner tosser, flung one into the works right then. "What if you had a grandson who didn't want to work the property? What if you had a few grandsons? Which one would inherit the place after you're gone?"

Hartwell's eyes had narrowed. "There'll be nothing for anyone who's a shirker. If there's more than one,

they get equal shares of 'Unwin' when I die. If one wishes to sell out, he'll have to sell his share at an agreed valuation to the others. I'll get my solicitor to bottle up that part of the deal. I'm not handing my hard-earned money over to a waster."

"That's good planning," agreed Caswell. "Now you've only got to see the girls married. Any signs of activity on that front?"

At that time there had not been a likely prospect for any of the girls within miles of Berrian. The eligible bachelors, on failing to separate them, had looked elsewhere, and others who had heard about the three good-looking Hartwell girls wondered to themselves if they really existed, or if they were another local yarn like the 17lb. trout which turned up in the Berrian River every year but wouldn't be tempted to take the hook.

Or the gold seam which ran from the hotel to the chapel nave, waiting for some rash miner to try his luck again. Four individual miners had, in the past, lost their lives digging for the gold when, for no apparent reason, the roof props had collapsed.

Whatever the reason, there were no suitors for the girls until John Hartwell brought into effect his plan to put his girls into circulation.

"Julie," he said, addressing the eldest girl one Sunday night after tea, "you are going for a holiday on your own next week. Take your pick—Surfers Paradise, Perth, or a cruise to Hawaii, Fiji, and a few of those other places the boats call on. You're home too much. It'll do you good to get out and meet new people. What'll it be?"

Astonished, unable to gather her wits, but pleased by her father's offer, she chose the cruise.

"Good girl," he said beaming. "I'll get you booked aboard a ship next week. Get yourself any dresses and things you need tomorrow. You don't have to be stingy. Now, which holiday will you have, Joan? Perth's all right. I was there a couple of days on my way to the Middle East during World War I. I'll bet it's a big place now."

Joan glanced at each of her sisters, seeking help. Neither said a word.

"I'll take Perth, Dad, if you don't mind. A girl I went to school with is living there. It would be nice to see her again."

"Well, that leaves me packing for a trip to Surfers Paradise," Jean said lightheartedly. "It's a place I've always wanted to see. Nevertheless, Dad, I can't see why you don't let us all take the holiday together. Couldn't we?"

"No you can't," Hartwell said, quite firmly. "You'll have separate holidays. I'll keep you three apart for a few weeks if I have to use gelignite to do it."

John Hartwell's plan to get the girls married off was not a clever plan but, like many simple plans, it was effective. Julie didn't find romance among the passengers aboard the cruise ship, but she did end up by marrying one of the crew. He was the ship's third-officer, a Scot from Peebles who had no objections to settling in Australia with a lovely girl whose father had, it appeared, a wee bit of a farm somewhere inland.

Joan met her future husband in Perth, according to

To page 72

By CHARLES STAMP

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967



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Page 71



# JEWEL

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plan. He was a workmate of the husband of her old school friend, and as soon as he saw her he developed endless excuses for calling around on business.

"I was thinking of coming east this year," he said to Joan the night before she was due to return. "There seem to be a lot more opportunities for sporting goods salesmen over there. Would your family object if I dropped in to say hello?"

She arrived home on a Tuesday. Alan Tanner arrived to say hello two days later, much to the pleasure of Joan and her father. John Hartwell looked this latest contender up and down as he shook his hand. Tanner was a young giant, a fine and healthy looking specimen who would, no doubt, give him grandsons of strapping proportions.

"You're very welcome, Alan," he said warmly. "I hope your business won't prevent you from staying with us for a few days. We have a fine property here, and I'd like to show you over it."

The old chap was bitterly disappointed when Alan arrived home refreshed, suntanned, and happy, but empty-handed.

"Did you meet any nice young fellows, Jean?" he asked her, not satisfied with a score of two out of three. "What do you think of Julie's Scotsman and Joan's Greek god? I can hear wedding bells ringing out loud and clear. Didn't you have a good time?"

"Marvellous," she answered in her husky voice. "I lived every minute of the holiday to the full. But I didn't catch a husband at Surfers Paradise, if that's what you mean. But I met a nice chap on the plane from Sydney. He's a journalist and he is starting work on the 'Berrian and District Chronicle' this week. Isn't that a coincidence?"

"A newspaperman!" Old Hartwell blew his nose in disgust. "Couldn't you meet someone who does a proper job of work for a living?"

## TITLE DEED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

Well... I suppose you know what you're doing mixing up with that type of a person. Bring him here soon and let's have a look at him."

And that's how I first met John Hartwell. He never did seem to take to me as readily as he took to Andrew and Alan, but, to be fair, after Jean and I married he was somewhat friendlier.

He must have felt that his luck had run out when the first two grandchildren came along. Julie had a daughter a week before Christmas, and Joan's daughter arrived toward the end of the following February. Two grandchildren and still no boy to carry on the good work.

To some extent, I suppose, one could blame Doctor Lee for what subsequently occurred. Old Hartwell went to him for his annual check-up and finally succumbed to the doctor's twenty-odd years of pleading with him to drop everything and take a holiday.

"You've got more mileage behind you than those tractors you run, and you work harder than all of them put together. If you don't have a long holiday soon you're not going to be around when one of the girls presents you with a grandson."

"I'll nip up to Sydney for a week during the Easter Show, Stan," he said reluctantly.

Doc Lee swore quietly at the ceiling. "I'm talking about a long holiday — somewhere overseas. Go for at least a year. Spend some of that money you've been hoarding for years. Go by sea to England. Visit the Continent... have a look at America... see how the other half live. How old are you? Sixty-two, isn't it? Carry on the way you're doing and you'll never see sixty-three."

Hartwell looked up quickly at Doctor Lee, astonished by his words.

"I mean it," said Lee. "Lose yourself for a year or

two or you're finished." "What about Jean? She's expecting her baby soon."

Only Doc Lee could speak to John Hartwell in the way he did now. They had been friends for many years.

"She'll manage, John. And I'll manage, too. I've brought more babies into this world than you've had hot dinners. We'll both manage without you."

"Do you think it will be a boy?"

"If it's not," said Lee, grinning, "it'll be a girl — which is as close as you'll get in this sort of gambling."

I have to admit that we were all surprised when Old John told us he was going to take the doctor's advice, more surprised when he announced that he was going to book a passage right away before something came up to change his mind. Doctor Lee's warning had really stirred him.

He was gone before the end of the month, loaded with baggage and traveller's cheques, shouting last-minute instructions to us all about various jobs to be done on the property.

"Don't worry about a thing," we called back. "Just enjoy yourself and have a good rest. Send a postcard from the places you visit."

"Send a cablegram as soon as the baby's born, Frank. See that it's a boy."

In all he was away for eighteen months. It was difficult to keep up with his movements at times. Postcards arrived from Belfast, Madrid, London, Paris, San Francisco, Rome, Zurich... anywhere and everywhere... one after the other as though he was devouring as much of the trip as he could in the least amount of time.

Our baby was born. It was a boy, and we called him John after his grandfather. We immediately sent off a cable and in no time at all received his reply. It had been sent from Cornwall:

"Highly delighted. Look-

ing forward to seeing John and everybody when I get home. Love to all."

But he didn't come home. As I said, he was away for eighteen months, tripping here and there during the period, but apparently making some old hotel in a Cornish village his overseas headquarters. Cards or letters would arrive from Monaco or Brussels, but after a time the mail would again bear the Cornish postmark and he would seem to settle there for a time before setting off on another sightseeing tour.

The day he was due to arrive back we gathered at the station to meet him. The trip to meet the ship in Sydney would have been too much for the children, and we decided it would be better if we were all together, as we would meet the Sydney train.

THE atmosphere at the station while we waited was a happy one, especially for Joan and me, knowing that very soon we would be able to let the old chap see his only grandson. He had the means to have many things. He had been able to tour the world in luxury. Yet here, on this country platform, was the thing he had longed for more than anything else. A grandson!

He truly looked ten years younger when he stepped from the train. I had never seen such a remarkable change in a man.

"How's everybody?" he greeted us. "I've got a beautiful surprise for you. Meet my wife and the baby."

Anthea is English. From Cornwall, actually. They met at an agricultural show where she was judging bull-terriers. She's in her early thirties, I guess, and she is a very attractive woman. Nice, too — the type of person you take to immediately. Their baby is only two months old.

They've called their baby John, too... which will cause some confusion!

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## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I HAVE a pink, opaque-glass vase, embossed in gold paint and colored with gemstones. It stands 16in. high and has no lettering on it. I believe it to be one of a pair which my father remembers in his home in England nearly 80 years ago.—K. O'Donnell, Brisbane.

Your picture (not published) shows a pink vase, a typical example of the mid-Victorian era — about 1870.

I AM enclosing a picture (right) of one of a pair of ornaments which have been in possession of my family for at least 50 years. Each ornament has a different marking near the bottom of the pottery section. I enclose sketches of the markings.—Harvey Waldron, Albany, W.A.

The ewer-shaped vase was made at Kyoto in Japan about 1900.

● Japanese vase



● Victorian mug

BOUGHT the copper vase (above) more than 20 years in a second-hand shop. It has a scratched marking on the side which is indecipherable. It has a silver metal handle and a silver metal base.—Mrs. J. McCarthy, South Australia, Vic.

This is a Victorian mug which was originally electroplated with silver on the copper surface. It was made about 1850.

HAVE an ornament which I was given about 40 years ago by a very old lady. I have often wondered what the ornament was originally intended for. It is six inches high and the top lifts right off, the flower spray on top acting as a handle. The only mark on the bottom is "25" written in gold and two strokes with other stroke through them. Could you tell me what it is and how old it is?—Mrs. D. Wright, Ballam, Vic.

Your ornament is a Victorian porcelain perfume bottle with copper, the gourd shape encased with naturalistic flowers in color. From your picture (not published), this appears to be of continental origin — probably German. It may have been made at a minor pottery in Berlin about 1870. The Coalport potters in England made similar bottles, but the texture of Coalport is somewhat creamy compared with continental examples, which are clear white.

COULD you give me your opinion on the oriental figure (below)? My aunt died recently at the age of 90 and was given to her when she was child. The head is a very faded emerald color, the jacket is emerald with red flashes here and there, and the base is stone colored. The head and hand move up and down but are not detachable. The figure is made of wood.—Mr. K. Spence, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

This unusual pottery figure was made in Japan during the latter part of the nineteenth century — about 1880 to 1890. It was probably made at Kyoto.



● Japanese figure



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# SWEET-SCENTED CLIMBERS



● Jasmine polyanthum (above) growing in a profusion of sweet-scented flower along the veranda also frames the garage at Mr. and Mrs. F. Fox's home at Rose Bay, N.S.W.



At right: The yellow banksia rose, a thornless climbing rose especially useful on pergolas and walls. There is also a perfumed white variety.

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● Grecian-pillared entrance to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gluth's home in South Yarra, Vic., supports a wisteria that is almost 100 years old. It was brought as a small plant by one of the house's early owners, Miss May Brookes, from her family home.

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See gardening notes, page 77

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



*be gentle*



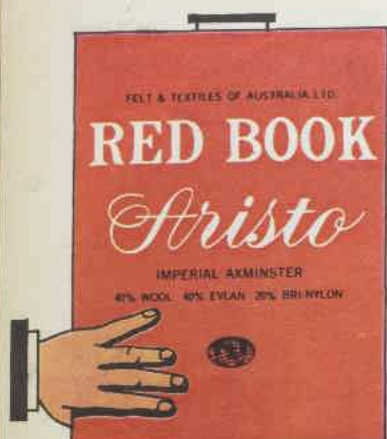
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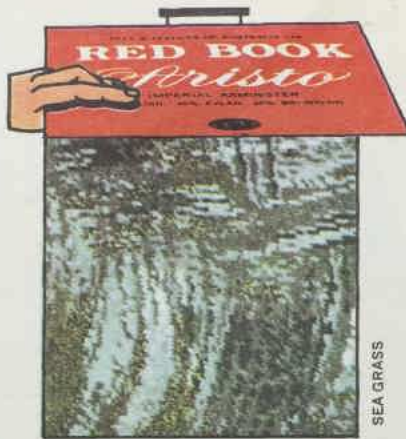
Above: Polyester crepe, \$4.99. Below: Swiss crinkle cotton, \$6.99

Lady Pelaco



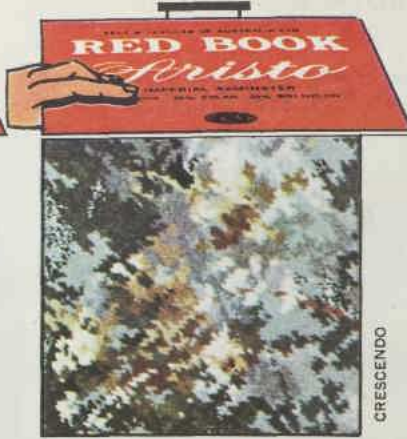


Well, I've always had an Axminster. You know, for the quality, but I must admit I didn't know you could get such contemporary designs and colours.



SEA GRASS

Oh things are happening to Axminster, Madam, that have changed... these Red Books are a marvellous idea aren't they! Who is it, now, that makes Red Book Carpets?



CRESCENDO

Felt and Textiles, Madam, Australia's large... oh yes, they're very good aren't they.



PALETTE

I think my girl friend's brother-in-law works for them and he's awfully nice. It's hard to make up your mind when you see so many styles all under the one cover like this.



FLINT

Bruce, he's my husband, says I can never make up my mind about anything but he's so illogical anyway.



SIERRA

Perhaps Madam would... Now look at those colours. That pattern is superb but Bruce would have a fit if I tried to bring it into the house.



AUTUMN BREEZE

He's rather more conservative than me. It comes from his mother's side I'm sure. Hmm, that's much more in his line. Actually I rather like that myself.



PAMPAS

These are very good quality too. You feel how thick that pile is. Yes, Madam, I'm aware that... Barbara! I beg your pardon, Madam.



APPLEDOOR

Barbara! That one's Barbara to a tee. Big sweeps of understated colour. I'd better keep her away from here or Alex will kill me.



OASIS

I don't know. As sure as I pick something Bruce'll say I'm going all, you know, "Home Beautiful". Look, I think we'll come in tomorrow lunch time and decide on something together.



ARCADIA

It's very handy having the Red Book like this. Now what's your name.



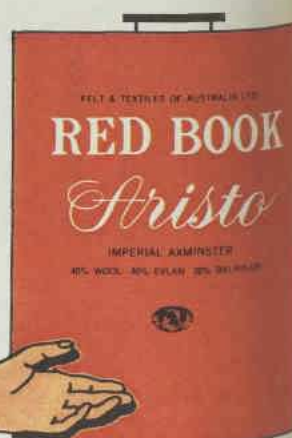
SEARACK

Browne, Madam, with an E. But I'm off between one and two.

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# CLIMBING PLANTS ... for beauty in small spaces

**C**limbing plants offer the same advantages as espaliers — in limited space they allow you to enjoy flowers, fragrance, and the other advantages of shrubs and trees, but without the patient training needed for espaliers.

Climbers will also beautify and screen fences or buildings and provide backgrounds for small gardens.

The plants listed have been selected for their pleasant fragrance, but they are also decorative.

By ALLAN SEALE

Foremost among the fragrant climbers are the JASMINES. The title jasmine is loosely bestowed on a number of plants having little more than perfume and (usually) white flowers in common.

Jasmine commonly includes genera such as *jasminum*, *gelsemium* (Carolina jasmine), *stephanotis* (Madagascar jasmine), *mandevilla* (Chilean jasmine), *trachelospermum* (star jasmine). Only the last two genera are botanically related.

Even the gardenia is sometimes known as Cape jasmine and the frangipani as tree jasmine.

**JASMINUM:** *J. polyanthum* over recent years has become the most widely grown species in most areas. It is sometimes known as pink jasmine because the generous clusters of flowers are interspersed with rosy pink buds which do give a pink impression, but these

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*J. primulinum* (also known as *J. mesnyi*), the yellow jasmine, is a useful, winter-flowering viny shrub which can be splayed effectively over walls or fences, but has no appreciable perfume. All these *jasminums* are evergreen.

*Gelsemium sempervirens*, Carolina jasmine. An attractive climber with small, dark green, pointed foliage and reddish-brown stems generously arrayed with clusters of yellow bells, winter and spring. It has a sweet jasmine fragrance. A handsome plant twining around pillars or through lattice. Stands light frosts.

*Stephanotis floribunda*, Madagascar jasmine. A handsome creeper with clusters of bold, white, waxy, tubular flowers often used by florists for bridal bouquets. It has a rich fragrance and attractive, cleanly cut foliage.

Needs a warm position protected from frost and plenty of water in summer.

*Trachelospermum*, sometimes catalogued as *rhynchospermum*, star jasmine. Worth growing for its graceful, twining habit and beautiful dark green, glossy foliage which provides a spectacular foil for the precisely cut, fine petalled ivory flowers. The flowers form a lacy canopy, late spring and through summer, and have a sweet, honey-like perfume. All but coldest districts.

*Mandevilla suaveolens*, Chilean jasmine. A handsome vine with attractive, dark, heart-shaped foliage and clusters of large, fragrant, clear white, trumpet-shaped flowers, summer/autumn. Deciduous. Needs warm, frost-free aspect.

**HONEYSUCKLES** (botanically, *Lonicera*). Most of these fragrant, old-world favorites can be grown as shrubs or climbers. All are extremely hardy.

*Lonicera brownii* (sometimes listed as *L. caprifolium*), pink honeysuckle, has reddish young canes, rounded foliage, and clusters of long, pink trumpets opening creamy yellow at the tips. Flowers mostly in spring. If old flower heads are promptly cut back, a second flowering often follows. Can also be winter pruned and trained as a shrub.

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buds open to starry, pure white flowers.

This is the most spectacular of the jasmines, but its flowering period in early spring is comparatively brief. It is richly perfumed.

The divided, evergreen foliage is attractive, and it has a vigorous, twining habit capable of covering 10 to 15 ft. of trellis in one season.

In fact, it can get out of hand if growth is allowed to run along the ground, as it roots down freely to form secondary plants. *J. polyanthum* does not stand heavy frosts, and is best when protected from hot afternoon sun and westerly winds, which tend to burn the tips of the foliage, especially if the soil is allowed to dry out. Best when cut back lightly after flowering.

*J. grandiflorum* is an old favorite with some resemblance to *J. polyanthum*, but the flowers are a little longer. Probably in a year it would bear as many flowers, but they are produced throughout most of the year, so are comparatively sparse in appearance.

Also, the growth is more rigid and less inclined to twine. In fact, it can be trained as a dense shrub as well as a climber. Grows in sun or shade, but needs protection from heavy frosts.

*J. azoricum* has thinner petals than *J. grandiflorum*, and bolder leaves divided into threes, whereas the others are fives or sevens. It is richly perfumed and flowers during summer and autumn. This variety grows well in cool positions, but needs protection from heavy frosts.

*J. nitidum* has very large, white, star-shaped blooms about 1 in. across. An attractive vine in tropical regions, elsewhere is more of a cany bush.

*L. halleana*. A strong-growing climber which needs to be kept off the ground to prevent it from layering down and straying. Cluster of large, creamy-white flowers which turn deep yellow with age. Very fragrant.

*L. fragrantissima*, a fragrant, cream-flowered species; a woody shrub rather than a climber.

## OTHER CREEPERS:

*Quisqualis indica*, Rangoon creeper. Unusual plant with flowers resembling a *jasminum* in shape, but suspended on long, slender, greenish tubes. Their color is the outstanding character. They open creamy white, then turn buff, pink, and, finally, dusty crimson, which gives the vine a multicolored appearance. Flowers are faintly fragrant.

Sometimes growth is slow in cool, clayey soils, but in warmer, light soils they usually climb vigorously once established. Warm aspects suit them best.

*Clematis aristata*, an evergreen species native to Australia and New Zealand, makes a delightful creeper, covered in spring with a mantle of creamy white, fragrant, star-like flowers. These are followed by unusually swirled, slender seed pods enclosed in silky grey down.

This plant prefers a cool, moist soil but is extremely adaptable. Has fair tolerance to frost.

*Wisteria sinensis*. One of the hardiest creepers, sometimes slow to establish, then displaying a most adventurous character. Best trained on a single stem, and allowed to spread when well above the ground, or the canes will layer and may overrun the garden. Deciduous.

**ROSES**, should not be overlooked as fragrant creepers. Some twine vigorously, but all need some support in the early stages. When against a solid wall you must provide some support.

On wooden walls it is easy to provide nails or, better still, rustless screws to support wires fixed laterally.

Where it is preferred not to "plug" a surface, fix several wires or cords from a metal stake, firmly driven near the base of the wall, to screws or eyelets in a wooden eave or fascia board.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967







Using a magnifying glass, Drasco read the whole of the news story.

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

RETURNING one evening to the Cecil Arms, where he lives with his wife, DEE, KYLE WALKER, an engineer on the New York city payroll, leaves his car in the basement garage. But in the automatic life, he remembers he has left his keys in the car. Returning to the basement, the lift opens just in time for him to see BERNIE CHAPMAN, the garage attendant, being strangled. Pressing the button he leaves without speaking. Later he is aware of being watched, and realises the murder was a professional job executed by a syndicate. In point of fact, the murderer, RICK DRASCO, has been told by his superiors to leave town, and other members of the syndicate are watching Kyle.

A week later, an old friend of Kyle's VAN BRYSON unexpectedly turns up with CHARLENE EVANS, secretary to tycoon SAM STEVENS. Kyle decides to join Sam's outfit and moves to Arizona. Five years later, the aging Sam has handed over most of the administration to Kyle.

Driving in the street one day, Kyle sees and recognises Bernie's murderer. Knowing he has not been seen he traces the car Drasco is using through a car-wash garage. He then calls on CAPTAIN JIMMY JAMESON, a friend of his in the police, giving him the number of the killer's car, pretending he wants to trace an old friend. He then rings Dee and tells her to take MIKE, their four-year-old son, to Sam's mountain cabin, where he says he will join them later.

Meanwhile Drasco has learned Kyle's movements and follows his car for a while, but Kyle manages to lose him. He goes home, collects his service revolver, then rings Jameson, who tells him his "friend" is booked in at the Apache Inn Motel, registered as a salesman under the name of R. R. DONALDSON.

Later he finds a note left by Charlene at the office saying a man by the same name has called in. This convinces Kyle he and his family are in real danger. NOW READ ON:

AT four o'clock in the afternoon it was quiet around the pool at the Apache Inn Motel. Having completed his excursion to the Country Club and been assured that the object of his assignment was still in the vicinity, the man who called himself R. R. Donaldson now sprawled on a fully extended lounge chair and admired the fit of his new trunks. Conservative. Controlled. This was the Drasco trademark.

He watched the girl in the yellow bathing-suit. She was sleeping on a pad across the pool — safe in the shadow of a huge sun umbrella. She was young and pretty, and knew it, and she was having a wonderful time letting everybody else know it, too. That, Drasco admitted, was as it should be.

Except for two boys floating lazily in the shallow end of the pool, there was no movement anywhere. Drasco got up from the chair and adjusted his dark glasses. Assuming the role of R. R. Donaldson again, he circled the pool until he stood over the sleeping girl. She didn't open her eyes. He took a metal frame chair from a nearby refreshment table and pulled it noisily across the cement. When she looked up, startled and annoyed, he stopped.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to be so noisy." She might be irritated but never peevish at the attention of a male.

"Now that I've ruined your nap," Donaldson added, "why don't you let me buy you a drink? ... Tom Collins? ... Rum punch?"

She was impressed. She pulled herself up to a sitting position and studied her new admirer carefully. She was terribly young. Donaldson doubted that she drank anything other than soft drink.

She smiled warmly. "All right," she said.

"What'll it be?" Donaldson asked.

She frowned over what seemed to be a great decision.

"Tom Collins," she said.

Donaldson called the bar from the poolside phone, and when he returned the girl was drawing a terry-cloth jacket over her bare shoulders.

"The wind gets chilly in the afternoon," she said.

He learned that her name was Veronica Moore and that she lived at the motel with her younger brothers because their father, an Army officer, was stationed at one of the missile sites.

He learned that her mother was in Los Angeles on business, and when she returned they were going to buy a house in one of the new developments in the hills.

She was 16 and flattered at the attention of an older man. When the waiter brought the drinks, he watched her sip slowly — feigning sophistication.

"You must be a dancer," he said.

She was pleased. "I can't be — yet," she explained.

"I'm still in high school."

"You look more mature than that," Donaldson said, "and you have feet like a dancer. I know. I see a lot of them. I own a club over in Vegas."

He was only having fun with her. He couldn't touch her. He could never do anything like that on a job; it was too dangerous. Five years ago he wouldn't have allowed himself this much pleasure, but he had to do something to burn up the time while the eye doctor was fixing his glasses. When Veronica drained her drink he suggested another round. She affected an aloof coolness and said that she really must get back to her room in time to shower and dress for dinner.

"Then why don't I ring you about seven and we'll have our second before eating?" Donaldson said. "They put on a fancy chuck-wagon deal on the patio every night. I read about it on a display board in the lobby."

"I usually have dinner in the room with my brothers," she said.

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Second instalment of a three-part serial by HELEN NIELSEN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967

## Play Safe with a FRAZER

FBC 8.22



### combination Baby Carrier

Designed for baby's protection and safety! Contoured shape prevents baby's head "lolling" and gives firm, positive back support—so necessary in early infancy. Washable terry towelling accessories. Adjustable shade.



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Frazer—the baby seat with so many additional uses!

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### meet Justine Jennifer Joan

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Her horoscope says she's a thinker and highly logical... quick to reason, often outspoken... cut out for success in the commercial world. So when her mother bought her Dri-Glo Nappies, she knew she'd done the right thing. They're so soft and fleecy, stay so white and beautiful for so long. And even though they may cost a little more, for a baby like Jussy... it's worth it in the long run!

### DRI-GLO NAPPIES

B179  
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"Then tonight will be different."

She liked that. She liked being dominated. He watched her saunter across the patio with the exaggerated nonchalance of feigned sophistication, and then leaned back in his chair, smiling. No harm done. Just a little fun and no harm at all. A lazy warmth began to steal over him. He closed his eyes and waited for sleep, but the warmth grew hotter to the point of intense discomfort. He opened his eyes and looked down at his much-admired stomach. It was turning a bright lobster red. He left the poolside chair and went inside the lobby to the drugstore, where he could get a generous supply of the lotion Veronica had been

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

absorbing all day. As he turned to leave, he found himself facing a fully stocked newspaper rack.

"Do you have any New York papers?" he asked.

"On the top row," the clerk answered. "There — to your left."

"That doesn't help me much," Donaldson said. "With these glasses I can't read."

The clerk got the paper for him. It was lighter outside the drugstore, but he still couldn't read past the headline. He began to turn the pages loosely — and then stopped. Some things could be recognised even without his

bifocals. He stared at the photograph on the page before him for several seconds and then called to one of Veronica's brothers as he crawled out of the pool.

"Hey, boy," he said. "I broke my glasses this morning — remember? Come over here and tell me what's printed under this news photo."

The boy approached and grabbed a corner of the paper with a damp hand. Focusing intense interest on the caption, he read aloud: "Jake Berendo, held by the police in their investigation of a five-year-old gangland murder, goes before the Grand Jury tomorrow..."

Donaldson yanked the paper from the boy's hand. "That's good enough," he said.

"Do you know that hood?"

The note of hallowed awe in the boy's voice brought a quick response. "No," Donaldson said curtly. "I thought I knew that man, but it was a mistake."

AS soon as the boy returned to the pool, Donaldson went to his room, put on his bathrobe, and opened the sample case where he kept the gun and silencer, took out a small magnifying glass that he used in cleaning the weapon. Using the glass in lieu of his bifocals, he carefully read every line of the fine newsprint story on Jake Berendo.

It was all familiar to him, but it had broken to the public too soon. It was a month since the police had nabbed Jake. Within an hour of the day he began to talk, the word leaked out to the grapevine. Berendo had named Rick Drasco as the killer of Bernie Chapman. But the law wanted many more revelations from the loosened tongue of Jake Berendo, and Donaldson had expected he would have at least another week before the story hit the papers.

The chances were that Kyle Walker didn't take a New York newspaper. And the story on Jake Berendo wasn't important enough locally to be given space in a Tucson paper. Donaldson felt certain that Walker knew nothing of his presence in the city, but it was still too soon for the story to have broken even in faraway New York. What was now public knowledge might reach Walker through other channels and complicate a timetable already torpedoed by a high casualty rate in eyeglasses.

He dropped the newspaper down on the dresser and went to the closet. He dug his wallet out of a pocket of the beige suit and found Ollie Madsen's business card. He then went to the bedside table and picked up the telephone. He asked the operator on the motel switchboard to call the number on the card.

Madsen answered. "Mr. Madsen," Donaldson said, "this is R. R. Donaldson at the Apache Inn Motel. I was in your shop early this morning. I left a pair of glasses with a broken lens."

Madsen remembered. "I sent them to the lab on the ten o'clock pickup," he said. "They'll be here day after tomorrow."

"That's not soon enough," Donaldson said. "Something's come up that has to be handled right away. I've got to have them tomorrow morning as soon as your shop opens! Now you get on the telephone and call that lab. You tell them to work all night if necessary. I'm about to close a contract that makes it worth anything the job costs. Understand? Anything it costs!" He slammed the telephone

down in the cradle before Madsen could come back with any more excuses. He pressed off the new trousers and showered. He dressed with meticulous care. Finally, when he was ready, he donned his dark glasses and inspected his image in the mirror. Satisfied, he called the desk and had them transfer the call to Veronica's room.

"I'm almost ready," Donaldson said.

"I'll meet you at the downstairs bar in five minutes," Donaldson said. "Watch me. I'll be wearing a light Scotch."

He listened to Veronica's nervous laughter and then broke the connection. She would be exciting to look at — that's all he wanted for the evening. A little harmless diversion.

He was ready to go now except for one thing. He inspected the gun with the silencer again and slipped it back into the sample case. He wouldn't need the holster tonight. Tomorrow was the day for action, and that all empty office building made a perfect trap for a lone target. He was glad the wife and child had gone to Uncle Sam's cabin. Sam's cabin on the Mount Lemmon road. It was all written down in the little book that rested safely in the inner pocket of the blue suit case. There was too much importance in that book to leave it in the room.

He locked the attic door and set it inside the wardrobe closet. Turning, he faced the sliding glass door that led out to the balcony. It was dark now. Across the pool area another wing of the building paralleled his own. Some of the doors were lighted; some of the draperies were drawn. But Donaldson had been too intent on the news story to remember to draw the draperies at his window, and he now stood poised under the bright, stinging light like a display in a showcase. He crouched in the room quickly and found the drapery cord. It was at least one hundred feet across to the opposite wing, and the suite directly facing his was still dark. It was all right, he decided, but he couldn't afford to get careless just that again. The gun in the sample case wasn't for passive inspection. He tugged at the cord and watched the draperies slowly close.

From the dark suite across the pool Kyle watched the draperies blot out Donaldson's room. He lowered his binoculars he had taken from the rear of the station wagon and waited. Moments later the light in Donaldson's room went out. It was enough now to endure without air-conditioning. Half an hour earlier he had checked in at the desk in the hotel. Fortunately, the Apache Inn was the newest motel in the city. Nobody knew Kyle Walker. He checked the room diagram and located 227. The room directly opposite site was 228. Was it vacant? Yes, it was. Good. Kyle signed the registration card "Kenneth Wayne" and went upstairs. He peeled off his coat and adjusted the binoculars, and then he sat in the air-cooled chair watching that window where the pool.

Kyle tossed the binoculars on to the bed. He fished through his pockets for a cigarette he hadn't dared smoke until now. Now— Donaldson out of the room across the pool — he risked the flame of a match.

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ALL characters in this and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Sheerest, summer-est make-up of them all. Waterproof, too!

Make a splash this summer. Take up with Pan-Cake. Show the world a beautiful beach complexion...so sheer, you couldn't guess it's make-up. (And so miraculously stay-put, it's even waterproof!) Max Factor puts skin care into Pan-Cake, too. Rich, protective lanolin, beauty oils and moisturizers that counteract the sun's drying, wrinkle-making rays. How could anything so good for your skin look so naturally beautiful? Ask Max Factor. Only they can make a Pan-Cake. Standard \$1.50. Medium \$1.10.



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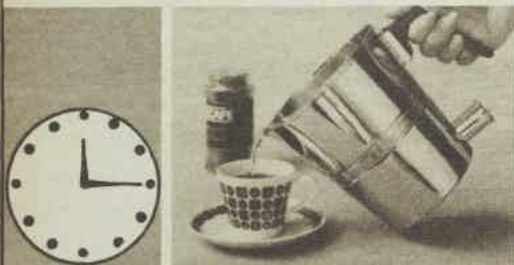


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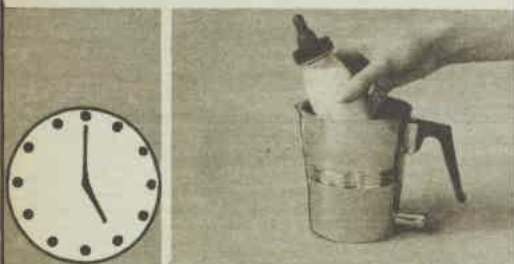
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## always busy!

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT

TO

HOME DELIVER

The Australian  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

the glow of the ash. He dropped down in a low-slung chair facing the dark window across the patio, and quick little schemes began to dart through his mind.

Kyle stepped out on the balcony. R. R. Donaldson and a lovely young girl in a soft pink dress were giving full attention to the array of the chuck-wagon table. He watched them decide in favor of a return to the bar and then, when they were out of sight, made his move. He stepped back into the room and checked his gun, pocketed it and went into the hall. Both wings of the building were constructed the same. He knew where to find a stairway out of range of Donaldson's vision, and he knew how to reach the registration desk in the lobby without crossing the patio. At the desk he caught the attention of the room clerk.

"Hi, fella," he said. "I went out to the cigarette machine and left my key in the room. Do you have a duplicate?"

The clerk grinned and nodded. "Room number?" he asked.

"Room 227," Kyle said.

The cabin to which Dee drove the little convertible was far from primitive. Sam Stevens did nothing on a small scale. His mountain home consisted of four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a thirty-foot living room with a huge fireplace at one end, and a large and elaborately equipped kitchen, in which Ramon Moreno was preparing a chili pie for dinner. Ramon, who was part Spanish and part Papago, performed deftly before the appreciative eyes of little Mike Walker. Ramon was one of Mike's oldest and truest friends. They had known one another for all of two hours.

It was three o'clock before Dee reached the cabin. She hoped to see the blue station wagon waiting for her at the cabin site, but Kyle hadn't arrived. She wasn't worried. Ramon had received a call from Sam telling him the Walkers were coming for a few days and that was reassurance enough. She busied herself unpacking while Mike attached himself to Sam's caretaker. It was love at first sight.

"Ramon can hold snakes," Mike announced proudly when Dee came into the kitchen. "He can carry them in his hands and over his shoulder."

"That's remarkable," Dee said.

"Ramon isn't afraid of anything in the world," Mike added. "Not even snakes."

"Snakes have a purpose," Ramon said. "Nothing is created without a purpose. Some people use them in ceremonies of worship."

"And they hold them in their hands, don't they?" Mike demanded.

Dee repressed a slight shudder. "How about getting washed before dinner, young man? And please stop talking about snakes. I'll have nightmares!"

She left Ramon to escort Mike, and walked to the large windows that banked one side of the living-room. Sam's cabin was located below the snow line. A fringe of pines arched about the site on three sides, but the front approach was clear and afforded a view of the valley below.

It was now after five and Kyle was a fast driver when travelling alone. Kyle had been delayed, she told herself. He hadn't lied about coming to the cabin. It wouldn't be like the nights he promised to come home and never made it.

She turned away from the windows. On one of the tables stood a framed photograph of a lovely, mature

woman that caught Dee's interest. Sam Stevens had never mentioned his wife. From Kyle she had learned that Sam had been a widower for seven years. Sarah—"Mrs. Sam"—had come from one of the finer local families (some said she provided the nucleus for Sam's fortune), and had married the young human dynamo thirty-five years before her death.

According to local legend, Sam Stevens hung between life and suicide for a year after she was gone, and then suddenly buried his grief in a new burst of activity that swept him on to another fortune. He never remarried, and nobody expected him to remarry.

Dee set the photograph back on the table and looked for the telephone. She found it and put in a call to Kyle's office. She waited. She counted seven rings before replacing the instrument, and by that time she was satisfied that Kyle was on his way.

When she was dressed she returned to the kitchen and helped Ramon give Mike his dinner. The boy was tired after the drive, and there was no need to keep him up until

man with an orchestra seat in a theatre where the play was annihilation or extinction, and the suspense of the closing act was rough on his nervous system.

Van's means of relaxation were various: small avant-garde bars where he could spend the chilly hours listening to a piano player with no expression on his face release his soul through the tips of his fingers; lonely roads leading up to unmarked Indian ruins where he could drive the battered but powerful truck he preferred to a chrome-trimmed status symbol and spend days at a time searching for pottery fragments among the missile bases.

But tonight Van's light was burning. Van answered the doorbell personally.

He was sober. He held a glass in one hand, but it must have been his first drink of the evening and it was hardly touched. He stared at Dee for several seconds before he spoke. "I don't believe it. I've said my prayers like a good little boy ever since we met, but I never really expected an answer. You've actually come!"

"Van, be serious," Dee

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

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"Van, be serious," Dee said. "I came to you because I'm worried!"

"Then stop worrying! Kyle isn't man enough to have an affair any more. He's turned into one of Sam Stevens' human computers. On second thought, I'm not sure that he's human. Wherever Kyle is, you can be sure he's working, Dee."

"You don't understand!" Dee protested. "I'm afraid for Kyle. I want to find him."

"Then, why not try the police? Kyle might have been in a driving accident."

"But I just came down the ranch road. There was no accident."

"In the city," Van said. "It's not a cow town any more."

Van started toward the telephone, but Dee stopped him.

"No," she said sharply. "Not yet. I want to go home first. He might have fallen and can't reach the phone. Come with me, Van. Please."

VAN did the driving. A city that had developed too fast was like a growing child. It slept soundly at night. There was little traffic to delay them, but he drove slowly because Dee needed time to stop trembling.

There were no lights in the house. Van parked in the driveway and let Dee unlock the front door. They entered together.

Dee led the way through the living-room, the family-room, the kitchen, down the hall past the bedrooms to Kyle's study. They left a trail of light behind them, but only when the wall switch illuminated Kyle's untidy desk was there a sound from Dee.

"He's been here!" she cried. "Look! Kyle never remembers to close desk drawers."

"Wait!" Van said. Dee's ragged nerves were contagious. "Don't move anything. Kyle may have left a message."

Dee picked up an airline schedule from the top of the desk. "This?" she suggested.

Van took it from her hands. "He's marked a flight to Dallas," he said. "Did Kyle have any urgent business in Dallas?"

"Last winter," Dee said. "Look at the date on the schedule."

It was a year old. Van tossed it aside and picked up a road map. "We have here one very fine map of Mexico," he said, "with the highway to Mexico City traced in blue ink."

Dee shook her head. "I did that. We were going to Mexico City on our anniversary—but we didn't. Uncle Sam got a brainstorm about a new shopping centre, and anniversaries went out of fashion."

Dee made a hurried search of the drawer and then announced brusquely, "He has taken one thing with him. His gun."

Van had to see for himself. He searched the drawer. She was right. There was no gun in it.

"Are you sure he kept a gun in this drawer?" he demanded.

"Of course I'm sure! This is the only drawer that looks like Mike can't get into it. Besides, he left the empty holster. See?"

"Then you're right. He took the gun," Van punctuated the statement by slamming the drawer shut. "Dee," he said quietly, "when did Kyle send you to the mountains?"

"This morning," she said. "Early. About eleven."

"Did he say why he wanted you to go?"

"Yes. He said the job was set and he wanted to take a

## THE BOYFRIEND



"But he couldn't do that with a slice of your pastry!"

Kyle appeared. When Mike's dinner was completed, she saw him off to bed and then went back to the bar for a martini.

At seven o'clock Ramon came in and asked when Mrs. Walker would like him to serve the dinner. Dee was startled. Kyle was a fast driver—he never spent more than an hour and a half driving from his office to the ranch. She found the telephone again and called the house in Tucson. There was no answer. Playing a wild hunch, she telephoned Sam's house in the city and was told by the maid that Mr. Stevens was dining out with friends and—no, Mr. Walker hadn't called.

By the time that conversation was concluded, it was seven-fifteen and Dee knew, with a sudden and dread certainty, that he wasn't coming at all. He had never meant to come.

Dee returned to the bedroom and got a wrap and her handbag. She gave Ramon instructions to look after Mike, and then went out to the little car. It was a long drive back to Tucson, but she had to learn why Kyle had lied.

On some nights Van Bryson had a late class at the university. In that event, the lights burned in his laboratory until ten or eleven. On other nights, he fought the monkey on his back, and that might require a wide itinerary and all of the hours up to and including dawn. Van thought too much, and genius doesn't integrate well. He was a bystander in the strange world of Kyle and Sam. He was a

scolded. "I'm looking for Kyle."

"I knew it!" He bowed his head abjectly. "I knew it was too good to be true. But come in, anyway. Can I get you a drink?"

"I can't stay for a drink. I'm looking for Kyle."

"You said that when you came in."

Van waited for Dee to make her own explanation in her own way. She sat down on the divan. There was trouble in her eyes. She looked like a little girl afraid of growing up too quickly.

"Van," she said at last, "what is Kyle doing to me and Mike? Why don't we ever see him?"

"He's trying to make a million dollars."

"But we don't need a million dollars! We need him! Van, I know you men have a grand thing about loyalty, but I have to know. Where is Kyle tonight? He isn't at the office, and he isn't at home."

"Then he must be with Sam."

"No, he's not! Sam's out and Kyle hasn't been to his house. Besides, he told Sam this afternoon that he was going up to the cabin. And this morning he practically ordered me to go up there with Mike. He promised to join us this evening, but he didn't come. Van, I'm frightened. I have to know. Where is my husband?"

"Do you think I'm in collusion with Kyle?" Van demanded. "I don't know where he is. What's the matter, Dee? Are you one of those suspicious wives who drives her husband to another woman? Do you think Kyle's having an affair?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967



Man the beaches! The toga is taking over. It's the new dazzle. Big, stark-white Dri-Glo towels, unexpectedly fringed in black and, for drama, emblazoned from end to end with a stripe of colour. Red. Green. Lime. Blue. Or Yellow.

Sit on them, bake on them, wrap up in them and, of course, dry with them. Being Dri-Glo they drink up every drop of water at a touch. Thick and soft and tough enough to take you through many a summer.

You don't want to go Roman? Then take a look at the Spanish stripes, the Mexican colours and all the other Dri-Glo designs. If you want to conquer anything this summer you simply must have a Dri-Glo beach towel.

## DRI-GLO BEACH TOWELS

Available in Australia and New Zealand.







# Bare-faced liar.

Bare, bony beautiful. Fresh. Natural.  
Liar! Yes and No.

Bare? She uses Mary Quant Starkers the nude make-up, so natural it looks like bare skin, but hides the tiny blemishes. Bony? She highlights her bones with Mary Quant Face Lighter; a pearly gleam of liquid white that brings out contours she likes, keeps the rest in shadow. Beautiful? Yes. But you wouldn't have seen it before. If Nature didn't, Quant can. And so can you.

Available from leading department stores and "IN" chemists.



## MARY QUANT

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967



# WORLD TOUR — a happy investment

THE "return" will give you a better dividend; you'll meet wonderful people, make lifetime friendships, see new places. Altogether you'll have a thousand-and-one different experiences to remember all the years of your life.

"It's impossible to put in a nutshell what travel gives people," said Mr. John Webb, of World Travel Headquarters, the tour organisers.

"It's enough to say they get unlimited, unforgettable joy from it."

While any kind of travel broadens one's horizon, Mr. Webb believes that travelling overseas in a group is the best way.

"Half the fun of travelling, seeing new places, and meeting new people is in being able to share your impressions and to relate your experiences to friends over dinner or lunch.

"This is why so many who have previously travelled alone now like the group-tour idea.

"It gives them companionship when they want it."

If you decide to join this, our third World Discovery Tour (there are still four-berth cabins, with and without private facilities, and a few two-berth cabins available), you will soon discover how much fun it is to travel this way.

## Escort team

For the remarkably low price of \$1708 (\$N.Z.1432) per person, you receive return four-berth cabin accommodation in the one-class Orcades and the tourist-class Canberra; a total of 13 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels; a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland; a 23-day coach tour of eight European countries; and the services of your own Tour Director and escort team.

What could be easier — or more blissful — than seeing 22 countries in an organised, leisurely manner in just on five months of travelling by ship and coach?

● Got \$1708 dollars to spare? Don't invest it in the stock-market or more bricks and mortar. "Invest" it in a more profitable venture by becoming a member of our World Discovery Tour, 1968.

The planning for all your accommodation, transfers from ship to hotels, coach to hotels, luggage and Customs procedures is undertaken by World Travel Headquarters. All you do is sit back and concentrate on the new places and people.

Together with 1400 Australians and New Zealanders, you will enjoy the excellent shipboard facilities of the Orcades — a comfortable one-class British ship with sports areas and swimming-pools.

## Groups of 48

After Brisbane, the Orcades calls at Guam, the duty-free Pacific island, before sailing on to Kobe and Yokohama (Tokyo).

The cross-Pacific run is then made to Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, and Balboa.

After the Panama Canal and Cristobal, in the Caribbean, the next port is Miami.

From there it is on to Portuguese Madeira before the ship docks at Tilbury on March 21.

As it would be impossible for the whole group of 1400 tour members to travel together through the U.K. and Europe, the departure dates for the U.K. and European tours are staggered.

To retain individuality and to ensure personal service and consideration at all times, "waves" — groups of 48 people — will tour together.

Some groups will spend their first days in London sightseeing, while another few groups will begin the U.K. tour.

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Highlights of the European coach tour will probably be the stopovers in Lucerne,

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## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

few days' rest. That's what he told Sam, too. He was so insistent, Van. It had to be today. That's why I can't understand—"

"I'm probably responsible for that," Van reflected. "I needed him for neglecting you. And I think you're upset over nothing. Think now, why wouldn't Kyle take his gun to the cabin? He's deathly afraid of snakes, and the mountains are crawling with them this time of year."

"But it's almost nine!" Dee insisted.

"And he's probably at Sam's cabin right now wondering what's happened to you. Stop being so female, Dee, and give Kyle the benefit of the doubt. I'm going to call the police just to make sure there was no accident, and then I'm going to drive you back up that mountain myself!"

Van was being very male and decisive. He picked up the telephone and dialled. He asked for accident information, but the moment he mentioned Kyle Walker he was switched to a Captain Jameson, who was very much interested in Kyle's whereabouts.

"It concerns that licence number of the car he had me trace for him this morning," Jameson reported. "There's something peculiar about it. Those plates were stolen from a car in Phoenix. They don't belong to this guy Donaldson at all."

Van had no idea who Captain Jameson was or what he was talking about, but he meant to find out. "You don't say!" he responded.

"It may be just a coincidence, but I'd like to talk to Kyle about it."

"I don't blame you," Van said. "Mr. Walker isn't at home right now, but Mrs. Walker is. We'll be right over."

At a quarter past nine when Van Bryson and Dee Walker entered his office, Jameson was still waiting for Kyle to call back and tell him more about Charles Dover of Prescott. Memory was tricky. A man under pressure, and Kyle Walker was always under pressure, could remember a fragment of a thing and barely scratch the whole. And he had mentioned Rumorsville, which was Jameson's sensitive area. The Las Vegas crowd was always trying to move in. Close the doors and they were coming through the windows. Jameson didn't like Rumorsville. It had been known to cost a man his career.

Jameson listened to Mrs. Walker's story and Van Bryson's embellishments with a minimum of interruptions. Jameson liked to let people do their own talking. They always told him more than they knew they were telling.

She was worried, and the worry was more than female emotionalism. It was instinct.

"I want you to find my husband," she concluded.

"What do you think happened to him?" Jameson asked.

"Van thinks he may have been in an accident."

Van Bryson. Jameson pivoted slowly in his chair and stared at Mrs. Walker's companion. Another outsider—and yet, not so far out as some people thought. A brain. A man with more under his skull than anyone else Jameson was ever likely to meet, and yet with a certain simplicity.

"I've sent a man to call all the hospitals in the area," he said. "If there's been an accident we'll soon know about it. If he's had a flat tyre or some other little problem, it may take longer. I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Walker."

"Why did Kyle have you trace a licence number?" Van demanded.

Jameson knew then that he

wasn't going to get rid of his visitors so easily. He related the story of Kyle's midmorning call. Mrs. Walker seemed to hold her breath all through the explanation.

"Kyle didn't say anything to me about recognising a man on the street," she said, "but it must have been right after he stopped talking."

"When he stopped talking?" Jameson repeated.

"Kyle telephoned from the station wagon," she said. "He hadn't been home all night because he had to finish the specs for the new job. This morning, after he had breakfast with Van and Sam Stevens, he called and told me the job was all set. Then he started to tell me something that he wanted me to do for him and stopped in the middle of the sentence."

"He broke the connection," Van explained.

"No—not right away. He just stopped talking. I could hear traffic noises through the receiver and thought he was in some kind of traffic trouble. I called to him, but he didn't hear. After a few minutes he did break the connection. I tried to get him back through the special operator, but there was a delay, so I called his office. He wasn't in."

"But you did get him," Jameson remarked. "You said that he sent you to the mountains."

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



"Yes. But that was later when he called me from the office. He said he'd been caught in traffic, but he didn't mention seeing an old friend on the street. Don't you understand, Captain? It must have been at the time Kyle called me that he saw this person—what was his name?"

"Dover," Jameson answered. "Charles Dover, of Prescott."

Dee Walker's face was one tight, worried frown. "I don't understand," she said. "I know Kyle had never been to Arizona before we left New York, and we've never been to Prescott. And, Captain Jameson, I've never heard Kyle even mention a Charles Dover. Van, have you—?"

Jameson had a container of coffee somewhere on his desk. He pivoted his chair about to reach for it and found it on top of the filing case under the wall calendar. The coffee was cold by this time, but at the moment this didn't seem important. The wall calendar had been hanging on the same nail for months, but not until this moment had that one word "Dover" reached out and grabbed his imagination.

"What's your friend's name?" he had asked Kyle Walker, and Kyle, with a glance at the wall behind Jameson's head, had answered: "Dover. Charles Dover."

Jameson swung slowly about to face his visitors. Mrs. Walker hadn't seen a thing. He wasn't sure about Bryson.

"Did you tell Mr. Walker where Donaldson was registered?" Van asked.

"I did," Jameson admitted. "He didn't seem interested. Mrs. Walker—why don't you just get on back to Sam Stevens' cabin and get some sleep? Your husband's a busy man. He's probably tied up right now in some conference he just couldn't foresee."

"If Kyle went to a business conference, why did he take his gun?" Dee demanded.

"What gun?" Jameson asked.

"Dee," Van begged, "I explained—"

"You explained nothing," Dee said quietly. "Why did he take his gun, Captain? Why did he unlock his desk and take out his service pistol? And why did he leave the holster behind if he was taking it to the mountains?"

The second question was for Van. He didn't answer, and Jameson couldn't even relate.

"And why isn't there any Charles Dover?" Dee added. "Captain Jameson, I told you before. I want you to find my husband."

And so that was the end of any idea Jameson had of patting Mrs. Walker on the head and getting her out of his office without protest. The gun was a new development, and Charles Dover was an unfinished one. He flipped the intercom button on his desk and, when no one answered, because he wasn't even supposed to be in the building

Donaldson was accommodating—or was it an occupational fear that had prompted him to leave the bathroom door open and the bathroom light burning? Nothing of that light could be seen from the window, and the illumination was enough to make a surprise attack from any uninvited guest impossible. Kyle entered quickly and closed the door behind him.

He snapped the safety catch on and made a swift survey of the room. The closet doors were closed. Kyle slid them open and took out the sample case. It was locked. Breaking the lock would be the same as handing Donaldson an engraved invitation to a showdown. Kyle still wasn't ready to sacrifice the advantage of the stranger's belief that he was the only hunter in the field. He replaced the attache case.

Kyle closed the closet doors and turned his attention back to the room. Donaldson was neat, but he had used the dresser as an untidy repository for the newspaper. It was opened to an illustrated story. Kyle glanced at the dateline: New York City. The face in the photo was vaguely familiar—then, perhaps because the jazz combo on the patio below gave his memory a prod, sharply familiar. There was no doubt. He was staring at the likeness of Donaldson's accomplice in the murder of Bernie Chapman. The caption told the story.

"... a five-year-old gang-land murder ..."

Eyeglasses. Donaldson was a killer. He wouldn't travel so far from his home territory without the most important tool of his trade—his eyes. Kyle tossed the newspaper on to the bed and transferred the search to the bedside table. There he found only a telephone directory. It was open to the classified section at the listing of optometrists. Kyle took a red ballpoint pen from his pocket and unscrewed the top. He underlined the number of the top listing and picked up the telephone with his free hand, but he had underestimated Donaldson's confidence. Tucked under the dialling wheel was a business card: O. D. Madsen, Optometrist. Hours: 9 to 5. Kyle put away the pen and pocketed the card. This was one item Donaldson could consider lost.

AND so now Kyle could understand why no attempt had been made on his life. R. R. Donaldson, professional killer, was mortal. He had broken his glasses. Because of that small human error he was alive and beginning to understand why Jake Berendo's indictment carried an automatic death penalty for Kyle Walker.

R. R. Donaldson ordered another rum punch for Veronica and another light scotch for himself. The punch came in a tall, frosty glass with a pink straw, and Veronica, who was dressed in a short frosty-pink dress, giggled slightly as she accepted it.

"I shouldn't—really," she said.

"Why not?" Donaldson asked. "Don't you like it?"

"I love it! It makes me feel so happy."

"Then you should have it," Donaldson said. "That's what it's for—to make you happy."

Veronica laughed. She bubbled like champagne. He watched her intently and tried to understand what mystery happened to people when they were really happy, and then, suddenly, he was angry. He turned away from Veronica and took a deep pull on the scotch. Rick Drasco was no cheapskate. He could afford anything anywhere he went. But he couldn't buy fun. Irritated, he reached into his pocket for a cigarette and found nothing but an empty pack. That gave him an excuse to leave her until the anger passed. He stood up.

"I'm going upstairs to buy some cigarettes," he said. "I'll be right back."

"I'm getting hungry," she said.

"OK, we'll eat. I said I'd be right back!"

He didn't want to argue with her. He must be out of his mind getting stuck with a clinging vine like that. He brushed past a cigarette girl on his way to the stairs and didn't notice her. He was getting a headache. All day without his glasses—that was the trouble. He needed some aspirin. He reached the lobby and went directly to the drugstore. He bought the aspirin and cigarettes and then, while the clerk was getting the change, turned away from the counter to see if there was any life in the lobby.

The registration desk was located about forty feet away from where he stood. At the moment, two men and a woman were in earnest conversation with the clerk, and one of the men, even without a uniform, had all the earmarks of a cop. Donaldson accepted his change without counting it.

"Would you like some

To page 90





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## Useful hints for the home

- Mothers and housewives will find these hints useful. Each one wins a \$2 prize for a reader.

**PRESERVE** a fresh, clean appearance in your crochet work by always putting it away flat. Never roll it round the ball of cotton and stick the needle through it. If doing medallions or piece work, roll each part round a roll of paper. — E. F. Leane, 51 Dornoch Tce., West End, Qld. 4101.

When making baby's training pants from old nappies, cut an old singlet into strips for waist and leg bands. This gives a professional finish and is less bulky for baby. — Mrs. P. Caisley, 3 Winton Place, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W. 2519.

To prevent bathroom mirrors fogging, rub them over with a dry cake of soap, then polish with a clean dry cloth. — Mrs. M. Moffitt, 4 Angus Ave., Waratah West, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2298.

Put snail baits in a tin lying on its side in the garden. Rain will not wash the baits away, and snails will readily go inside the tin to get them. — W. Cossens, 151 The Parade, Ascot Vale, Vic. 3032.

Keep your plastic pastry sheet tidy when not in use by rolling it up and putting it through a table napkin ring. It won't take up so much room in your cupboard. — Mrs. M. J. Dieren, Cradoc Rd., Cygnet, Tas. 7112.

Use a sheet of foil on the oven tray instead of continually greasing it when you are cooking batches of biscuits. The cooked biscuits slide easily off the foil, which can be used a number of times. — Mrs. D. Curtis, 5 Penelope Ave., Valley View, S.A. 5093.

After greasing your pudding basin for a steamed pudding, add brown sugar thickly over the surface, then shake well. When the pudding is cooked it will have a very nice crust. — Mrs. Hinsley, 10 Gramp Ave., Angaston, S.A. 5353.

## CUCUMBER PICKLE RECIPE WINS PRIZE

- A recipe for crisp bread-and-butter pickles wins this week's prize of \$10. Serve them with cold meats, in salads, or to top savory biscuits.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

### SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLES

4 large cucumbers  
4 cups water  
2-3rd cup cider vinegar  
2-3rd cup water (extra)

1 cup salt  
1 dessertspoon curry powder  
1 cup sugar  
1 1/2 dessertspoons mustard seed

Wash cucumbers, drain, cut into 1/4 in. slices, place in bowl with salt and 4 cups water. Mix well, allow to stand at room temperature 5 hours. Drain, rinse well under running water, and drain again.

In saucepan combine vinegar, 2-3rd cup water, curry powder, sugar, and mustard seed; bring to the boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add cucumber slices, bring just to the boil again. Remove from heat and, using slotted spoon, quickly ladle cucumber slices into hot jars. Fill with vinegar mixture, seal at once.

Makes 3 pints.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. G. Terry, 53 Addison Ave., Lake Illawarra Sth., South Coast, N.S.W. 2528.

### SIMPLE MADEIRA CAKE

1 1/2 cups self-raising flour  
1 cup castor sugar  
2 large eggs  
4oz. butter or substitute  
1/2 cup milk

1/2 teaspoon orange flavoring or liqueur  
pinch salt  
1/2 cup coconut  
1/2 cup crushed nuts

Sift flour, sugar, and salt into bowl, add unbeaten eggs, melted butter, milk, orange flavoring; beat briskly 5 minutes. Place in greased and lined 7in. or 8in. cake tin, cover top with combined coconut and crushed nuts, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. When cooked leave in tin a few minutes before turning out.

Variation: Mix coconut and nuts through cake mixture before placing in tin.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, via Taree, N.S.W. 2430.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

\* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 244/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



### No. 653 — SHORTIE NIGHTGOWN.

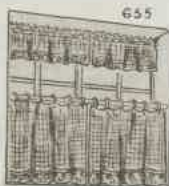
Pretty nightgown is available cut out to make in pink, lemon, and blue floral plisse with lace edging and ribbon trim supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.60; 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.80. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

### No. 654 — LAUNDRY BAG.

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### No. 655 — CAFE CURTAINS.

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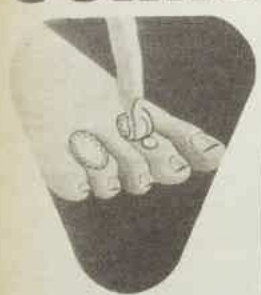
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water for the aspirin?" the clerk asked.

"I'll get it in my room," Donaldson said. "Is there another way out of this store?"

"There's a patio entrance behind the magazine stand."

Donaldson wasn't quite ready to leave. The woman looked familiar — but she shouldn't. She should be miles away in that mountain cabin of Sam Stevens. He pulled the dark glasses out of his pocket and slipped them on. The figures were still indistinct, but he knew he was right. The woman was Mrs. Walker. And the other man? He didn't want to take the notebook from his pocket and try to read it in his present location, but he knew the words by heart. The name was listed right after Diedre Walker and Sam Stevens.

Van Bryson — friend and business associate. Instructor of physics at State University. Description...

Donaldson didn't need the description. Nobody would be that casual even in Tucson except a man like Bryson. From such a distance he couldn't tell what all that excited conversation was about, but something had gone wrong or Diedre Walker wouldn't be back in the city. It was suddenly moving day.

Donaldson left the store by the patio door and threaded his way through the group of smiling people wending their way past the check wagon. He smiled brightly and nodded a time or two, but not once did he remember Veronica and her third rum punch.

Kyle was still reading the paper when Donaldson's key scratched the lock. He switched off the lamp and waited. Donaldson was having trouble. The key rattled impatiently, and then Kyle heard a man's voice hailing a porter farther down the hall.

"Give me a hand with this key," he said.

There was just time enough to drop the paper on the dresser and release the inside door latch before the porter arrived, and then there was just enough time to get to the sliding glass doors and step out on to the narrow balcony. He slid the doors shut behind him as the hall door opened. The porter said something about the new locks and then departed. Donaldson was left alone in the room.

Kyle stood on a wedge of cement about three feet wide and ten feet long. Behind him was a plate-glass door lightly draped; in front of him was a waist-high wrought-iron railing and a second-storey drop to the patio below. He edged back against a wooden slat partition that separated the upper-floor balconies where there would be less chance of the lower-level lights outlining him against Donaldson's drapes. The glass door hadn't completely closed.

When Donaldson switched on the ceiling light, Kyle could watch him through a narrow opening. The stranger wasn't a man who wore his heart on his sleeve. There was no emotion in his face, but he seemed bent on some sudden action. He went to the closet and slid open the doors. He was out of Kyle's range of vision now, but not out of his range of hearing. There were sounds of hurried packing—drawers being opened and cases locked. Donaldson travelled light, was instantly mobile, and something must have happened to spark a quick change of plans.

Instinctively, Kyle looked for shelter. The adjoining balcony was protected by the partition, but the railing was continuous. He stepped to the edge of it and hoisted himself up on the railing and made a quick transfer to the balcony next door. He was lucky. Dinner hour and the aquatic entertainment had emptied the rooms.

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

He was alone. Still only inches from Donaldson's window, but alone. He peered through the slats and waited.

It was minutes before the big window slid open. At first there was no movement but the night air bothering the drapes, and then Donaldson stepped out on to the balcony. He was so close Kyle could see his skin glistening with perspiration. It wasn't hot enough for that so late in the evening. Donaldson was excited. He stepped to the edge of the railing and peered down. He now held the leather attache case in his right hand — tightly and close to his side. The activity on the patio seemed to fascinate him. Kyle edged closer to the opening between the slats until he could see what it was that held Donaldson spellbound.

He was staring at the far side of the patio where more of those glass doors framed the entrance to the lobby. The door was open and the desk clerk, talking animatedly with his hands, emerged with Captain Jameson. Yes, something had happened — definitely! And then Kyle saw the one person he didn't want to see anywhere in the vicinity at this time. Dee. Dee accompanied by Van Bryson. Dee, who hadn't stayed at the cabin where she was safe, and who couldn't now be shouted at and warned away from the staring eyes of a killer.

Donaldson watched the small procession leave the

lobby. He then locked the trunk and walked around to the door next to the steering wheel. He opened the door, placed the raincoat on the far side of the seat, and slid in under the wheel. He had the key in the ignition when the opposite door opened and Veronica's giggle made instant ice in his bloodstream. Pink, fluffy, slightly drunk Veronica.

"Where are you going? We haven't eaten!" she said.

"We can't have dinner tonight," Donaldson said. "I got an important phone call."

"But you invited me! And it's too late for room service!"

She shoved the raincoat aside and started to crawl beside him, but doing that caused the gun with the round silencer on its nose to slide silently out of the coat pocket and rest on the upholstery between them.

The open door had flooded the interior of the sedan with light.

"Oh—" Veronica said. "Get in!" Donaldson ordered.

He grabbed her arm and pulled her inside — transferring the gun to his suit pocket in almost the same gesture. He reached past her and slammed the door and then, in the comforting darkness, switched on the ignition and kicked the accelerator. The engine responded and he switched on the lights.

"Maybe I'd better get out," Veronica said.

She wasn't giggling any more.

could have picked up the car second-hand and know nothing of its history."

But Albert Morrison was nobody's fool. Captain Jameson wouldn't usually investigate such matters himself. Morrison didn't hesitate. He authorised an immediate examination of Donaldson's bill. The man had checked in early in the morning—not too unusual for a commercial motel.

"Donaldson is registered as a representative of Baemer Air Conditioning. He has received no callers..." Morrison scanned the record eagerly. "He made two telephone calls: one shortly after registering and a second at four-fifty p.m. Both were local calls and so no record was made of the numbers. What do you want me to do, Captain? Call Mr. Donaldson to the office?"

"I'd rather you called Fred Crane first," Jameson said. "One of your porters. I understand he handled Donaldson's bags when he checked in this morning. Your desk clerk tells me Crane told the switchboard operator he saw an extra set of plates in the trunk of the car."

Morrison got Crane's home number from the files and let Jameson do the calling. As soon as Crane knew he was talking to the law, his memory blossomed.

"Donaldson gave me the car keys and told me to get the bag from the trunk," Crane reported. "He wouldn't let me touch the little one."

"The little what?" Jameson demanded.

"The little bag. You know, one of those James Bond

aldson's physical appearance?"

"No, sir. I was busy. I didn't look up when he asked."

"But you looked up this morning when he registered, didn't you?"

"No, sir. I didn't come on duty until two o'clock this afternoon. Hal Spence was on the desk when Donaldson registered."

"Then how in the devil" Jameson demanded, "do you know it was Donaldson who asked for that duplicate key?"

Dee stopped shredding the handkerchief. "Captain, do you think it was Kyle?" she asked.

"I'm past thinking," Jameson said. "Who does have a key to 227?"

"I'll get a key from the housekeeper," Morrison said quietly. "Follow me, please, Captain."

## JAMESON

ordered Van and Dee to remain in the manager's office and then followed Morrison on the quest for a passkey. They obtained it and went upstairs to room 227. There was no answer to Morrison's knock. He tried the key and the door opened easily, but the room was empty. Not merely empty. It was vacated.

The closet was barren and not so much as a forgotten toothbrush could be found in the bathroom. The sliding glass door to the balcony stood open. Jameson stepped outside and looked down. The lobby was like a showcase beyond the swimming-pool. There was no doubt that Donaldson could have seen him come in with Dee Walker and Van Bryson—but why check out because of that? Jameson wasn't in uniform. Who could Donaldson have recognised? Dee? Van Bryson?

Jameson terminated the guessing game and turned his attention back to the room. He found the folded newspaper—unfolded it and looked at the masthead.

"New York City," he read aloud.

"Captain," Morrison said at his shoulder, "there's a porter here who has some information I think you'll be interested to hear."

Jameson refolded the paper and studied the picture of Jake Berendo. He read the caption and the lead paragraph of the story, but it still didn't ring any bells. New York gang wars weren't in his jurisdiction.

"I sent Waverley, the desk clerk, down to see if Donaldson's Chrysler was in the parking lot," Morrison added. "It wasn't, but Waverley found this porter who saw him driving off the premises a few minutes ago."

Jameson left off reading the Berendo story and turned to see what Waverley had found. He was a uniformed porter: a growing boy about six foot four who was too long for his trousers and too skinny for his jacket. His name was Larch and his information was brief. Yes, he had seen Donaldson drive away in the Chrysler. The big car had almost run him down in the darkness.

"It's those dark glasses," the porter said. "He probably couldn't see me. He's been wearing them all day—in the sunlight at the pool and in the dark at the bar."

"Was Donaldson alone in the car?"

Larch grinned. "No, sir. There was a girl with him. The Moore girl from bungalow 12."

"How can you be sure?"

You said it was dark?" "OK, I'm not sure. I figured it was the Moore girl because he's been making a play for her all day. The whole staff's been laughing

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lobby behind them and move to the manager's unit a few steps away. He then returned to his room. Seconds later the lights went out and Kyle heard the door to the hall slam shut. He crawled back on to the railing and stepped down on to the balcony outside Donaldson's vacated room. The glass doors were still open. Kyle started to go inside and then waited until he saw Donaldson emerge from the stairway and walk out on to the patio below. He still clutched the sample case in his right hand, and carried the suitcase and the white raincoat in his left.

A girlish voice rose above a break in the music. "I'm over here, Richard! Here at the check wagon. Richard—"

Donaldson ducked his head and walked briskly toward the parking area. Kyle had seen enough. He stepped inside room 227—a room that was still as neat as when its departing occupant checked in if one overlooked a couple of soiled towels in the bathroom and a newspaper on the dresser. Kyle had no time for either.

A parking area for guests was located behind each wing of the Apache Inn. Donaldson unlocked the trunk of the beige Chrysler parked in the 227 niche and tossed the suitcase inside. He slapped one pocket of the raincoat as an extra precaution, laid it across his shoulder, and set the sample case beside the

"It's all right," Donaldson snapped. "I was teasing you. I don't like the food at this place. There's a better restaurant at the edge of town."

Donaldson adjusted his dark glasses and backed the Chrysler out of the slot. There was a rear exit from the lot that led into an alleyway—that was the kind of thing he checked the first day on any job. He spun the wheel to dodge a porter riding a baggage truck without lights and then leaned hard on the accelerator. He was angry but he couldn't afford to be reckless. He had his pride. He liked his jobs to be neat. Clean, quick, and neat.

Albert Morrison was a polite young man who wanted desperately to impress the West Continent Motel System with his managerial ability, and was, therefore, eager to co-operate with Captain Jameson of the police department if such co-operation caused no inconvenience to the guests of the Apache Inn. He listened attentively to the excited group that had crowded into his office. From the barrage of confused statements coming from this obviously distinguished company, he learned that one of the registered guests, R. R. Donaldson, of Phoenix, was suspected of operating an automobile bearing stolen plates.

Jameson tried to soften the blow. "Donaldson may be an innocent victim of circumstance," he explained. "He

cases. He carried that one up to the room himself. I drove his car around and parked it, and when I opened the trunk to take out the big bag I saw these plates. Dirty plates... No, I didn't notice what State. Somewhere east, I think. New Jersey or New York. I can't even swear to the colors. They were too dirty."

"Did you mention them to Donaldson when you took the big bag up to his room?" Jameson asked.

"Hell, no," Crane said. "He gave me a good tip. Why should I ask personal questions?"

"It might increase your IQ," Jameson said, and cut the connection.

He called the switchboard and asked the girl to ring Donaldson's room. There was no answer.

"But he must be up there," the desk clerk insisted. "He stopped by the desk about half an hour ago and asked for the duplicate key. He'd left his key in the room and couldn't get in."

Jameson could hear the operator still ringing room 227.

"Never mind," he said into the receiver. "I'll try later. Thank you."

He dropped the instrument into the cradle and glared at the clerk. "Why didn't you tell us that when we came in?" he demanded.

"I didn't think it was important."

"Can't you describe Don-





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about it. A guy old enough to be her father!" Jameson had no time for motel gossip. He walked to the bedside table and picked up the telephone. "Ring bungalow 12," he told the operator. While she rang, his attention strayed to the classified directory on the table that was still open to the heading Optometrists.

There was an answering voice on the telephone after the third ring. A boy's voice, husky with sleep.

"Is Miss Moore in?" Jameson asked.

"Who?" the boy said.

"Miss Moore."

"Oh, you mean my sister Veronica. Naw, she's having dinner with that old guy, Mr. Donaldson. Can I give her a message?"

"No, thanks," Jameson said. "It's not important."

He replaced the phone. "Did you say Donaldson always wore dark glasses?" he asked the porter.

"Every time I saw him he did."

Jameson tore the page

listing Optometrists from the classified directory and thanked the porter and Mr. Morrison for their co-operation. Then he went back downstairs to Morrison's office and gathered up Dee Walker and Van Bryson and they all drove quietly back to police headquarters without any of the nice people at the chuck wagon, or the staff, or even Albert Morrison having the vaguest idea that somebody was about to die.

Twenty minutes later Jameson sat under the Dover Insurance Brokerage calendar and watched Dee Walker's face while she read the news story about Jake Berendo and the five-year-old murder at the Cecil Arms. He watched Van Bryson's face, too. Faces could be more telling than fingerprints.

"The Cecil Arms!" Dee exclaimed. "Van, we lived at the Cecil Arms when Bernie Chapman was killed. You remember. You were at the apartment the week after it happened!"

"The week after Chapman

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

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was killed?" he challenged. "Yes, don't you remember? You stopped by to see Kyle before flying to Tucson. Charlene Evans was with you—that was the night we met. It was raining, and Kyle said it always rained on the night of his extension course—but he'd quit the course because he had this bug about leaving New York. He even had those passport applications."

"Passport applications?" Jameson echoed.

"Kyle said we were getting in a rut. He wanted to go somewhere else to work. Out of the States. He started talking that way the night Bernie Chapman was killed—but he didn't know Bernie was killed. He couldn't have known until hours later when the police detective came to the door. Could he, Van?"

Dee's question was like a small cry for help. Van didn't answer.

"And then, one week later," she recalled, "you helped him get out of New York—"

"And out of the rut," Van said quickly.

"No, no, don't you see? He was frightened. I knew it then, but everything happened so fast it just didn't relate. Kyle heard you were going to Tucson to work for Sam, and he suddenly had to go, too. Don't you remember? And then Charlene said that was why you stopped by. Sam needed another good man and she'd asked you to recommend one—"

Van reached under the desk and gave Dee's hand a sharp, warning squeeze. For a few moments she seemed to have forgotten all about Jimmy Jameson and his calculating eyes.

Jameson missed nothing. "I think you should let Mrs. Walker speak her mind, Bryson," he drawled. "It might do her good to get her troubles aired."

"But she's not in any condition to talk!" Van protested. "She's emotionally upset and exhausted. She hasn't even had any food."

"Then I'll send out for some Geary—!"

There was nobody on duty to answer the intercom, but Jameson's voice boomed through the empty corridors and Detective Geary answered the call. He had a report to make before taking new orders. There was a man named Charles Dover living in the environs of Prescott, but he didn't know Kyle Walker, he didn't drive a Chrysler, and he had been mustered out of the only army he had served in in 1919.

"Then Kyle told me a big whopper," Jameson reflected. "I wonder why. Call over to the Downtown Cafe, Geary, and have them send over some sandwiches and coffee, and then put in a long distance to New York City and see what else you can learn about this story."

Jameson circled the Berendo piece with a marking crayon and passed it to Detective Geary's open hand.

"And, Geary," he added as the younger man moved toward the door, "be sure and keep me posted on that other matter."

The faces across the desk were curious. Anxious, tired, and curious. Jameson felt a little guilty. No brainwashing inquisitor ever had a better set-up.

"Now, Mrs. Walker," he said softly, "why don't you take your story from the beginning? You've got me interested. Why do you think Kyle took such a fright the night a crime syndicate had one of its flunkys murdered in the garage of the building where you lived?"

Kyle couldn't follow

Donaldson when he fled the Apache Inn. The blue station wagon was parked on the far side of the opposite wing. By the time he reached it and got it into motion, the beige Chrysler was blocks away. It was time for Kyle to get moving, too. He nosed the car out of the parking lot and got back on to the highway. Dee had come down from the mountain—that was his fault. He should have remembered to telephone her and make some excuse for delaying his arrival until morning.

Unaware of Jimmy Jameson's discovery of the stolen plates on Donaldson's car, he assumed her anxiety was what had sparked the visit to the Apache Inn. She would have gone to Van first—frightened and angry. Van's logic would have sent her to the police. Jameson's off-the-record search for Charles Dover was the connecting link to the motel. That was the way Kyle's mind re-established order out of chaos, but the damage was done. He had lost his advantage over Donaldson. He no longer knew from what base the killer would strike.

But now he knew why the killer would strike. It was all written down somewhere in proper legal terminology—one of the things he knew because it had been important enough to look up five years ago and had then been forgotten because he wanted to block out one rainy night and everything that pertained thereto. It could be blocked out no longer.

Kyle had lost track of time. He drove to the library and discovered that it was closed. There was still the campus library and, through Van, he had influence with the custodian. Midterm exams were pending, and another student intent on zero-hour research in the legal section would excite no attention whatsoever. It was the New York Criminal Code that he needed. It took only fifteen minutes to find it, and then he was but seconds away from the reason Bernie Chapman's killer had come to town.

It was quite simple: Section 399 of the Criminal Code of the State of New York . . . A conviction cannot be had upon the testimony of an accomplice, unless he is corroborated by such other evidence as tends to connect the defendant with the commission of the crime.

Jake Berendo was charged with the murder of Bernie Chapman; but Jake Berendo was the accomplice—not the killer. He would talk to save his own skin. He would name the man who had worn steel-rimmed glasses and now called himself R. R. Donaldson, but the testimony of an accomplice wouldn't convict unless he was corroborated by such other evidence . . .

Only Kyle Walker could convict the strangler of Bernie Chapman. "Other evidence" was just a legal term for a man in an elevator watching an act of murder. He replaced the volume and returned to his car. He sat in the darkness and smoked four consecutive cigarettes, and by that time he knew why he still couldn't go to Jimmy Jameson and tell him the truth.

This morning, when the only pressure Kyle was aware of was on himself, he hadn't considered Donaldson's *modus operandi*. It was possible his every action had been watched from the night he left the Cecil Arms for the last time. It was possible he had been lost and painstakingly relocated. It was even possible that word of his recent success had spread beyond the local region and

rekindled Donaldson's interest. One thing was certain. The killer's target had been definitely identified.

And so, if he told the truth to Jameson, there would be full police protection for himself and his family. There would also be a return to New York City, a trial and publicity. But no family can live under police protection for ever, and those who reign by vindictive terror can't afford a crack in the image.

By the time he had snuffed out the fourth cigarette, Kyle's decision was made. He would play the loner game all the way. But he didn't want Dee getting in the way. He wanted her back at Sam's cabin with Mike. He consulted his watch. It was half-past ten. He couldn't call Van because Van was with Dee. He couldn't call Sam. Sam had gone out to dinner and afterwards to a benefit ball for some orphanage. That left only one ally: Charley of the well-kept memo pad.

**C** HARLENE EVANS lived in one of the newer apartment buildings in the Country Club Drive section where the carpenter's were tucked under the rear of the building. Charley didn't own an automobile. A year ago she had dumped hers on the used-car market and started peddling her way to the office on a neat, collapsible Italian bicycle.

"If a secretary doesn't start watching her hips at twenty-nine," she informed him, "she can be sure nobody will be watching them at thirty-nine."

Kyle was grateful for her foresight when he slid the station wagon in alongside the two-wheeler and made for the nearest stairway. The wagon was too conspicuous to leave parked on the street with Jimmy Jameson on his tail. He took the stairs two at a time and was relieved to see that Charley's lights were still glowing. He glanced at the illuminated dial of his watch. It was ten-thirty. He rang the bell and waited while the patio light came on. Charley opened the door. She seemed neither surprised nor elated.

"I had a feeling," she said. "I had a great big hunch that it might be you. Jack doesn't get in until tomorrow."

"Jack who?" Kyle asked.

"A man in my life—which isn't exactly in your territory. But don't just stand there wearing out the doormat. Come inside."

That certain rapport between two people who worked closely together was going for them. Kyle accepted the invitation, and Charley closed the door behind him without taking her eyes from his face.

"What's your trouble?" she asked.

"It isn't exactly trouble," Kyle said.

"And it isn't exactly coming up roses, either," Charley answered. "Sit down on something and I'll get you a drink. You look as if you could use one."

Charley was right. Kyle sat down on a sofa and ordered a double bourbon over two cubes of ice. While Charley mixed the drink he had time to notice things: her new hairdo, the fact that she wasn't expecting callers because she wasn't dressed in anything more impressive than a softly tailored white robe and a pair of gold house slippers studded with colored glass jewels.

Charley returned with the drink.

"Bless you," he said. "Don't mention it," Charley answered. "I like a man who knows what he wants and asks for it. But why aren't you up at Sam's cabin with Dee? Sam called me about eight. He said Dee rang his house earlier in the

evening and asked where you were. The housekeeper relayed the message. You're supposed to be off duty—at Sam's orders—for the next three days."

"Three days," Kyle reflected. "What do I do then—rise from the grave?"

"Is the trouble that serious?"

Kyle wanted so much to tell her how serious it was—just to reach out and take one other human being into his confidence would have done more good than all the bourbon in Charley's private stock. But he had made his decision to do a single and that was how it had to be. "I'm feeling sorry for myself," Kyle said. "I've got a headache that feels like one of those animated TV commercials."

"When did you have dinner?" Charley asked.

"I didn't."

"Lunch then?" He had admitted that he hadn't eaten since breakfast.

"And you wonder why your head aches!" Charley exclaimed. "Nurse that slowly and I'll get you a plate of the best warmed-over meat loaf you've ever tasted . . . And take off your shoes before you put your feet on the sofa!"

Charley was slightly psychic. He slipped off his shoes and stretched out. He drank very slowly until there was nothing left in the glass but the ice cubes, and then he tilted the glass until he could suck on the ice the way he had when he was a kid. He was beginning to relax for the first time since he had spotted Bernie Chapman's killer.

Back in that room in the motel he had been too intent on watching Donaldson's window through the binoculars even to realise there was a bed in the room. The binoculars. He remembered now that he had left them in the room. No matter. He still had the gun tucked in under his belt and concealed by the jacket he wasn't going to remove under any circumstances.

As he relaxed, his mind sharpened and grew more daring. There was a way out. In spite of Jameson, in spite of the syndicate and the syndicate's expensive lawyers, there was a way out. It was unorthodox and against all the rules of the game, but the name of the game now was survival for himself and Dee and Mike. It was a game everybody had to play sooner or later and the ground rules kept changing with every move.

When Charley returned with a plate of food and a cup of coffee, Kyle was just a little drunk and too relaxed. He sat up abruptly and stared steadily and didn't look up until Charley brought in the coffee pot to refill his cup. She was still waiting for an explanation and he couldn't put it off any longer.

"Charley," he said, "a couple of years ago Dee and I had a stormy period. If you hadn't been such a diplomatic liar and covered for me all the time I wasn't really

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# 1968



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in conference when you said I was, one perfectly fine marriage would have landed in Las Vegas. Do you think you could manage one more like that?"

"It wasn't another woman. He didn't have to explain anything that sticky to Charley. She had known that the minute he walked into her apartment."

"Do I get any background material?" she asked.

"Not tonight — maybe never. It depends on how lucky I am for the next few hours. Charley, I sent Dee and Mike to Sam's cabin to get them out of the city — for their own good. But Dee didn't stay up there. She's in town now — I saw her about an hour ago. She's looking for me and I'm not ready to be found. I want you to call the cabin and leave a message with the caretaker."

"Tell him that you've heard from me. I had to make an unscheduled trip to Casa Grande. We have a subcontractor there, so it will sound right if it gets back to Sam. Make it clear that I'm coming to the cabin the minute I'm free and expect to find my family there waiting for me. I know Dee will be calling the cabin sooner or later and will get the message. Are you with it, Charley?"

"She didn't like the sound of it, but she would go along. There always had to be one person like that in anyone's life. One person who was so blindly loyal there would be no argument and no delay. Charley made the call while Kyle stood by to prompt her if she forgot anything. Ramon didn't understand and she had to repeat the story, and all of the time Kyle could hear Mike's small voice demanding to be allowed to speak to his mother, Mike, at least, was safe."

Charley put down the telephone and looked at Kyle. "Any further instructions?"

"No," Kyle said, "and thanks."

Charley knew he wasn't going to confide another word and so she said, "Where are you sleeping tonight — or shouldn't I ask?"

Kyle looked hungrily at the tangerine sofa.

"It's yours," Charley said. "I'll dump the dirty dishes in the sink and hit the sack. If you need anything in the night come to the bedroom door and call me gently before entering. I scream when a man walks into my room in the middle of the night. Darn it, it always frightens him away."

He stretched out on the divan and unbuttoned his coat. While Charley took the dishes to the kitchen he slipped the gun under one of the cushions and closed his eyes. He was gliding off into a borderline stupor when she returned, and it was like a dream fragment when she brought in a blanket from the bedroom and spread it over his long body. He had time for only a half-formed thought about a man named Jack who wasn't coming until tomorrow, and then those forty bone-weary hours dissolved in blissful oblivion.

Charley waited until Kyle was asleep and then carried the telephone into her bedroom and closed the door. She sat on the bed with the instrument in her lap and smoked two cigarettes before making a decision. It was trouble. She had recognised that the instant Rick Drasco walked into the office and presented the Baerner Air Conditioning card. Drasco had a vicious sense of humor. He would have played it straight if she had let him through to Kyle — just to see if there was any recognition and fear. Fear was important. Drasco liked his victims to be terrified before they died. It was the way he got his kicks.

Charley knew a great deal

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

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about Rick Drasco, even if he didn't know her. The syndicate was thorough. It knew how to play on people's weaknesses; it knew how to time its strikes. It had known six years ago how to get a stage-struck girl with a high-school business-course background on Sam Stevens' payroll and into his confidence. The recently widowed and childless Sam, needing to be needed, and luxury-loving Charlene needing a way out of the gambling debt she had been encouraged to accumulate when her dreams of stardom dissolved like a desert mirage.

The syndicate was wise. Charlene Evans pined for luxury and limelight. As Sam's personal secretary she could get certain papers signed, certain documents filed; yes, she could even get a certain young engineer placed on Sam's staff. As Sam phased off into retirement, turning more and more of the responsibility over to Kyle, she would become Kyle's secretary and continue her dual role in exchange for enough of life's goodies to make the game worth while, but never enough to buy her freedom.

And so it was trouble when

He slipped the gun back in under his belt and studied the illuminated dial of his wristwatch. It was a few minutes past twelve. He had slept barely an hour, but that was enough to remind him that he could stay with Charley no longer. By this time Dee would have called the cabin. She would accept Charley's story, but Jameson might not. Jimmy Jameson wasn't above sending over a man to question Charlene Evans. Kyle didn't want to be on the premises when that happened, and he didn't want his station wagon to be parked in Charley's carport.

He got up in the semi-darkness and groped about on the floor until he found his shoes. He put them on and walked over to the bar for one last bourbon — this time without the noisy accompaniment of ice. He found a memo pad near the telephone at the bar and left a one-word message "Thanks." No signature. Charley would understand.

He left the apartment at twelve-thirty and went downstairs to the carport. He got into the station wagon and drove to Speedway, and then he turned left and continued driving until he came to a

R. R. Donaldson could explain that he hadn't kidnapped the girl, but Rick Drasco couldn't explain anything to anyone. He was in trouble and had to think fast.

The hasty departure had silenced her for a few seconds. Now she asked, "Where are we going to eat?"

"What kind of food do you like?" Donaldson parried.

"You said that you knew a special place. But I think I'd rather go back and have dinner at the motel after all," she said.

Donaldson tried to sound lighthearted. "You eat there all the time," he said. "You're in a rut. How about some Chinese food? I saw a neat-looking place uptown today. Maybe I can find it."

"But you're driving in the wrong direction. The city is back that way —" She turned toward him as she gestured. The light from the instrument panel reflected on his face and the grin of it finished off the last of her gaiety. Quietly, she asked, "Why do you carry a gun?"

HE had been waiting for that question. He reached over and switched on the radio. It was a strong set. The music came up almost immediately. But it was no good. She asked again: "Why do you carry a gun?"

"Why?" Donaldson echoed. "Why not? I'm on the road a lot — like tonight. Suppose we stopped at some real first-class place to eat, and someone saw us come in — you dressed up like a movie star and me flashing a bank-roll at the waiter. We might come back to the car and find somebody waiting for us in the back seat with an idea he could take the money — and you — and do what he pleased. Sure, I carry a gun. I've been robbed before and it's no comic strip, Veronica."

"But your gun has a silencer on it," Veronica said. "That's illegal."

Donaldson ran his tongue over his lips. He was pushing the Chrysler close to sixty-five miles an hour when he saw the high neon up ahead. He took his foot from the accelerator and lowered it on the brake pedal. The ribbon of road the wheels were swallowing disappeared at a slower pace and the neon came up clear: "Pandora's Box." It was a restaurant and the parking lot was crowded enough to give good advertising. Donaldson pulled off the road and coasted into the main drive. It was a park-yourself deal and he found an empty slot about thirty feet from the entrance. He switched off the ignition and the radio.

He got out of the car and started around to her side to open the door. Usually women opened doors for themselves when they went out with Rick Drasco, but R. R. Donaldson would play the full bit for the princess. But when he passed in front of the Chrysler, he noticed some action at the entrance to the restaurant. A State highway police car had pulled in and the driver was leaning on the front fender while he talked to the doorman. There was no way to get into the place without passing him. Donaldson turned around and went back to his side of the car.

"What's the matter?" Veronica asked.

"I remember this place," he said. "The chef would make a good fireman. He likes to see things burn."

Donaldson slid in behind the steering wheel. He had slipped the key back into the ignition when Veronica saw the policeman at the entrance.

"No!" she said. "I'm going in!"

He tried to stop her without getting rough, but she already had the door halfway

## LULUBELLE



"You don't like my make-up—You don't like my perfume—You don't like my jewels . . . What DO you like?"

Rick Drasco walked into the office, and it was trouble compounded now that Kyle was asleep on the couch. Charlene Evans did have a heart, and a part of it belonged to Kyle. The rest of it belonged to survival.

She snuffed out the second cigarette and picked up the receiver. She dialed Phoenix and placed a call to the Adams Answering Service, extension 112. There was never a delay at that number.

"A salesman for Baerner Air Conditioning missed an appointment with Kyle Walker today," she said. "When you make contact, tell him the client is leaving for Mexico City on the morning flight. He will be ticketed under the name of 'C. Evanson.'"

Charley made a second call to the airport and then put the telephone down on the floor, turned off the light, and wondered, sitting alone in the darkness, if Jack would have been Mr. Right.

Kyle awakened with his heart pounding. He found the gun under the cushion and brought it out where he could make careful examination. Charley had turned off the lights, but there was a bright glow from the street. He broke the gun and rechecked the cartridge clip. It was loaded. He snapped the cartridge back into place and held the gun at arm's length, and wondered how it would feel to kill a man who wasn't wearing the uniform of an enemy power.

used-car lot with an exposure of heavy stock and an easy access in the rear. The front floodlights were set to burn all night, but the sales office was closed and it was comfortably dark where he parked. If Charley's call to the cabin hadn't halted the search Dee's fears must have started, nobody, not even Jimmy Jameson, would look for the blue station wagon among all these "buyers beware" specials.

The front seat wasn't as good as Charley's sofa, but Kyle didn't dare get too relaxed. He had an early morning appointment with a party who was going to restore that advantage he had lost over Donaldson when the atmosphere got too warm at the Apache Inn. Tucked safely inside Kyle's wallet was the business card of the one man in the city who was certain to see R. R. Donaldson soon: O. D. Madsen — Optometrist.

There were several things Kyle knew nothing about as he sat out the night in the station wagon, and one of them was how R. R. Donaldson spent his evening after the Apache Inn became too crowded for comfort.

The problem of what to do with Veronica was more important than the surprise visitors at the motel. He shouldn't have taken her with him. He hadn't driven one mile down the highway before he was certain of that. She was a pretty, pampered little thing, and she belonged to people who would scream up a Federal charge if she didn't get back unscathed. A genuine

## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\*

# THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 25

<p><b>ARIES</b> MAR. 21-APR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, red, yellow. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ A lot of astrologers would rave over this week's stars, but although they're not as good as all that they do help. The 25th is more than usually lottery-lucky, particularly at 11 a.m., 3 p.m.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> APR. 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, pink, navy. ★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Relations with the opposite sex are under smiling stars, from buying a vacuum cleaner to the more serious business of courtship. Career and status could be boosted by love's blandishments.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, green, tan. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ This week's planets continue to smile on married folk. The 25th is a time for problem-solving and untangling raveled skeins in the marital set-up. The 31st is somewhat delaying.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, blue, green. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ If a working lass, seeing the boss could mean a better job, a raise, or a boost in career. Housework could be lightened by the gift of a labor-saving gadget. There may be a trip for you.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> JULY 23-AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, tricolors. ★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ If you regard the 30th as unreliable, and the 31st as hindering, you should make this week good for finances. Stars cooperate to boost the bank account and to add a touch of gaiety.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, blue, white. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>★ For many tension is easing. Those born August 24-29 and September 7-16 should especially benefit. Stars are good from 25th-27th, 30th is bad for clear thinking; 31st for friendship, too.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>★ The postcard could bring you pleasant news—perhaps with some financial assistance. It's also a good time to write important letters. Amusement and the social round are prominent.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 24-NOV. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, red, yellow. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>★ You're in your number one cycle and you blast off new aims to favoring conditions. Make the most of 25th-27th, but use care with the confusing 30th and the lagging 31st.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 24-DEC. 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, green, brown. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>★ Considering launching a new venture or beginning a fresh chapter in your life? Start this week, particularly 25th-27th, but hold horses, 30th-31st. The latter could confuse your judgment.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 22-JAN. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, blue, gold. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.</p>	<p>★ The 31st could send a chill wind through matters matrimonial, and the 30th fits that old adage "All is not gold . . . etc." Rest of week is propitious with good news about loved ones.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 21-FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, green, white. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ Fortunate focus on friendship. Perhaps, too, some long-cherished wish comes true beyond your wildest dreams. The 30th is also fine for new ventures. Oct. 30-Nov. 1 is an adverse patch.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20-MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, blue, grey. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Many Pisceans are inclined to soft-note themselves. Push yourself 25th-27th. It's fine to improve status, achieve ambitions, boost career. Speculation in gas and oil is favored. 30th-31st adverse.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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**AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL**

To page 94



## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93



### OUR TRANSFER

ELEGANT cut-out designs for trousseau linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 180. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price 15c plus 5c for cost of postage.

open. He grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back inside. When she screamed he slapped his free hand over her mouth and pushed her head back against the seat. "Shut up!" he said. "Nobody's going to hurt you!"

Keeping one hand over her mouth, he pushed her face down against his shoulder and loosened the grip on her arm long enough to reach behind her and close the door. He had great strength in his hands. Her slender body wriggled against the seat like an eel on a hook, but she couldn't free herself from that grip. She bit his hand. He could feel her hard little teeth sinking into the flesh of his palm. He slid his hand down until

his fingers found her throat and cut off the second cry somewhere between a whimper and a sob. A light flashed in his face and he ducked his head down against hers and began to plead with her just as if he didn't know the light was from the policeman's flash and the door beside him was being opened from without.

"Honey, you've got to get hold of yourself," he said. "It's been three months now. You've got to get it out of your mind."

"What's going on here?" the State trooper demanded. "I heard somebody cry out."

Donaldson looked up with his very best imitation of surprise. "Officer, please drop that light a

little," he said. "Don't make a scene out of this. My daughter's upset, that's all. I thought it would be a good idea to take her out for dinner and try to have a little fun, but I was wrong. She saw those uniforms and it got to her."

"What got to her?" the trooper demanded.

"The uniforms. She was engaged to a young man in the Air Force. He got it in Vietnam a few months ago."

The flashlight went out.

"I'm sorry," the officer said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"There sure is. Just let me drive out of here and take her home. It's all my fault. I thought it would do her good. Baby, Veronica, baby, get hold of yourself!"

DONALDSON leaned over her and kept talking softly until the officer stepped back out of the way. Then, still holding her face against his shoulder, he switched on the ignition and backed out slowly. There was no more trouble. He drove the length of the parking lot and then turned into the highway with the nose of the Chrysler turned back toward the city.

He watched the neon getting smaller in the rear-view mirror and kept a wary eye open for a turnoff into a new subdivision that he had spotted on the way out from the Apache Inn. He reached it and swung off into the comfortable black of a neighborhood that wouldn't be having the lights turned on for a few more months. He set the brakes but left the lights on and the motor running, and then he took his hand away from the girl's throat. There was blood on his palm. She had dug in deep and that was a mistake.

Rick Drasco had a reflex action to attack of any kind. He pushed her away from him and watched her slump into a limp heap beside him. He didn't have to look at her to know she was dead. His sensitive fingers could remember the exact moment when he was talking to that nosy policeman that the life pulse had stopped.

To be concluded

# right in the pink!



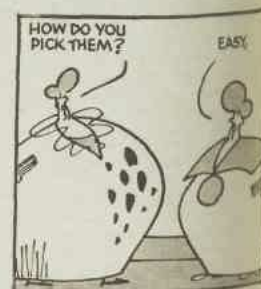
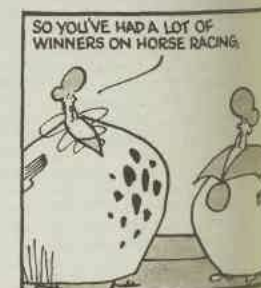
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## BOND'S

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD





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4348



3012



4380



3621

3621.— Useful two-piece in large size range. Jacket is unlined and semi-fitted. Pattern for short sleeves and contrast collar and cuffs also included. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4246



3168



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 1, 1967

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

WHEN Mandrake is caught in Lothar's jungle trap, he uses hypnotism to escape death. Thus Lothar experiences the magician's powers for the first time. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Not worthy of being specified by name (13).
- I dial for a famous epic poem (5).
- Such hound is keen-scented (5).
- The white poplar (5).
- Noisy talk (7).
- Bygone career or a shepherd (6).
- Shrink back with help of an inch (6).
- He of the Grundy family was born on a Monday (7).
- An impetuous dance (5).
- I've the centre of this large stream (5).
- Rob me for a card game (5).
- Expression of surprise, implying that the speaker had not previously heard of such a thing (4, 1, 5, 3).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Release contrivance for fastening with the help of uncle's head and a poisonous snake (7).
- Ingenuous (5).
- Charge with a crime (6).
- Dilate a blot (5).
- The senior tree (5).
- Smite (anagr., 5).
- Noisy quarrel unwrought in the centre (5).
- The edible ear-shell (5).
- Din is in it (5).
- Mangled, with the gag held (7).
- Once more (6).
- A whit of dry stalk (5).
- Horizontal plane from both sides (5).
- It may be an old wives' tale, but it has an able end (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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